

LIFE



**MIDWINTER
ACCESSORIES**

JANUARY 12, 1948 **15** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$5.50



Sure as shootin' you're going to be owning an automobile like this Nash "600."

It's inevitable—because it's just plain sense.

Why should a gallon of gasoline produce only 15 to 20 miles of transportation, when—in a Nash "600"—that same gallon carries a carload more than 25 miles at average highway speeds.

Why should any driver in any weather suffer discomfort—when the man in a Nash enjoys automatic heat and ventilation that equals the comfort of home?

Why should cars have to rattle and squeak when—in a Nash "600"—lasting quiet is achieved in a single, welded unit body-and-frame?

Why must car interiors be crowded—doors be narrow—head-room and leg-room cramped—when in a Nash there's ample room for *six* six-footers *and* all their luggage!

Why should people put up with jolts when they can ride in a Nash and feel the *immediate* difference in *four-wheel* coil springing?

As sure as shooting, your car of tomorrow will *have* to offer what a Nash "600" does today.

Just paste this prediction in your hat . . . until you personally drive a Nash "600." Then you'll *know* why Nash owners are America's most enthusiastic car salesmen.



Product of Nash research and engineering, new Unitized body-frame construction sets the pattern for tomorrow. Built a new way, with frame and body *welded* into a single steel-girdered unit, it is lighter and immeasurably stronger. 8500 spot welds eliminate noise-making joints.

Nash

Great Cars Since 1902

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

Research keeps
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



Typical example: user's experience with B. F. Goodrich tires

THIS PICTURE shows Frank H. Neely of Columbia, Tennessee, pointing out how much tread is still left on a B. F. Goodrich tire, one of a pair, that he says has traveled over 30,000 miles on his Chevrolet coupe. Mr. Neely writes that these tires "look to be good for as many more miles before replacing". And he should know what he's talking about, because he has two other B. F. Goodrich tires on the same car that he says are still running at more than 58,000 miles.

We don't claim you'll often get 58,000 or 60,000 miles on any tire. That sort of mileage

depends on a lot of things. Proper inflation, for instance. Keeping wheels in line and balanced right. Shifting tires from wheel to wheel to even up on wear.

But here's what we do claim, and we can back it up with photographs and statements such as Mr. Neely's: B. F. Goodrich tires not only outwear others; they *do* outwear prewar tires.

From shoulder to shoulder the tread is wider and flatter. Weight and wear are distributed more evenly over a greater area. The tougher tire body

has a double shock-absorbing breaker strip.

This is a good time to buy tires. Why not get a set of four new sharp treads for winter driving? Turn your old tires in for a good allowance. If you don't know your B. F. Goodrich dealer's name look under "tires" in the yellow section of your telephone book. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

This One



ZBLS-SAJ-UBXL

Little white kitten...so silky soft...

S-S-Soft **as**



'Sofskin' Hands

Ever hold a tiny kitten? *So s-s-soft!* Like your own hands when you use Sofskin Cream! This new wonder-cream is the biggest news in hand care in years and years and years. Sofskin's special mollescent action rushes new softness and smoothness to your dry surface skin. Like a wonderful beauty treatment for your hands!

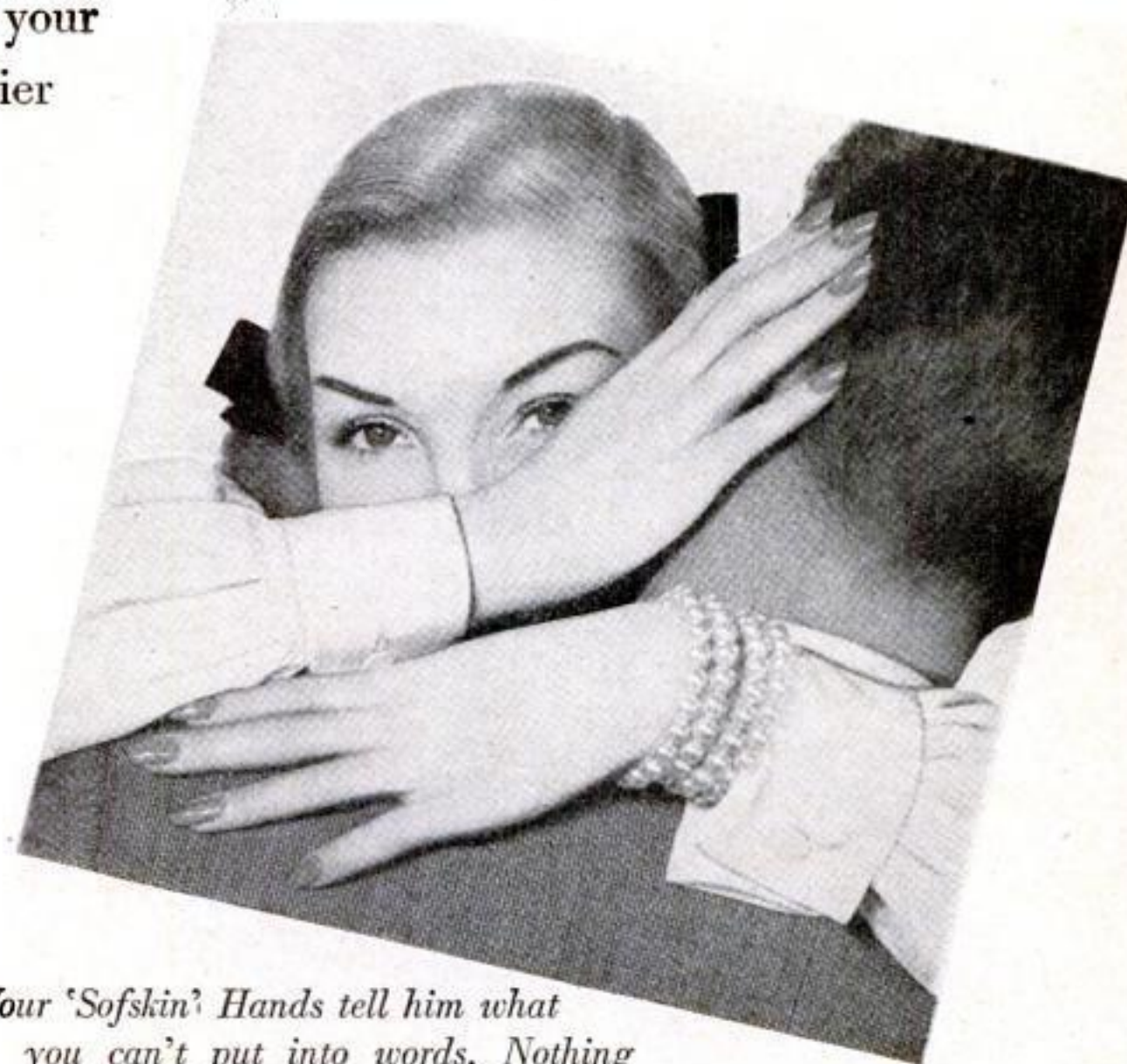
*Change your Dryskin Hands into
'Sofskin' Hands in 32 seconds by the clock!*

Even when soapy-water washings and hard water dry your hand-skin . . . trust Sofskin. The very first application helps your hands feel softer, look whiter. In 32 seconds you have lovelier 'Sofskin' Hands! Snowy-white, fragrant . . . Sofskin Cream is a joy to use. Not a bit sticky or greasy. It's a jarful of dazzling 'Sofskin' Hands for you!



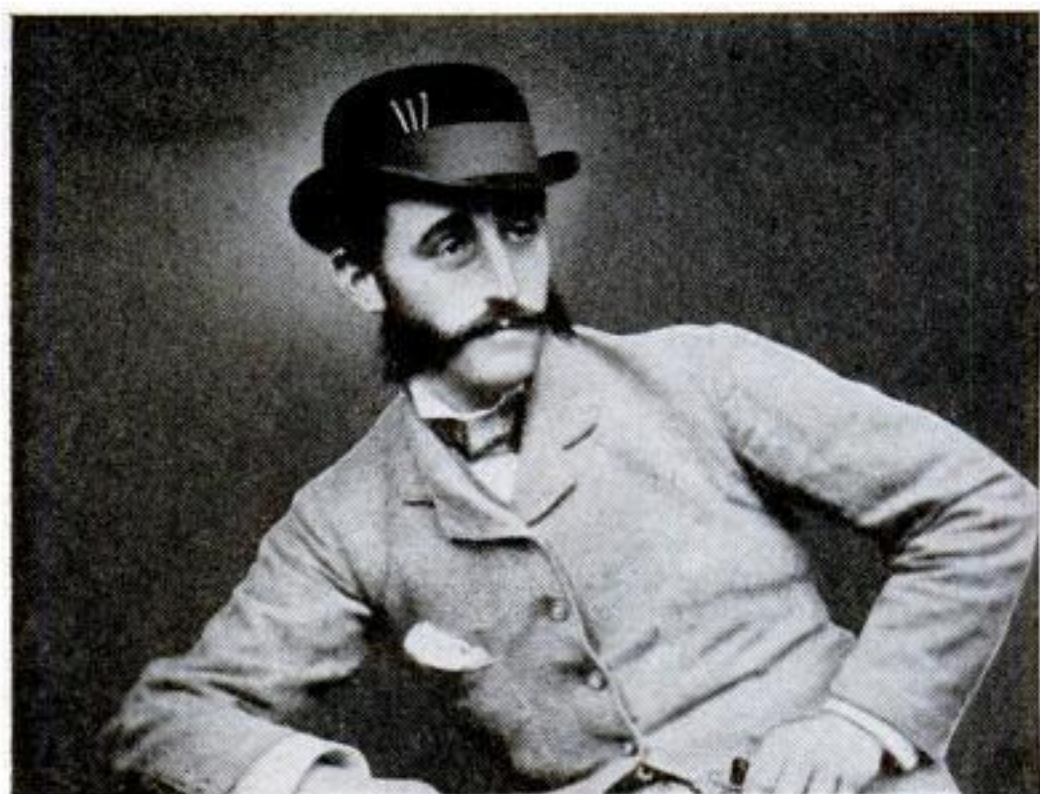
*"Sofskin Cream best," say
beauty salon experts 2 to 1*

No matter what hand cream or lotion you've ever tried — *now* it's time to use Sofskin. In recent nation-wide survey among 51,170 beauty salon experts, Sofskin Cream was preferred over any other hand cream — 2 to 1! Try Sofskin, see *why*. In black-and-gold jars at drug and cosmetic counters.



*Your 'Sofskin' Hands tell him what
you can't put into words. Nothing
sweeter to his heart than the touch of your
loving hands....so soft, so smooth, so all-over thrilling!*

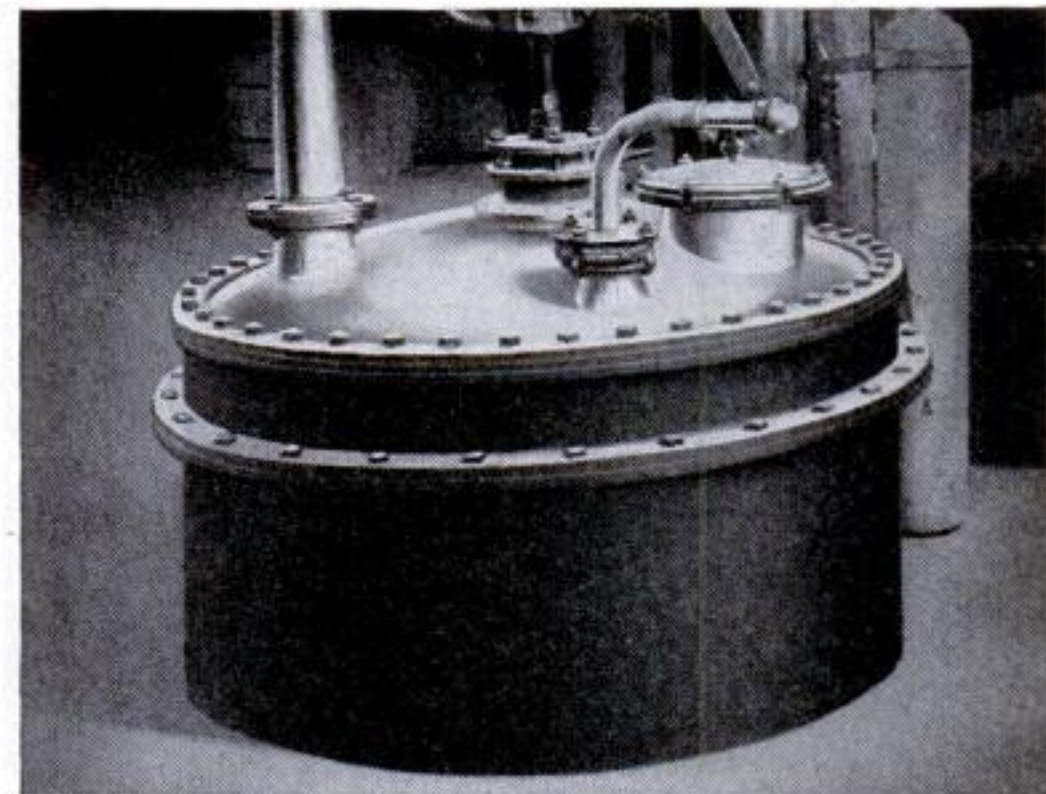
Softens, smooths your Dryskin Hands!
Sofskin
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. **CREME**



1898 What could a man do to relieve a simple headache in 1898? His choice was between usually expensive, often objectionable drugs and such naive and quackish absurdities as wearing matches in the band of his hat to ease his discomfort. In this year Bayer discovered Aspirin.



1900 Two years after its discovery, Bayer started making Aspirin in Rensselaer, New York, in this small brick building. Bayer Aspirin's gentle, reliable relief was soon to become the possession of everyone who suffered from ordinary headaches and the pain of neuritis and neuralgia.



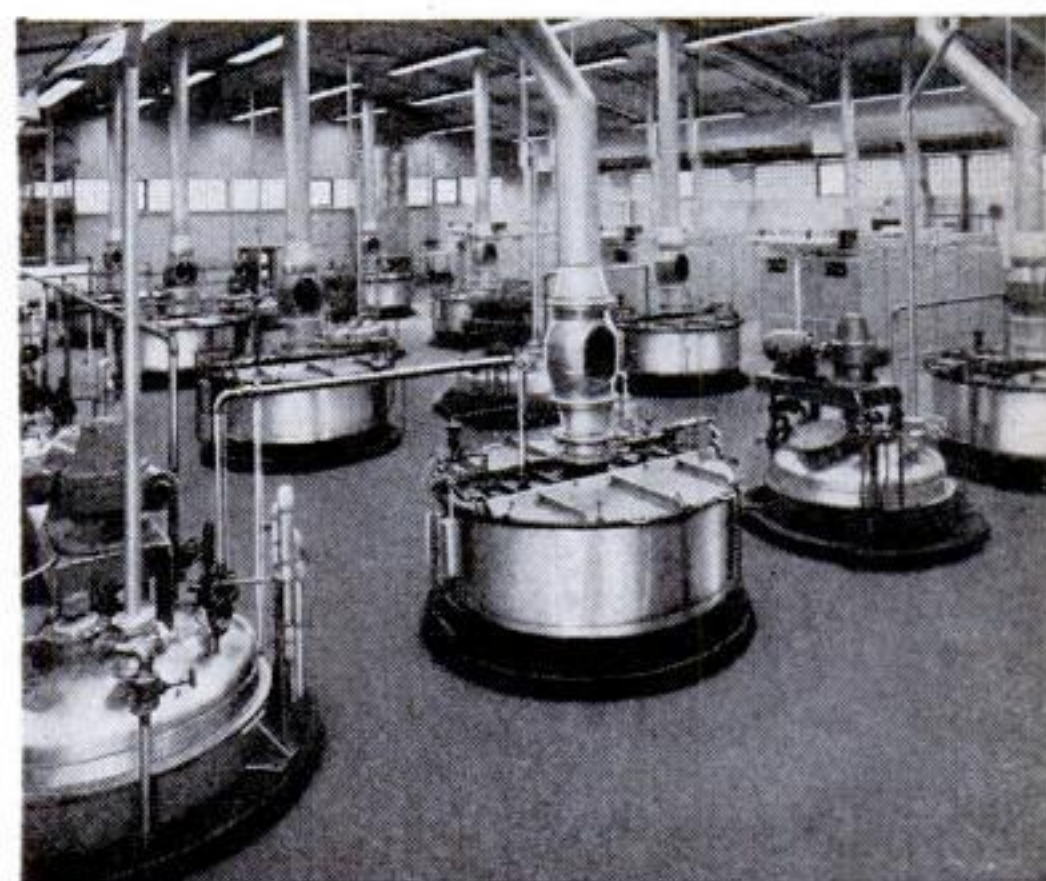
1905 To fill ever-increasing demand, larger scale manufacturing was started in this solid silver-lined kettle. Then, as now, Bayer made all its own Aspirin; buying none from outside sources; selling none of its own for sale under any other trade name. It is Bayer's undeviating manufacturing policy.

The Simple Headache

A short 49 years ago, a person suffering from simple headache, of necessity resorted to foolish nostrums or to drugs whose use might cause such discomforts that the cure was often worse than the ache. But, in 1898, Bayer discovered Aspirin and gave its priceless faculty of gentle pain relief to everyone. A suffering people, dependent on usually expensive, often poorly tolerated remedies, could now get fast, reliable relief, that was so gentle to the system, doctors began to prescribe it even for small children. What's more, Bayer

Aspirin's price brought its effective pain relief within the means of all.

Through the years, Bayer has earned the confidence of people in all walks of life. And, on this deep-seated confidence, Bayer has built one of the finest pharmaceutical plants in America. Here, Bayer Aspirin is made under the same strict controls and scientific methods as the more dramatic drugs like penicillin and streptomycin. As a result, all those who suffer with simple headache, know they can take Bayer Aspirin with confidence.



1947 Today, Bayer makes its Aspirin in one of the finest pharmaceutical plants in the country. This battery of gleaming stainless steel kettles and filters is but a part of its vast manufacturing facilities to provide fast relief for the commonest pain of all . . . the simple headache.







BAYER'S MANUFACTURING POLICY

Under Bayer's manufacturing policy, every grain of Aspirin used by Bayer is made by Bayer. It is under Bayer's sole control from raw material to finished tablet. Not a single grain comes to

Bayer from outside sources and not a single grain goes from Bayer to other Aspirin manufacturers. Bayer Aspirin and nothing but Bayer Aspirin is made in the Bayer Plant.

|| This magnificent new Bayer Plant, located in Trenton, N. J., has just been completed. No drug, not even penicillin or the sulfas is produced under any better, any stricter, any more scientific methods of manufacture than Bayer Aspirin. ||

Everybody's  Pointing  To  Hotpoint 

Now Hotpoint Automatic Ranges Are Better In 11 Important New Ways

New Faster-Starting Pan-Hugging Calrod* Heating Units—33% More Surface Unit Capacity—Larger Sealed-Heat Oven With Improved Speed Broiler—Dual-Service Thrift Cooker—Simple Oven-Control Timer. Hotpoint's Away Out Front In Features—And In Modern Styling, Too!

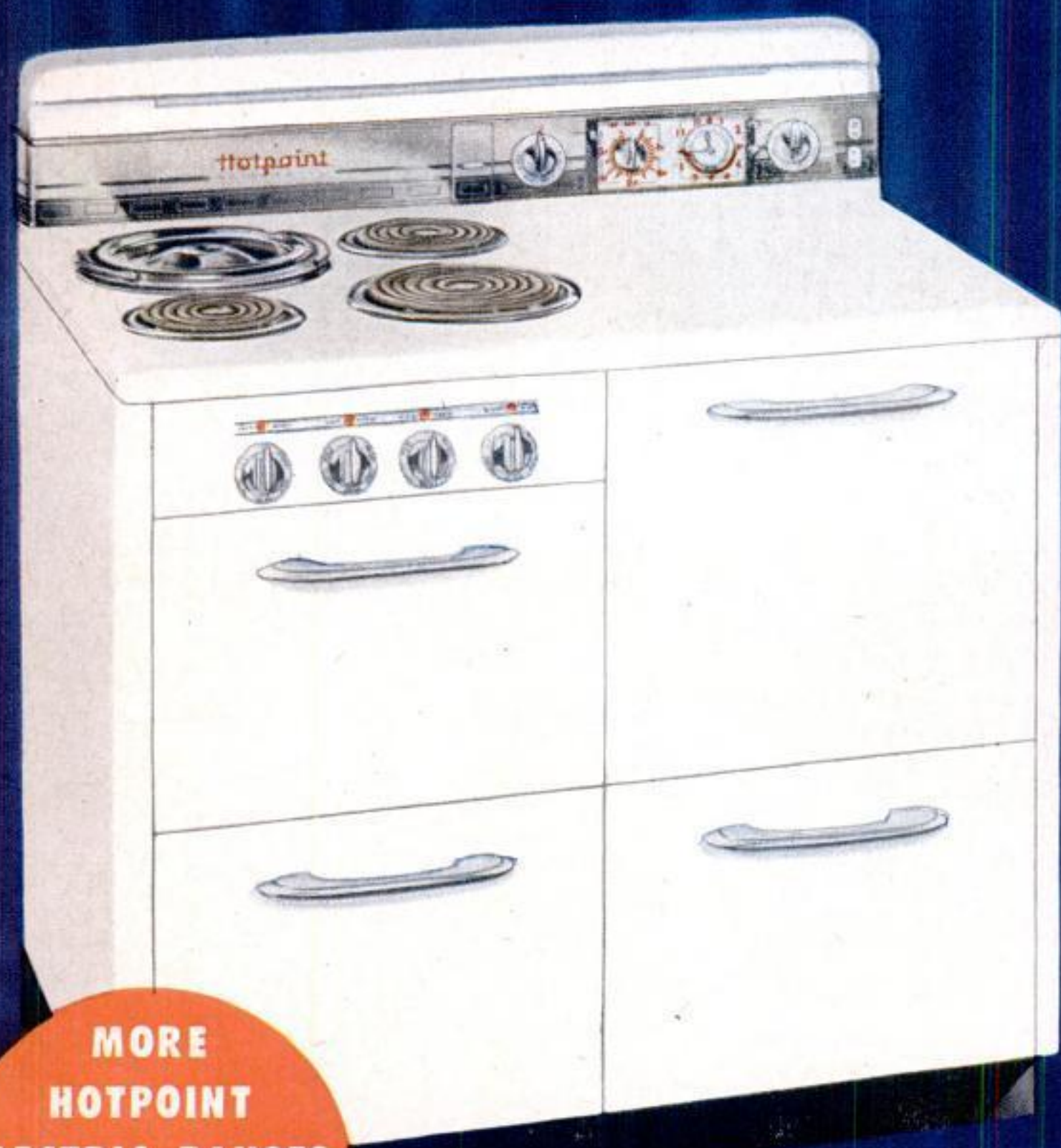
YOU'LL never know how simple, speedy and accurate cooking can be until you've used the new Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range—the world's finest, fastest-starting, most responsive range!

Built by America's pioneer kitchen planners, the new Hotpoint has the beautiful styling plus brilliant advancements American women have only dreamed about until now!

Faster-starting, pan-hugging Calrod heating units bring food to the correct cook-

ing temperature in *seconds*. The new, larger sealed-heat oven gives better heat distribution—better cooking results! The dual-service thrift-cooker unit increases surface unit capacity 33%! And eight other important advancements are yours in the new Hotpoint!

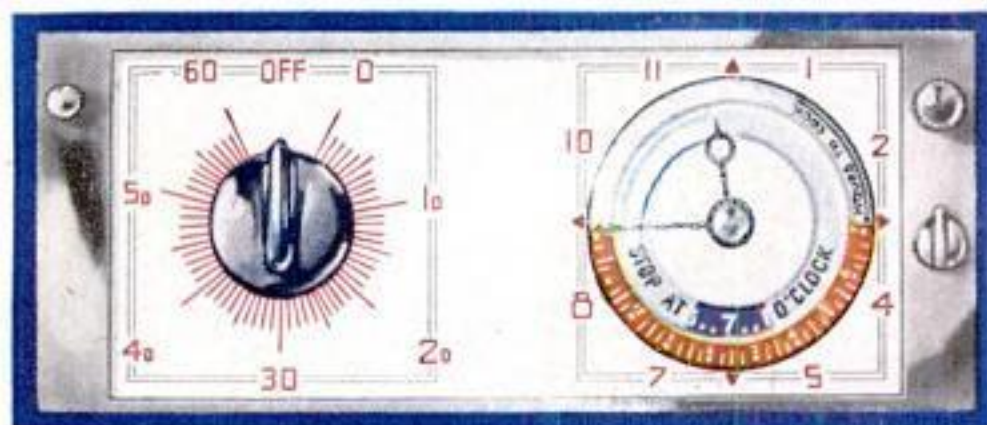
See the Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range before you buy *any* range! Compare it for price—performance—styling—features! You'll see why *everybody's pointing to Hotpoint*—the electric appliance leader!



America's Leading Electric Range

**MORE
HOTPOINT
ELECTRIC RANGES
IN USE THAN
ANY OTHER
MAKE**

● **New Automatic Oven Timer** (right dial) turns oven on—and off. Just put food in, set timer—and dinner's ready when you want it! Controls one outlet and serves as kitchen clock. Time measure (left dial) is all-purpose minute-reminder.



* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Hotpoint
A GENERAL ELECTRIC AFFILIATE

**AUTOMATIC
ELECTRIC RANGES**

44 YEARS OF QUALITY



● **New High-Speed Charcoal-Type Broiler** heats instantly, cooks steaks for 10 people in 10 minutes. Has open coil heating unit with heat deflector and porcelain broiler-roaster pan.



● **New Sealed-Heat Oven**, easiest-to-clean oven ever built, is fully insulated on all sides. Heating unit, sealed below oven, gives even heat distribution, better results.



● **Dual-Service Thrift-Cooker Unit.** Use it for deep-well cooking, or lift it quickly, easily to surface. Increases surface unit capacity 33%.

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A quiet moment between chuckles. Cary Grant's stories go over big with the ladies — even the little ones!

What an idea for a picture!

Think back. All the pictures you really remember had wonderful ideas behind them. The kind of ideas you found, for example, in "The Best Years of Our Lives"...the kind of ideas that have made Samuel Goldwyn's pictures gather so many awards.

In "The Bishop's Wife" he has another great picture with heart-warming ideas that are rich in humor, tender in emotion, and deep in understanding.

It's a picture in which Cary Grant plays an out-of-this-world guy with a worldly touch — that does

wonderful things for some wonderful people (including Loretta Young, David Niven, Monty Woolley, James Gleason and Gladys Cooper).

Watch for it... "The Bishop's Wife" will do some wonderful things... to you!

Samuel Goldwyn *presents*

CARY GRANT • LORETTA YOUNG • DAVID NIVEN

in **THE BISHOP'S WIFE**

with **MONTY WOOLLEY • JAMES GLEASON • GLADYS COOPER • ELSA LANCHESTER** and **THE MITCHELL BOYCHOIR**
Directed by **HENRY KOSTER** • Screen Play by **ROBERT E. SHERWOOD** and **LEONARDO BERCOVICI** • From the Novel by **ROBERT NATHAN** • Released through **RKO-RADIO PICTURES, Inc.**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

SMALL TOWN PAPER

Sirs:

THE ENTIRE "REPUBLICAN" STAFF HAS READ YOUR STORY "SMALL TOWN NEWS" (LIFE, Dec. 22) AND WE COULDN'T HAVE EXPRESSED IT BETTER OURSELVES.

JOHN RILEY
EDITOR

Paoli Republican
Paoli, Ind.

Sirs:

You said Paoli was given to shivarees at which newlyweds were serenaded noisily and violently. We live in a small town in western Kansas, and we still serenade our newlyweds in the old-fashioned way, but we spell it "charivari" instead of "shivaree" as printed.

H. JONES

Johnson, Kan.

Sirs:

More power to your writer who spells it "shivaree." Stuffed shirts who insist on "charivari" never heard one.

PAUL W. KNISKERN, M. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

● Origin of the old French word charivari is unknown, but it is believed to have been an attempt to describe the noises made by beating on pots and pans to serenade bridal couples. Charivaris were introduced into Louisiana by French settlers and the word was soon corrupted to shivaree.—ED.

MISS HUSH

Sirs:

In your article "Hush Hubhub" (LIFE, Dec. 22), it would be interesting to know just how such a picture could be snapped of Mrs. Subbie collapsing after receiving the call from "Truth or Consequences." If this picture wasn't posed (and it doesn't say it is) it looks like a put-up deal. Hush Humbug!

RUTH HAGY

Anderson, Mo.

● The picture was not posed. Mrs. Subbie's jubilant collapse lasted just long enough for an alert A.P. photographer to reach the Subbie home and get his picture while congratulations poured in on the phone from excited neighbors.—ED.

DUKE OF WINDSOR

Sirs:

If my memory is not fooling me, that picture of the Prince of Wales in

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF LIFE'S
NON-SUBSCRIBING READERS

To see life
To see the world
To eyewitness great events

I want to see **LIFE** each week.

PLEASE ENTER MY
SUBSCRIPTION TO
LIFE FOR

☐ ONE YEAR at \$5.50
☐ 2 YEARS at \$10
☐ 3 YEARS at \$13.50

NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

I enclose \$ _____ ☐ Please bill me

L-1-12

(Mail to LIFE, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.
Or give it to your newsdealer)

navy uniform on page 97 (LIFE, Dec. 22) was taken as he was just about to sign the guest book when some wag from the balcony called out, "Look out! You are signing the pledge!"

He glanced up at the voice, very much amused at the quip which caused that magnetic smile.

J. F. PERCY

Buffalo, N.Y.

JEWEL SALESMAN

Sirs:

In your picture of socialite Mrs. Julien Chaqueneau breathing deeply over a \$325,000 necklace at Cartier's (LIFE, Dec. 22) the chief attraction, for my money, is neither the lady nor the trinket—it's the salesman.

The last time I saw Jack Hasey was in Algiers, in 1943. He already had the Croix de Guerre with two palms



JACK HASEY

and four stars. He had also been made Chevalier in the Legion of Honor and was the first American to win Free France's coveted Order of Liberation.

In 1939 Hasey, then 22, quit Cartier's Paris store to drive an American ambulance in France during the "phony war." After France's fall, he was the first American to join General Charles de Gaulle, fought with the Foreign Legion in the Cameroon and Eritrean campaigns, took a burst of Vichy machine-gun fire in the throat and jaw (the scars still show in your picture) while leading a platoon against Damascus, spent a year in the hospital, rejoined the Free French in the U.S., helped train the first French West Indian battalion in New Orleans, served as aide-de-camp to French Chief of Staff General Joseph-Pierre Koenig in North Africa and in England for the Normandy invasion, was Koenig's liaison with Eisenhower's headquarters during the Allied drive across France, resigned his captaincy in the French army in 1945 to go back to Cartier's.

I guess that's why Jack can handle \$325,000 necklaces without trembling.

HAL LEHRMAN

New York, N.Y.

● Besides the medals listed by Reader Lehrman, Hasey earned the French equivalent of the Purple Heart, the Colonial Medal, the medal for fighting volunteers, eight campaign ribbons and was badly injured four times. His book, *Yankee Fighter*, appeared in 1942.—ED.

GIANT TELESCOPE

Sirs:

Some time ago this observatory opened its museum at an irregular hour in order to permit your photographer to photograph our new \$25,000 model

Almost possible with wonderful Benex Brushless Shave

Dear Benex:

You almost aren't kidding with those pictures of guys shaving with spoons.

Take it from a man behind a barbed-wire beard, Benex leaves my whiskers limper than a tired jellyfish. OK, so I don't shave with a spoon. But my trusty razor--that used to bounce off my bristles like a ping-pong ball--now meets less resistance than an auto salesman!

Naturally... Benex actually lets beards soak up 1/5 their weight in water.

And that business about Benex makes beards 1/5 water--you are so right. Why, these whiskers of mine get wetter than a pearl diver working overtime. The darn things get so soggy my blade just waltzes through 'em!

So, Benex, I love you. You have made me and my face very happy.

Gratefully,
Robert E. Wilson
70 N. Stanworth Drive,
Princeton, N. J.

That's because Benex strips the tough, oily, razor-battling "raincoat" off each bristle.

And Benex keeps 'em flooded all shave long.

Beards become 1/5 water
(and shavers ravers)

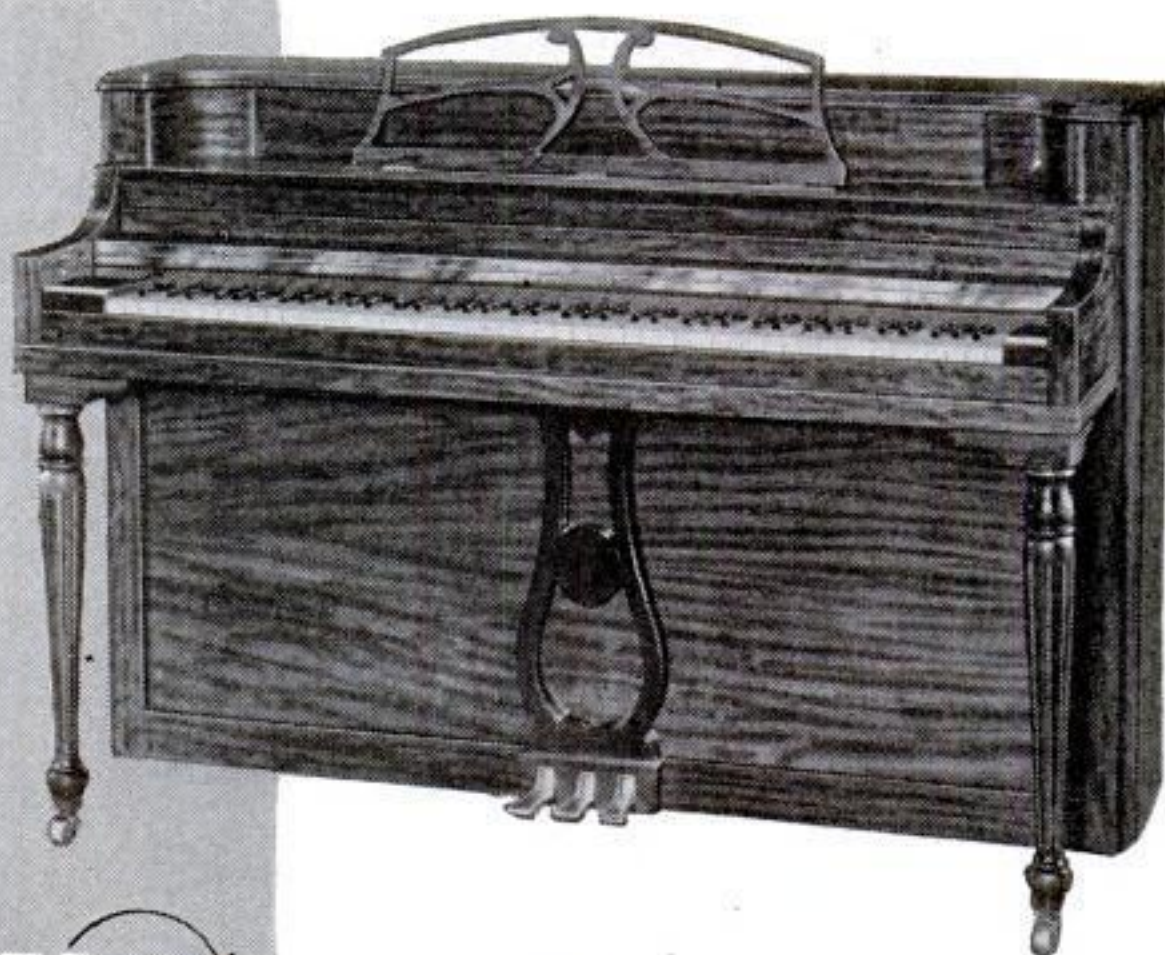
with new



P.S. to you with the problem beard! Benex gives *super* shaves—closer, quicker, fresher-feeling! Benex goes *easy on, easy off*—no greasy feel...just wash face, spread on, shave, rinse. Benex *won't clog razor*—light and creamy, it rinses instantly...won't gum up razor or drain. Get it? Get it today at your druggist's.

Bristol-Myers' Brushless Wonder

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



LESTER *Betsy Ross Spinet*

MAKE MUSIC YOURS

A
BEAUTIFUL
PIANO
WITH
A
MAGNIFICENT
TONE

ONE *name
quality
price*

SOLD BY
AMERICA'S FOREMOST
PIANO DEALERS

MAIL THIS COUPON
FOR ILLUSTRATED
BOOKLET

1-J

More music is heard today
than ever before in the world.
Capture some of its pleasure
in music-making... with a
Betsy Ross Spinet in your home.

It matters not what age or how
skilled the player... there is in
every Betsy Ross Spinet the
satisfying reward of glorious tone,
abundant volume and featherlight
action. Each model is an artful
expression of compact design...
with inner perfection worthy
of its outer beauty.

Moderately priced... guaranteed
for ten years... made ONLY
by the Lester Piano Manufacturing
Company Inc., builders of fine
pianos since 1888.

Foreign Sales Office:
H. A. ASTLETT & CO., 27 William St., New York 5, N.Y.

**LESTER PIANO MANUFACTURING
COMPANY, INC., LESTER 13, PA.**

Send me your 24-page illustrated
book showing piano arrangement
in the home. (Enclose 10c for postage.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

of the Mount Palomar telescope and
its building. These pictures were made
to be used in your story of the moving
of the 200-inch mirror from Pasadena
to Mount Palomar. Your representa-
tive assured us of proper credit.

In your issue of Dec. 8 you used
one of the photographs and made a
diagram from it for another illustra-
tion. There is not a single word to
tell where the model is exhibited...

DINSMORE ALTER
Director, Griffith Observatory
Los Angeles, Calif.

● LIFE's apologies for inadvertently
neglecting to acknowledge the valu-
able assistance rendered by Griffith
Observatory.—ED.

ANTI-SEMITISM

Sirs:

I have observed your recent articles
concerning the menace of anti-Sem-
itism and racial consciousness. I have
also read some of the letters that have
appeared in your columns devoted to
the voice of the people. I believe you
call it "Letters to the Editors."

I observe that no letters have ap-
peared expressing the viewpoint of
the alleged anti-Semites. If so-called
anti-Semitism is so completely wrong
and illogical, why is it that you never
publish the viewpoint of the alleged
anti-Semites? It strikes me that if
those of us who have been publicized
as anti-Semites are so completely
wrong in our viewpoint, the mere
publication of some of our expressed
opinions would expose us to increased
ridicule....

GERALD L. K. SMITH
Detroit, Mich.

● Reader Smith, Huey Long's
staunch No. 1 man and founder of
the America First Party, recent-
ly formed a new one. Known as
the Christian Nationalist Party, it
is pledged to fight, among other
things, "the United Nations, mon-
grelization of races and Governor
Dewey."—ED.

J. ELMER SPYGLASS

Sirs:

Please allow me to thank you with
all my heart that you allowed space in
your magazine of Nov. 3 for an article
about such an insignificant person as I.

From childhood on, my mother's
teachings were: respect yourself and
you will be respected. Through life, I
have endeavored to keep to this rule
and now I am proud that Mr. Will
Lang has found it worth his while to
write nice things about me.

One hears so often of race discrim-
ination in America, especially in re-
cent years. You have proven that
your magazine is above this sort of
thing. Also the congeniality of the
Americans with whom I have been
dealing here in Europe proves that
they are not biased with such ideas.
This makes an old man as I am love
his country and take pride in doing all
in his power to uphold the integrity
of same.

J. ELMER SPYGLASS
American Consulate General
Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany

TERMITES

Sirs:

You should have pointed out that
the West Coast fumigating technique
of pumping gas into a sealed house
(LIFE, Dec. 22) is effective only against

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



Nesbitt's is made from juice of California
Valencia Oranges—flavor of orange peel,
citric acid from lemon juice, sugar, pure
water, and a refreshing dash of carbonation.



MY GOODNESS...
SUCH GOODNESS





*Count Igor Cassini
Famous Society Reporter
selects Phyllis as
"Beauty Bride of the Month"*



Proud Phyllis . . . selected by Count Cassini to star in his Beauty Dozen of Woodbury brides. "But yes!" explains America's leading social reporter. "Phyllis is a man's dream come true...she's a Woodbury romance winner, with skin sweet-danger-smooth!"



Love plot: Harry, then Navy Lieut., spied Phyllis at Officers' dance at Delmonico's...and cut in! 'Twas love—and dates every evening, like this "buggy ride" in Central Park! "Yes, I reacted *positively* to that kissable Woodbury complexion!" exclaims Harry.



Solemn moment for Phyllis Bickell of Toronto, and Harry Bruce Clark of New York. Vows exchanged in famous chapel at

Princeton, N. J. Exquisite Phyllis keeps her skin lovely-smooth with Woodbury Facial Soap. True beauty soap, it's *extra mild!*

"I take thee, Phyllis..."

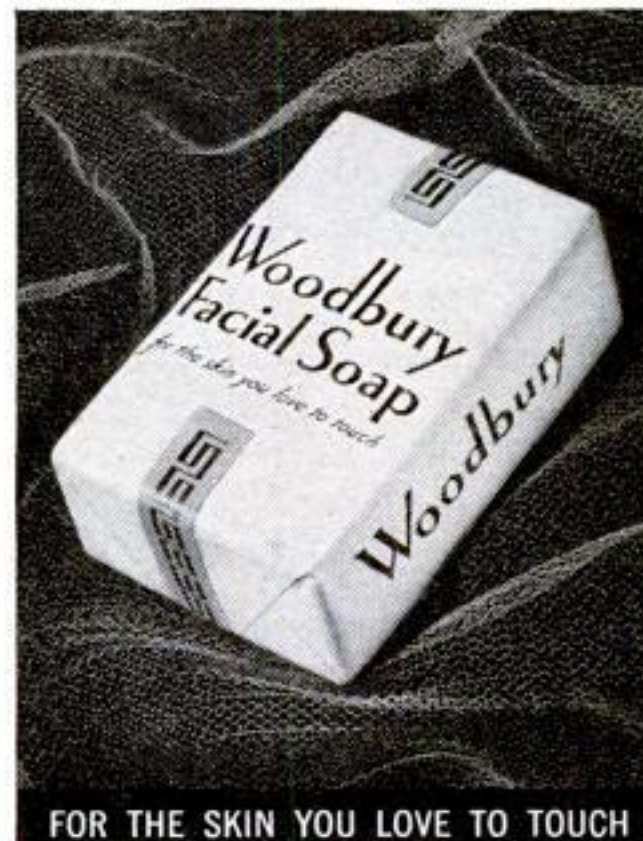
ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB, OF COURSE!



"My look-lovely date—a Woodbury Facial Cocktail!" says Phyllis. "One, swirl on creamy Woodbury lather. Two, rinse away! Skin, sm-ooth! Woodbury's *mild!*"



Who's winning? Is Harry bluffing, or ready to "gin"? Anyhoo, Phyllis' Woodbury beauty wins *any* love-game! Silk shoulders...flower-face, caressed by Woodbury Soap. It's extra-mild! Made with a rich *beauty-cream* ingredient!



FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

For all-over loveliness—your Woodbury Beauty Bath! That fragrant, cream-rich lather—with *beauty-cream* ingredient—leaves your skin smooth, sweetly scented,



A beautiful catch! Phyllis takes a ride. Oh, girls! . . . What men will do for Woodbury skin-beauty! So—take Woodbury Facial Cocktails for smooth sparkle. *Romantic!*

With acid indigestion,
Rip Van Winkle couldn't have slept
even 20 minutes!



When a bedtime spell of acid indigestion keeps you tossing and turning for hours, a 20-minute nap would be as welcome as Rip's 20-year sleep! But Tums do *better* . . . they open the door to a full night's rest. As you slip into bed, just slip one or two Tums in your mouth. No mixing or stirring, no water needed. Almost instantly, Tums neutralize nerve-irritating excess acid. Relieve gas and heartburn. Settle your stomach, so you settle down to slumber jiffy-quick! No soda in Tums. No harsh alkali. Nothing to *over-alkalize* your stomach, so no acid rebound to break your rest. To get your sleep, get Tums for the tummy! All drugstores—10¢ handy roll; 3-roll package 25¢.

Try one or two Tums after breakfast.
See if you don't feel better!

Night and day, at
home or away,
always carry
'TUMS'

QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION



TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable **NR** Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Get a 25c box today.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

dry-wood termites, which do not exist anywhere in the U.S. except in California and the Deep South. Termites who live in the temperate zone are different, and the method of exterminating them is also different. It is unfortunate that the name of the company (Guarantee Fumigating Co.) which was involved in the explosion of the house in Los Angeles is so very similar to our own company name. We have had dozens of telephone calls and letters from anxious people about the process we use. Our process does not involve fumigation and is absolutely safe.

E. R. JENNINGS
President

Guarantee Extermination Co.
New York, N.Y.

● The Jennings method: to cut the termites' life line to the moisture of the earth by putting an inedible sheet of metal at vulnerable points in the foundation of the house.—ED.

SKIING

Sirs:

Your article on Skier Andrea Mead (LIFE, Dec. 22) was very good, but if



MOTHER'S (RIGHT) ARE TIGHTER

you really want to popularize skiing you should print a few pictures of her mother, Janet Mead, in her tight pants. . . .

HARRY KOPPEL

Lake Luzerne, N.Y.

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important
as a clean
house . . .

clean-

smelling

air in your

home!

At cocktail party or dinner... or after-dinner tete-a-tete... **air-wick*** is essential for successful entertaining. It kills the odor of cooking... stale smoke... stale drinks... keeps the air in your house or apartment country-fresh. There's nothing to burn... nothing to spray. Simply uncup the bottle and pull up the wick. Postscript: Of course **air-wick** is a must in any modern bathroom. At all better stores in the United States and Canada.

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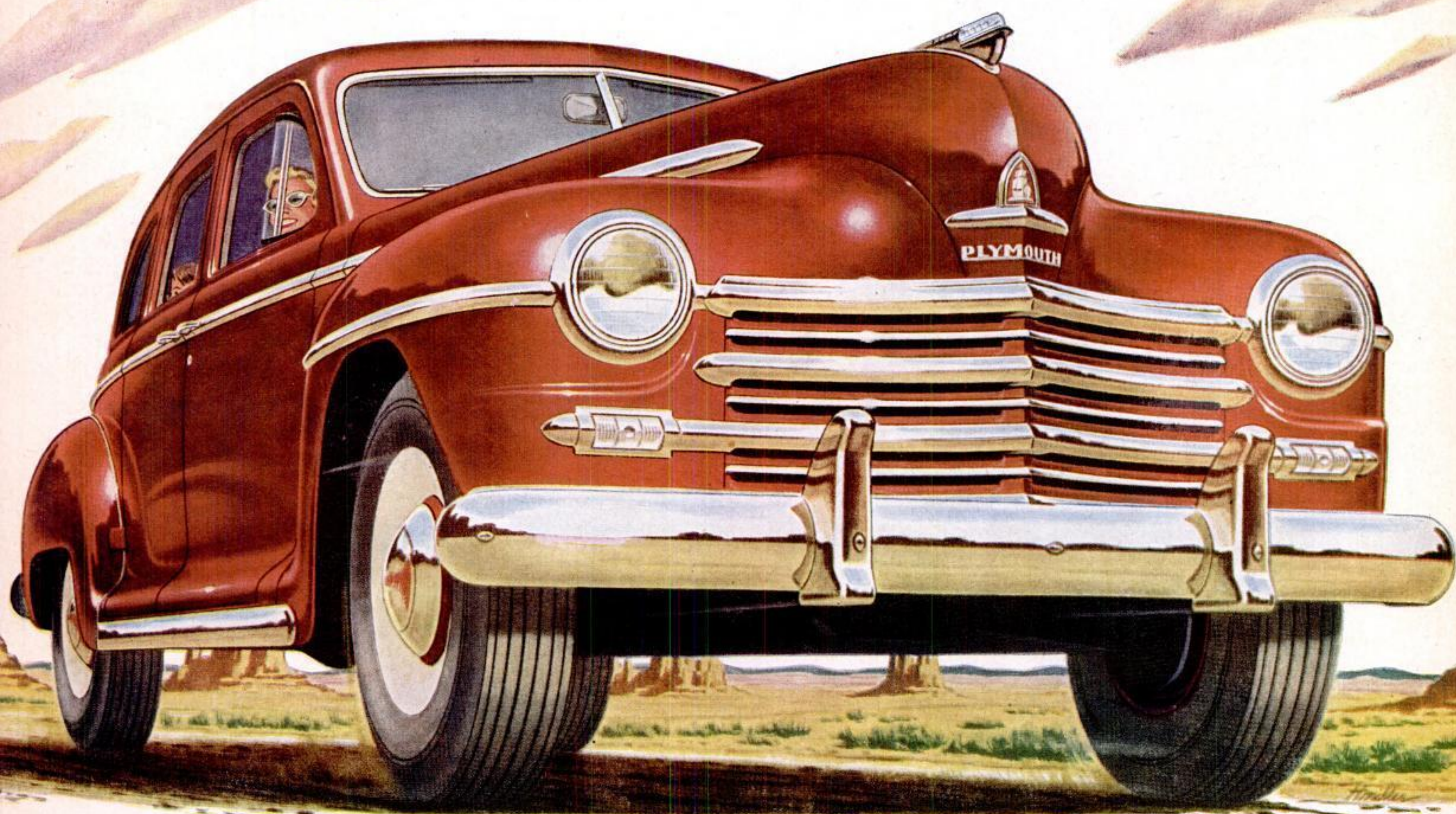


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make those dreams come true.

Tonight I can give you an even better
promise. You'll get your chance even
if ... I'm not around. You wouldn't
understand about Insured Income,
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Mommy will always have money
enough to take good care of you.

That's quite a load off my mind. Just
how big a load you will never know
until you make me a grandfather.

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won't have to worry about helping
out the old folks. Your Mommy and
I will be happily retired on an in-
come that's part of the same plan.

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DEALERS—WRITE FOR NEAREST JOBBER
DIVERSEY MACHINE WORKS—CHICAGO 7



"SOLDADERAS" of 1914 were photographed by Gustavo Casasola as they took a first look at Mexico City. President Huerta, hard-pressed by Villa, Zapata and U.S. forces at Veracruz, was conscripting even women for his army.

dent Huerta, hard-pressed by Villa, Zapata and U.S. forces at Veracruz, was conscripting even women for his army.



A BLOODY AMBUSH was photographed by Agustín Casasola in 1911. It happened when Mexico City news-

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

...A FAMILY RECORDS MEXICAN HISTORY

All of the superb news pictures shown here were made during the blood-spattered 30 years of the Mexican Revolution when rebel leaders like Pancho Villa, Francisco I. Madero and Emiliano Zapata were scrabbling for power, and a new uprising could start any week at the drop of a sombrero. At least as remarkable as the pictures are the cameramen who took them, members of Mexico's royal family of photographers—the Casasolas. Today no public function in Mexico is complete without at least two Casasolas—



DANGLING BODIES of Catholic rebels killed by Calles' anticlerical troops swing from telegraph poles. Gustavo

got this shot on Calles-sponsored railroad trip undertaken to show newsmen "how peaceful the countryside is."



JAILED CONGRESSMEN provided one of Agustín's most remarkable pictures. In 1913 entire 26th Mexican



men, protected by a supposed truce and federal troops, set off to interview shy Revolutionary Zapata in the nearby

hills. Part way there Zapatistas (*background*) leaped from cover and began firing at troops and newsmen. Agustín

quickly snapped this picture, then legged it back to the city with reporters who did not wait to count the dead.

there are about 30 of them now, from Brownie-toting children to Graphic-lugging adults—shoving each other around. Meanwhile older members, like Miguel, 72, and Gustavo, 47, are working on the monumental *Graphic History of the Revolution: 1910–1940*.

In the gory years after 1910 when Villa and a host of other revolutionists were continually fighting, the Casasolas were hustling about the country recording the battles (*above, right*), the strained faces of women (*above, left*) and the inevitable corpses

(*lower left*). Energetic Grandfather Agustín, 60, was everywhere. In 1911 his zeal almost got him killed when Zapatistas ambushed government troops (*above*). In 1913 he wangled his way into jail to make the classic shot (*center, below*) of the imprisonment of an entire Mexican congress. At the same time Gustavo, Agustín's eldest son, was off covering Villa, who gave no help to newsmen. "You were strictly on your own," Gustavo recalls today. "Every time I was in his presence I was frightened be-

cause he was an utterly unpredictable man and killed on whim. But for all that he was kind to me. Once he wrote my father saying he was keeping an eye on me and that I was being a good boy."

Early in the fighting old Agustín made one serious strategic error—all the available Casasolas were trapped on one side of the lines, making the battle coverage lopsided. Thereafter he was careful to see that obliging combatants made arrangements for some camera-bearing Casasolas to cover both sides.



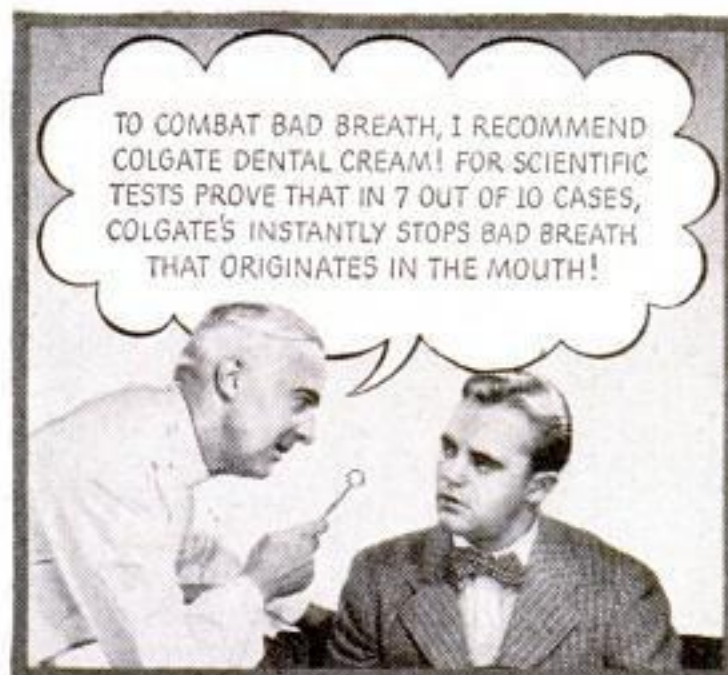
congress was juggled when President Huerta got tired of hearing the congressmen call him a tyrant and a liar.



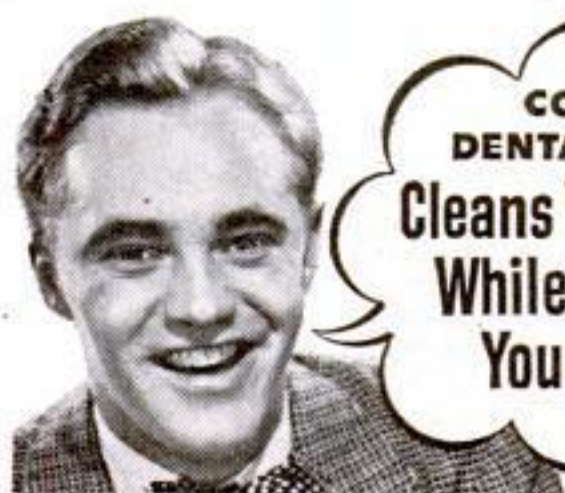
AT BORDER CONFERENCE in 1914 General Obregón (*left*) smiles with his rival Villa (*center*) and General

Pershing. At far right is Second Lieut. George S. Patton. Villa later blamed his final defeat on these Americans.

Better Sit Up and Beg, Pal!



LATER—Thanks to
Colgate Dental Cream



**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



ISMAEL CASASOLA, shown in an old picture, works for magazine *Hoy*.



AGUSTIN CASASOLA, clan founder, covers 1910 independence parade.



GUSTAVO CASASOLA, in specially rigged photographer's chair, gets ready to shoot a Mexico City bullfight in 1925. Now he handles the family archives.



SIXTEEN CASASOLAS meet at dinner, argue about their pictures. All the men are photographers and so is one of the women, Piedad (seventh from right)

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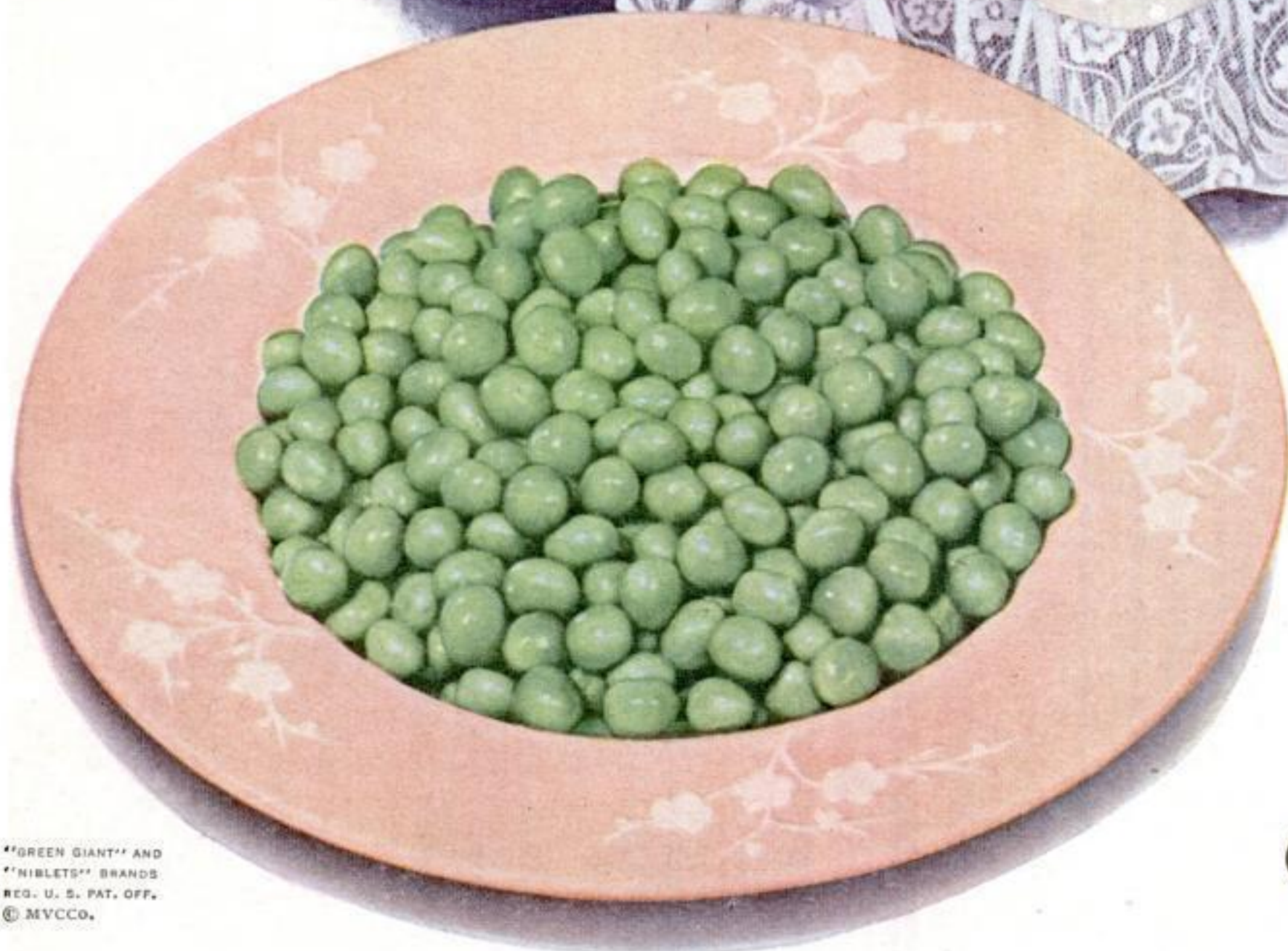
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LIFE'S COVER

In the rather expert eyes of the Society of Photographic Illustrators, the girl on LIFE's cover this week is the most photogenic model in the U.S. She is Jane Cartwright, 19, who placed second last year in the society's annual competition but moved into first place when the winner retired from modeling. On the cover Jane, who comes from Milton, Mass. and studies art, is portrayed wearing a pearl cravat and matching gloves from Hattie Carnegie, two important winter accessories. More on winter accessories appears on pages 59 and 60.



The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

COVER—PHILIPPE HALSMAN]

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16—CASASOLA EXC. BOT. FOTO MAYO
21—TONY GARNET FOR MIAMI HERALD
22, 23—JOHNNY FLOREA, MAP BY ANTHONY SODARO, CORNELL CAPA—ALLIED CRAFTSMEN, JAMES N. KEEN, A.P., CORNELL CAPA, HORACE HELEY, ACME—CHARLES PRESTON, INT., JERRY McLAIN, CHARLES PRESTON
24, 25—L. HANK WALKER—CORNELL CAPA; RT. JOHNNY FLOREA
27—DAVE MATHIAS FOR DENVER POST
28, 29—H. & E. INT., A.P.—THOMAS D. McAVOY, INT.
30, 31—LARRY BURROWS
32, 33—A.P. EXC. BOT. RT. INT.
34—WERNER WOLFF FROM B.S.
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79—LOOMIS DEAN
81—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT FROM PIX
82, 83—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT FROM PIX EXC. T. LT. WALTER SANDERS
84 THROUGH 90—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT FROM PIX
92, 93—DRAWINGS BY MATT GREENE
97—MAP BY FRANK STOCKMAN AND ANTHONY SODARO
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110, 111, 112—LISA LARSEN FROM G.H.

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; A.P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B.S., BLACK STAR; G.H., GRAPHIC HOUSE; H. & E., HARRIS & EWING; INT., INTERNATIONAL; W.W., WIDE WORLD. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS IS EXCLUSIVELY ENTITLED TO THE USE FOR REPRODUCTION WITHIN THE U.S. OF THE PICTURES PUBLISHED HEREIN ORIGINATED BY LIFE OR OBTAINED FROM THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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of yourself



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you were such
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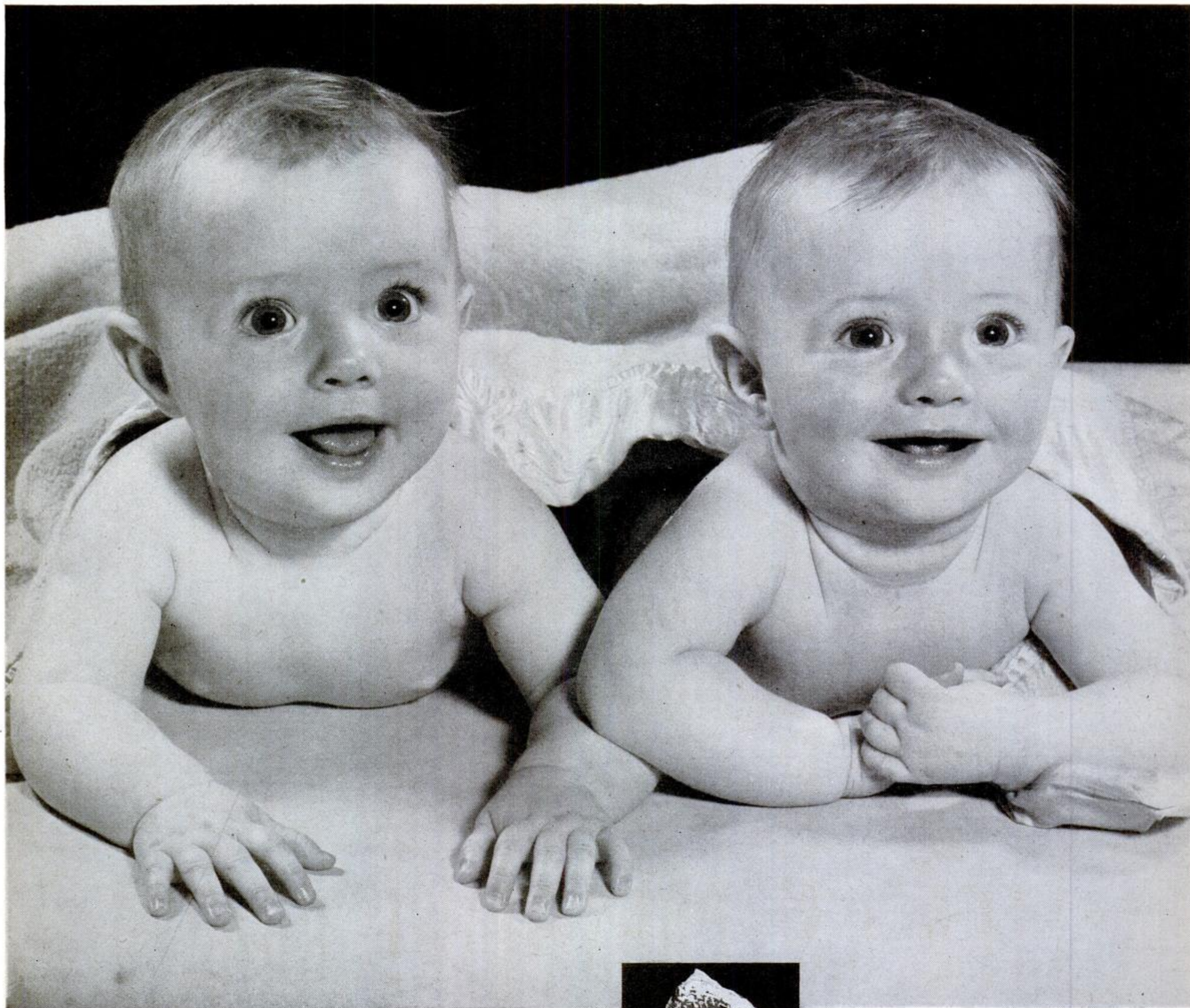
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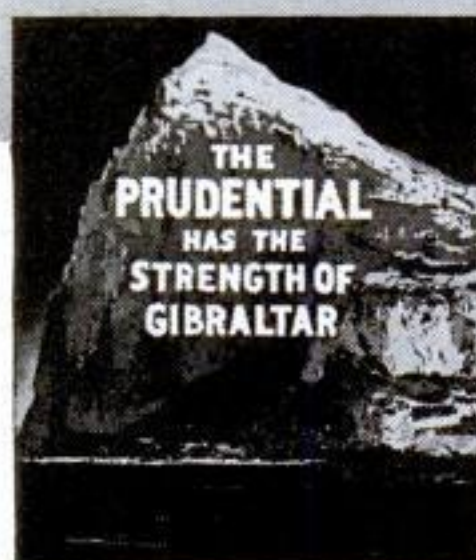
Don't delay seeing your Prudential representative about this important family matter.

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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

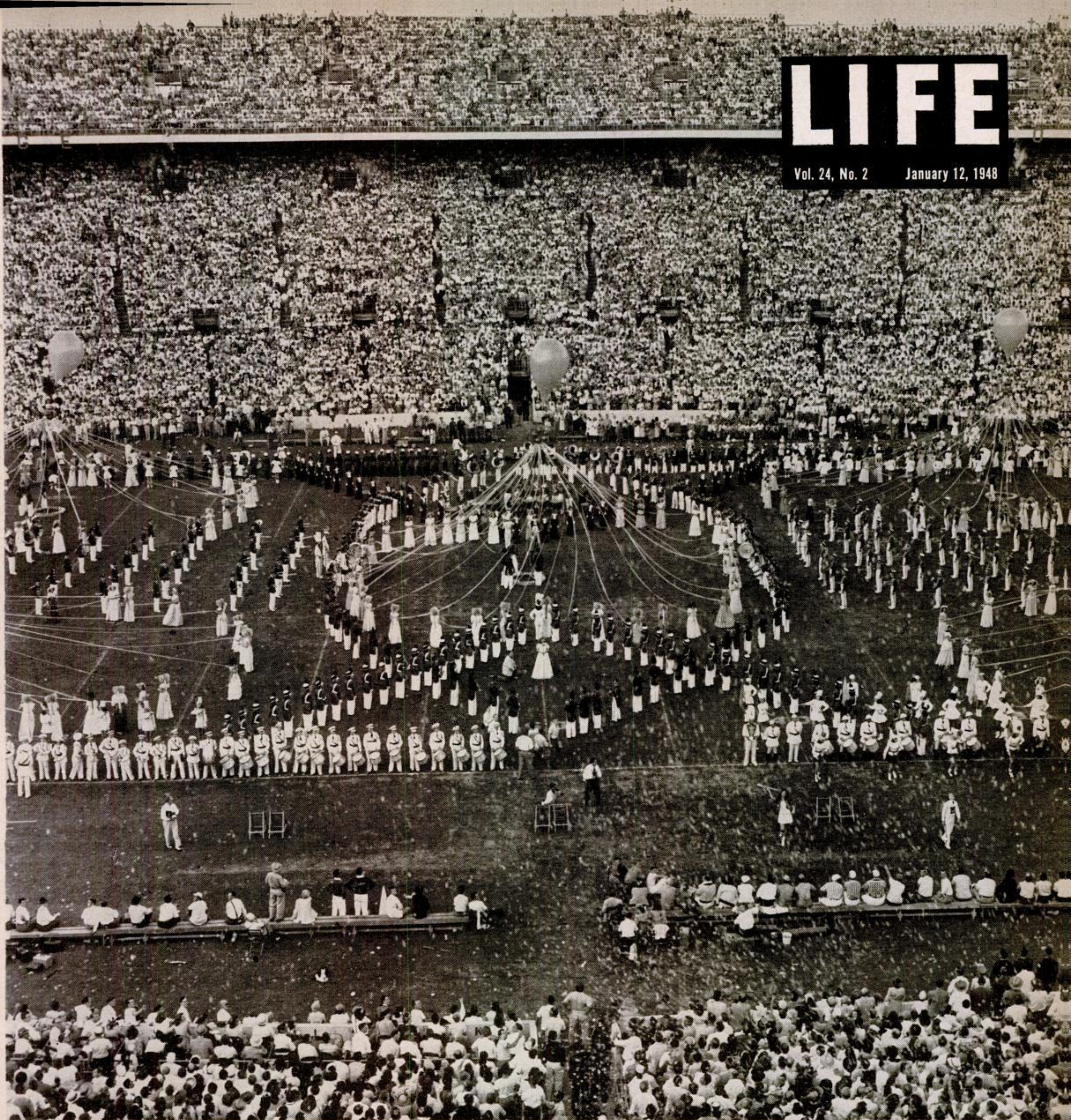


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IN MIAMI'S ORANGE BOWL 200 GIRLS DANCE WITH STREAMERS WHILE BANDS LINE UP ON SIDELINES AND CONFETTI SNOW SHOWERS DOWN ON THE CROWD

THE U.S. GOES BOWL CRAZY

On New Year's Day in Miami 59,578 people jostled each other into a huge stadium called the Orange Bowl to witness a display which was half football and half musical extravaganza. For some 60 minutes they saw Georgia Tech beat Kansas, 20-14. For the rest of the afternoon they watched scantily clad girls dance in circles (*above*), bands form huge letters and pigeons fly in formation. Confetti, dropped from the stadium balcony, floated

over the crowd, sticking to sweat-streaked faces under a glaring sun.

It was like that everywhere in the South. From Florida to Honolulu some 500,000 people had paid about \$2 million to jam into 15 major bowls for football à la queen (*next page*). They paid scalpers \$50 a seat in Miami, shelled out as much as \$25 a car in the parking lots of Pasadena. There the Rose Bowl show, the daddy of them all, managed to get some

attention by employing 57 floats and 18 bands.

Although no bowl had what would have been the best football game of the year, *i.e.*, Michigan against Notre Dame, the whole display of fun was highly successful. And there was no telling how far the phenomenon might spread next year. All over the north people were listening enviously on their radios, and in Walla Walla, Wash. there was a Stone Bowl game between two teams of convicts.



ROSE

QUEEN VIRGINIA GOODHUE HOLDS COURT WITH HER PRINCESSES, APPROPRIATE FLOWERS

FOR A BOWL GAME THE QUEEN



MAP OF U.S. AND HAWAII (INSERT) SHOW WHERE GAMES WERE PLAYED



HARBOR

ON WATER SKIS Queen Betty Wisdom lugs a football and wears regulation helmet to publicize San Diego game.



GATOR

ON ALLIGATOR FARM Barbara Burkhalter poses in her robes. Winning captain got alligator-skin football.



ORANGE

DRAPED IN FRUIT, Queen Jeanne Biegger balances football precariously on lap. She was crowned at aquacade.



DELTA

BOSS CRUMP gets in the act at Memphis' Crump Stadium by posing with Barbara Jo Walker (Miss America) on his left, Hilma Seay (1947 Maid of Cotton) on his right.



EAST-WEST

HOSPITALIZED CHILDREN get visit from stars of the game, St. Mary's Wedemeyer (left) and Notre Dame's Lujack. Game benefited Shriners' hospital for children.

IS VIRTUALLY A NECESSITY

Practically no bowl game is complete without a queen. Of the 15 big contests (*map, left*) 12 had one or more of them. These young ladies were chosen, sometimes by votes, usually by the games' promoters, from all walks of life. One queen was a secretary, another was a water-ski champion, another was Miss America of 1947, and still another—the queen of the Hawaiian game—was a mixture of English and Chinese with a little Romanian thrown in. All of them were pretty.

After her election or selection many a girl discovered that the life of a football queen is no bowl of roses. One who went through a hectic and wearing schedule was Louann Hoover of El Paso (*right*), the Sun Bowl queen. In one week she was required to go through a long parade, a reception, two balls, a symphony concert, an "old-timers breakfast" and a bull fight in Juarez. During all this she was, of course, expected to smile as if she were having the time of her life.

But while nearly all the bowl games had a queen, all the big ones had another thing in common: the ticket problem. It was nearly impossible to get a ticket through regular channels. At New Orleans, for example, Sugar Bowl bondholders got the lion's share, but thousands of tickets ended up in the hands of scalpers. Two weeks before the Sugar Bowl game the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* demanded an accounting of where the tickets had gone. But nothing came of it.



QUEEN LOUANN HOOVER SITS ON AZTEC ALTAR BEFORE REIGNING OVER "SACRIFICE" RITES



SWEATER adorns Movie Actress Janet Blair, elected Queen of Penn State team. She comes from Altoona, Pa.



EVENING GOWN is proper dress for Queen Patsy Simmons, most sedate of the queens. It was a charity game.



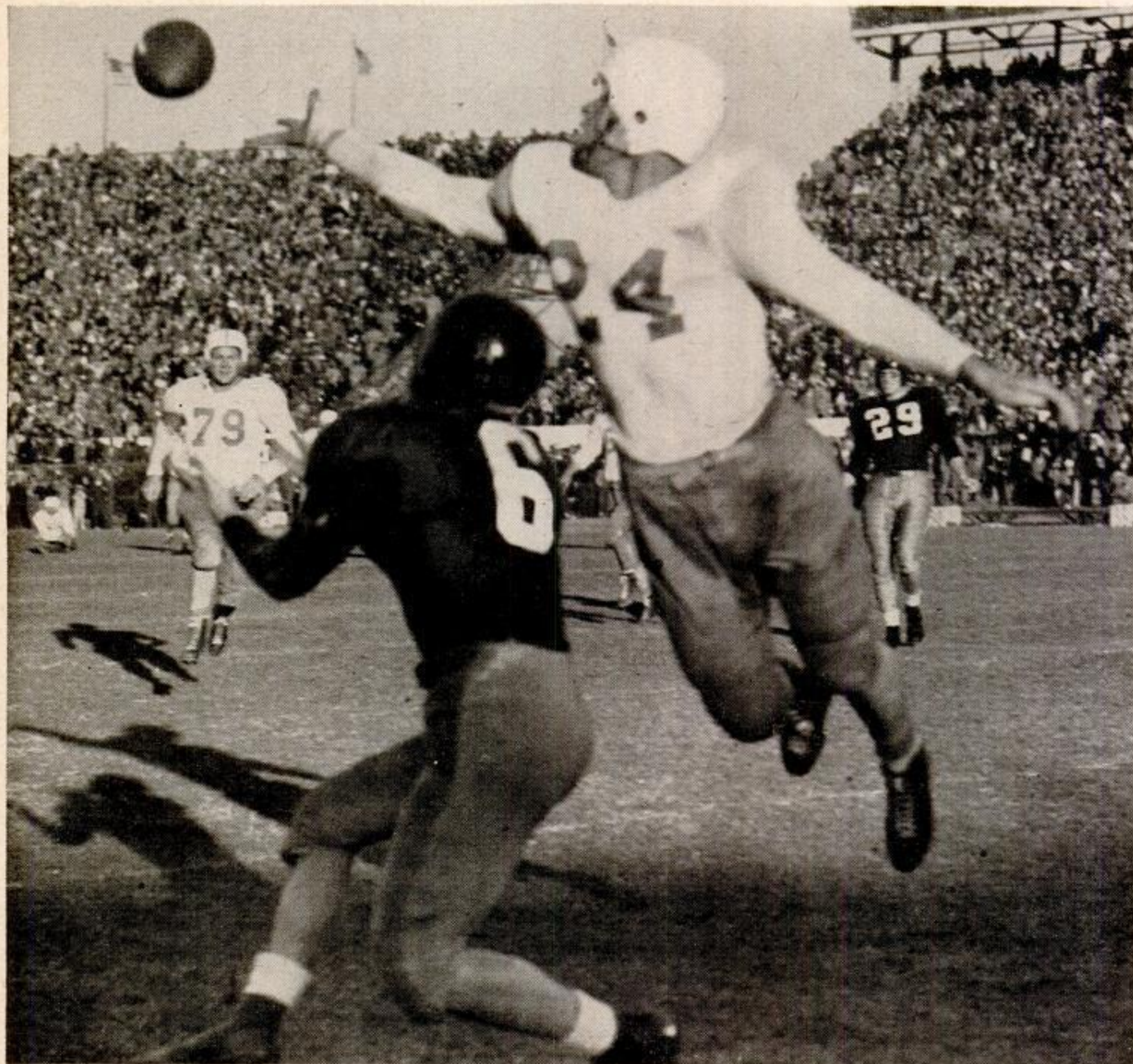
CORRECT PROPS are held by Queen Shirley Moss of Honolulu as she arrives in the U.S. for pre-game visit.



CHILD QUEEN is Nancy Rice, 4. Flanked by her two pages she rode around the field before game, then got bowl of vegetables. Game helped Kiwanis crippled children's fund.



NO GIRLS are used to publicize Leo Burson's game in Birmingham, Ala. He underwrote game, divided the profits with city and American Legion. Burson's share: \$20,000.



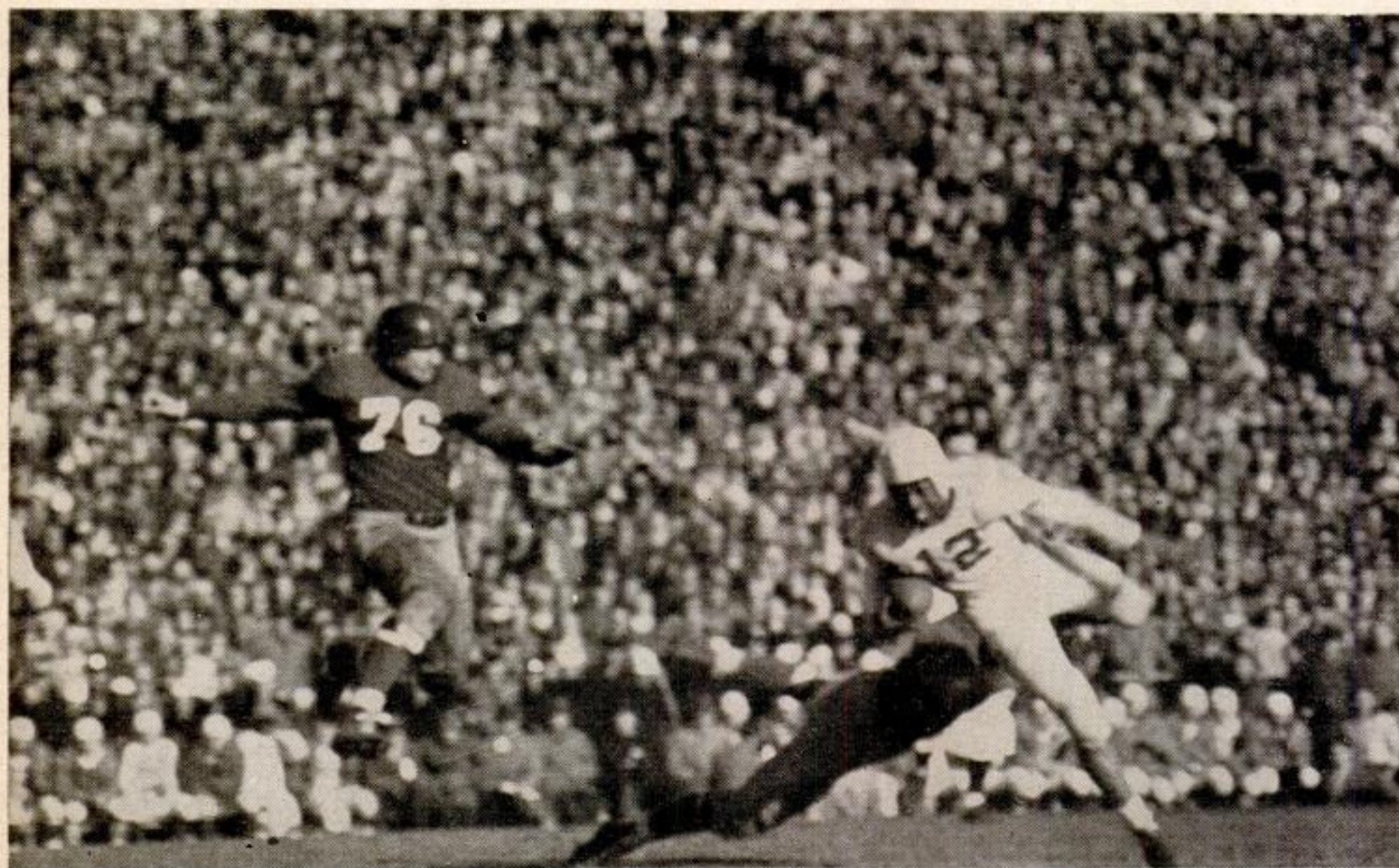
A LONG PASS soars toward the hands of Alabama Halfback Charley Davis (No. 6) in the Sugar Bowl game

with Texas. Davis caught it but failed to score, and one play later the game ended with Texas the winner, 27-7.

THE DAY PRODUCED SOME SPECTACULAR FOOTBALL

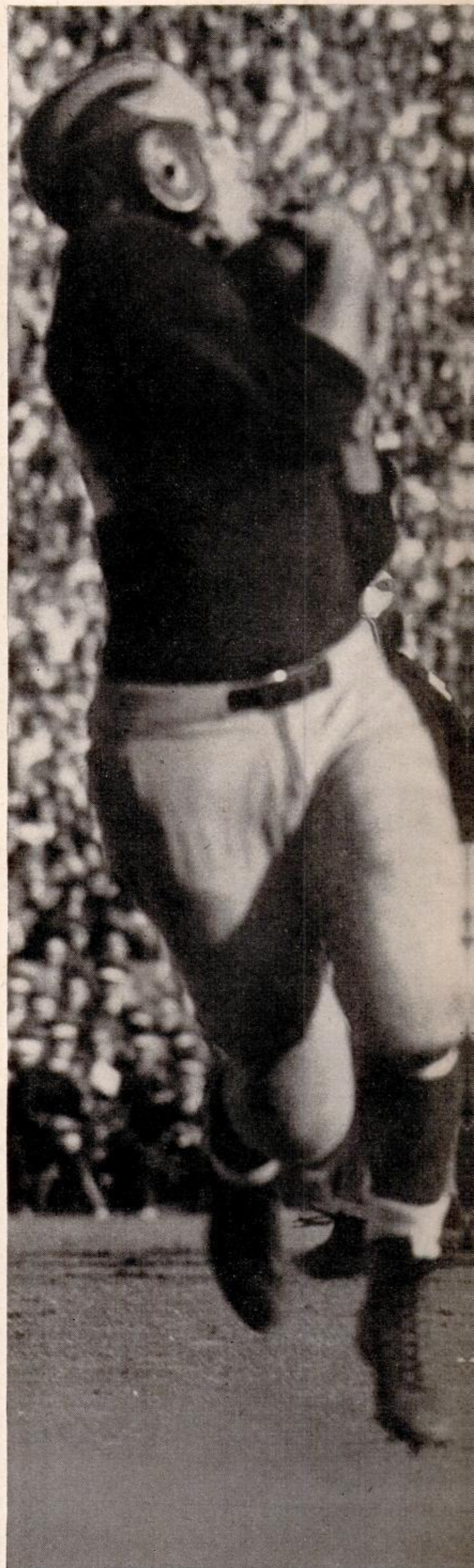
New Year's Day produced some of the best football of the season. The sure-armed passers had great success. In the Sugar Bowl, Bobby Layne pitched Texas to an easy victory over Alabama. In San Francisco, Notre Dame's Johnny Lujack, playing in the Shrine all-star game, led the East in a 40-9 rout of the West. It was a sad day all around

for West Coast football; in the Rose Bowl, Michigan's Bob Chappuis passed Southern California into helplessness (*opposite*). The Michigan sleight-of-hand offensive, with five men handling the ball on some plays, worked so beautifully that Southern California rarely knew what the score was. It was dreadful: Michigan 49, Southern California 0.



LONG RUN is made by Wallace Triplett, one of two Negroes who played for Penn State in the Cotton Bowl

against Southern Methodist. The game, a 13-13 tie, was the first interracial contest in Texas. Some fans booed.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S PLIGHT in Rose Bowl is dramatized in this picture. The helpless U.S.C. players ir



background have been sucked out of position, making it easy for Michigan's Bob Mann to catch a pass from Bob

Chappuis. Michigan's complicated and efficient offense gave the game a comic-opera aspect. The Big Nine cham-

pions gained 491 yards to Southern California's 133, and only twice did U.S.C. have the ball in Michigan territory.

IS THERE A "WITCH HUNT"?

NO—ALTHOUGH THE HUNT FOR REAL ENEMIES HAS BEEN PARTLY BUNGLED. LET'S KEEP OUR HEADS

According to 22 teachers at the Yale Law School "there are alarming signs that persecution for opinion, if not soon curbed, may reach a point never hitherto attained even in the darkest periods of our history." They urge that the House Committee on Un-American Activities be abolished and that procedures for keeping disloyal or suspect people out of federal employ be liberalized.

The House committee, far from being abolished, will soon resume hearings with considerable popular support, and the President's Loyalty Review Board has just reaffirmed its sweeping security procedure. Perhaps some of the professors will think they hear the knell of American civil liberties. We do not. But there is much sober concern about civil liberties which we do share, and it is time for a checkup.

Communism Is Legal

The whole problem is, of course, made extremely difficult by the Communists, who act as foreign agents in the guise of Americans. We have a law (Taft-Hartley Act) that limits the legal rights of Communists to lead labor unions. As a "clear and present danger" to the republic, the Communist party could be outlawed without straining the Constitution. The House committee has been considering bills which would outlaw the C.P. But witnesses like William C. Bullitt and J. Edgar Hoover have rightly opposed them. They want some of the C.P. showing where all can watch it. Even if we have to outlaw the C.P. some day, that day is not here.

Since it is legal to be a Communist, C.P. members have certain inalienable rights. And it is therefore all the more important to know who the Communists are, how they use their rights and where they hide. That is to say, the House committee has had an important job to perform—a labeling job. To suggest the committee's dissolution without offering something to take its place is, to say the least, one-sided.

Having said that, we must add that the committee's methods in its last hearings did little to remove the odor that headline-hunting Martin Dies gave when he ran it. Chairman Thomas has not repeated all Dies's blunders, but he has made new ones. He even got his committee into an unnecessary law suit, the result of citing 10 party-line Hollywood writers for contempt. Any experienced congressional investigator could have told him how to avoid that one. He should have made his case, which included party-card numbers and convinced most people, before each writer took the stand instead of after. That way it would have been superfluous to ask the witnesses to declare their politics, for except in the unlikely event that they wanted to dispute the evidence, the labeling job would already have been done.

As things stand, the committee is as much on trial in the courts as the writers. This makes capital for the C.P. and confuses public thinking. If the new hearings do not find the committee more on its toes, then—even if it escapes a court rebuke—it may be time for Congress to replace it with a joint House-Senate committee, improving its personnel.

Another problem was raised by the Hollywood producers who fired the writers after the hearings. This has caused people to wonder: have Communists a right to a job? One might as well wonder whether a wart has a right on a face. The relevant question is how defacing is it and what to do about it.

The record shows that the producers had serious suspicions of these employees even before the Thomas committee ever came to Hollywood. Yet the producers employed them, no doubt in part because of the same wartime political fashion which led them to make a dishonest movie like *Mission to Moscow*. The producers claim that it was safe to employ these men and have pretty well shown that the men did not get C.P. propaganda on the screen. Now, if it was safe to employ these men before the hearings, it was even safer to do so after the hearings, when everyone had been put on clear notice of the writers' political ties. The committee did its job in exposing them, but the committee has no authority to "get" anybody's job. And since warts are ugly but legal until Congress—not some committee—declares otherwise, we wish that at least one producer had had the independence to insist on keeping the wart he had so long sported with apparent comfort and satisfaction. He might thus have incidentally demonstrated the connection between civil liberties and free enterprise: how everybody's freedom, even that of known enemies of free enterprise, dwells in the open spaces between competitive employers. Instead all the producers cut off their warts and lost a piece of face too.

Suppose all private employers followed the example of the Hollywood producers. By making it impossible for Communists to make a living, they would be outlawing Communism in effect, while the country evaded the legislative decision. So long as Congress deems it wiser to grapple with Communism above rather than underground, employers are not obliged to fire Communists and should not concert to do so.

Communists in Government

Then what about the federal government? Should it employ Communists? Have Communists a right to government jobs? Here the answer is simple. Nobody has such a right. And the government, especially in the so-called "sensitive" agencies (State, Defense, Atomic Energy, Justice), has every right and duty to demand that none of its employees be members of, or fellow travelers of, the C.P.

But when it comes to enforcing this right, the problem is not so simple. The procedure just announced by the Loyalty Review Board for screening out disloyal federal employees contains a serious pitfall.

All federal jobholders and applicants who are not cleared by the FBI may appeal all the way up to the board. At all hearings the suspect may have an attorney, offer evidence and get a transcript. But in most cases—and here is the pitfall—he will *not* be told the source of the evidence against him and he may even not know some details of the charge. Indeed the board itself may not know all the facts. As for the name of the accuser, only the FBI will know that.

Thus the board will repeatedly have to choose between a vague, anonymous charge

and a flat, general denial. Lacking solid sources, such as any trial juror would expect and get, the board may often have to determine facts by soul-searching. As a result it may acquit, thus giving a job to a suspect who may be a Communist. Or it may convict, and thus deprive the government of the services of an able, loyal employee victimized, say, by mistaken identity. This procedure affords a new loophole to fifth columnists. By feeding the more naive FBI agents—and there are such—with spurious charges of disloyalty against loyal men, they may enfeeble and demoralize the government service.

Why did the board decide to abandon the traditional procedure of confrontation and cross-examination? Well, the board decided to rely primarily on the FBI for investigating. The FBI employs "plants," agents who from within suspect organizations send out information. The FBI will not reveal the identity of its plants. Perhaps it was better to accept the FBI's conditions than to forego any loyalty checkup. Perhaps not. For it does put the FBI in an unpleasantly indispensable light and seems to assume for that able bureau a superiority to human error which Mr. Hoover has not laid claim to. Did the board give sufficient attention to other alternatives? One simple one would be to instruct the FBI that, even when it uses plants to work up a case, the report it finally submits to the board must refer to no evidence that cannot be set forth in full detail, including the accuser's name.

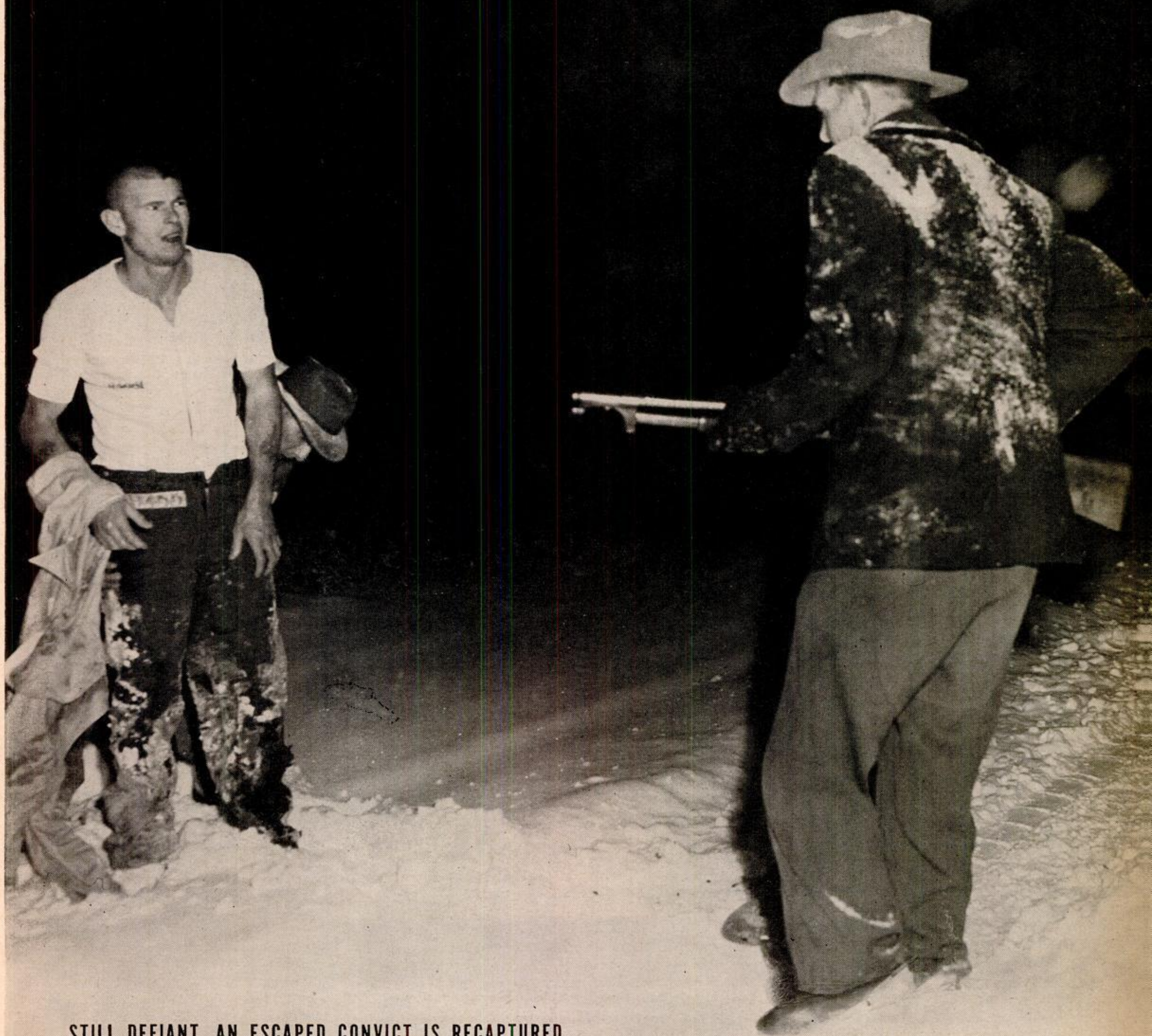
Let's Keep Our Heads

The board is commendably apologetic about the dangers in its own procedure and it promises to report on its experiences. It should report soon, often, fully and publicly. Revisions in the procedure may be shown to be essential. Loyalty screening is a delicate task, requiring techniques not altogether familiar in a democracy. The challenge of Communism is also new. We must prove that we can defend our republic under changed conditions without changing what it stands for.

By and large what we have so far is *not* (as the Communists call it) a "witch hunt" but a partly bungled hunt for real enemies. The errors may still be corrected. There is no reason to compare what has happened so far with the Palmer raids and other official hysterics of post-World War I. Under greater provocation few Americans have lost their heads. Let's keep them.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

As a blinding snow fell on Colorado's State Penitentiary at Canon City on the night of Dec. 30, 12 desperate long-termers in an isolated cell block called "Little Siberia" figured it was a good time for a break. With a sawed-off shotgun fashioned from lead pipe and bars from their cells as weapons, they made a getaway, taking four guards as hostages. But their freedom was brief. In 61 hours a posse of 300 had them all accounted for: ten of them, like the kidnaper opposite, alive; two dead. The affair was bloody enough to remind Coloradans of another break in 1929 when seven guards and five convicts were killed. That one failed too.



STILL DEFIANT, AN ESCAPED CONVICT IS RECAPTURED
AND FRISKED AFTER A CHASE IN COLORADO BLIZZARD



I DIDN'T MEAN IT, BOSS, was reaction of Brig. General Wallace H. Graham, the White House physician, when his name turned up on a list of grain speculators. The President, who has deplored speculation in commodities, accepted the excuse.



HOW'M I DOING, BOSS? was attitude of Agriculture Secretary Anderson when Saints and Sinners kidded him about the mix-up over speculation. Since his muckrake had so far turned up nobody close to the White House but Dr. Graham and Ed Pauley, the answer was: all right.



A DOG TO HOUSEBREAK added to week's hilarity. Feller, the President's new spaniel, had to be chased out

of White House regularly. Behind him is the south portico to which the President now wants to add a balcony.

WHITE HOUSE HAS A WOEFUL WEEK

But everyone laughs except Feller

Some days it doesn't pay to get out of bed. Last week Harry Truman had many such days, and, for reasons best known to themselves, all the participants were highly amused except the President's new puppy, Feller, as these pictures show. Agriculture Secretary Clinton Anderson, given the duty of releasing lists of grain speculators, was playing such hide-and-seek with the G.O.P. that he took an unmerciful ribbing from the Circus Saints and Sinners Club (above). Then, to the delight of the Republicans, who should turn up on the lists but the President's own physician (above, left). The doctor protested loudly that his broker arranged the deal without his knowledge; the broker quickly denied this.

Meanwhile the White House, like ordinary residences, was having the usual embarrassment with a young pup (left). The President dreamed of making a household improvement, namely a balcony on the White House, and was promptly pounced upon by commentators, who thought the idea a little too regal. An anti-inflation bill that he was supposed to sign disappeared. And so did an old colleague named Henry Wallace, who gave up the Democrats for a third party and took whatever votes he has with him.



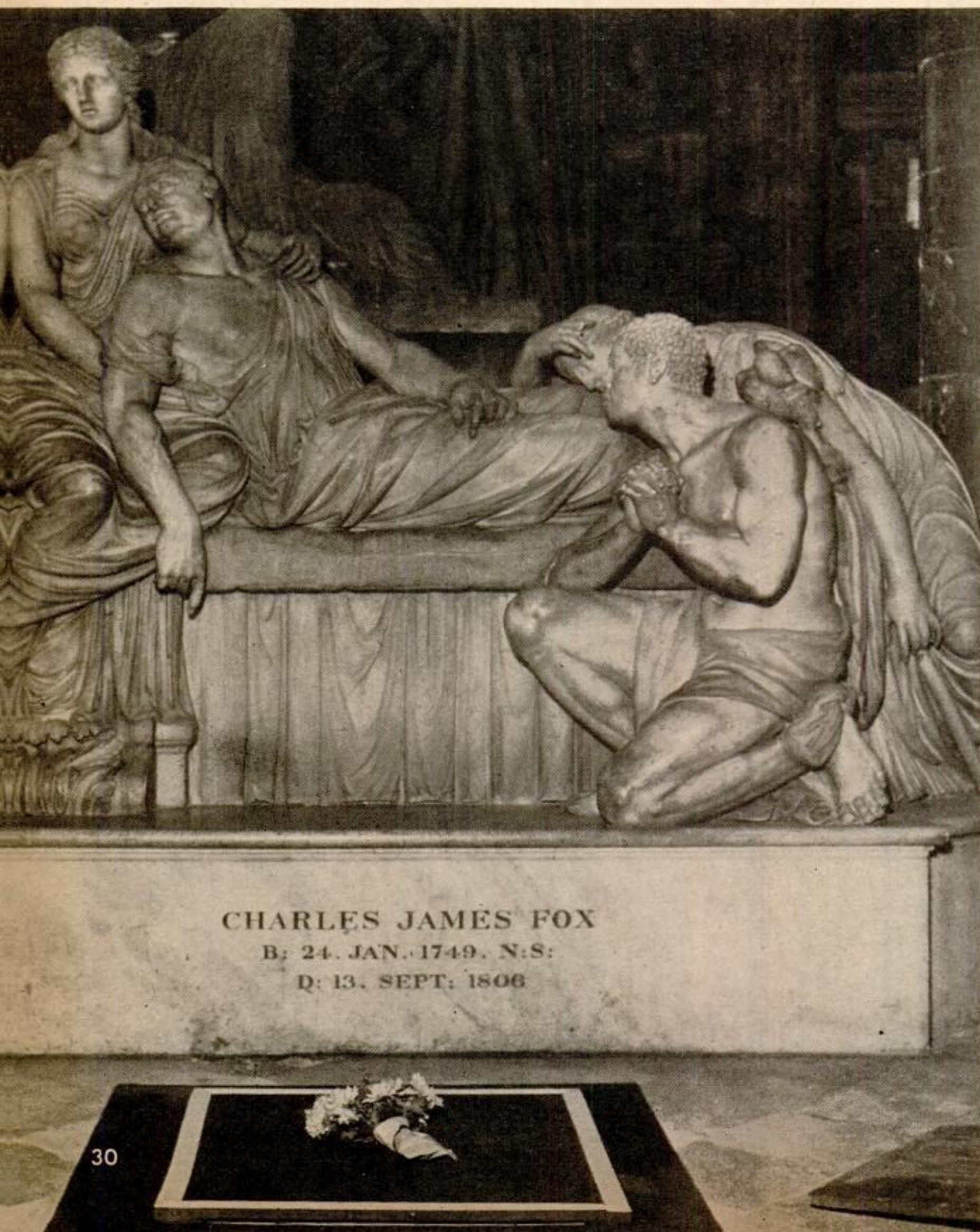
THE LOST BILL is finally signed by amused House Speaker Joe Martin (*above*) after a duplicate copy was hastily scraped up to replace the vanished original—which White House Assistant Clark Clifford had mislaid somewhere during the general confusion.

THE LOST FRIEND, Henry Wallace (*below*), is in a gay mood at a press conference announcing that he plans to run against Truman on a third-party ticket. His decision meant the President will lose an undetermined number of votes from the left-wing fringe.





THE GRAVE of the Webbs had to be small because Westminster Abbey is already so full of memorials to past British figures like Parliamentarian Charles James Fox (*background*). Above: workmen fill in the Webbs' grave. Below: a small spray of flowers rests on the grave after burial.



WESTMINSTER DEAN (RIGHT) FOLLOWS MACE IN FUNERAL PROCESSION

BRITISH BURY PROPHETS

Ashes of Beatrice and Sidney Webb, parents of England's Socialism, are placed in Abbey

In London on Dec. 12 the ashes of Sidney and Beatrice Webb (*right*) were solemnly carried into Westminster Abbey and buried in the north-west corner of the nave. Full of years and honors, the Webbs (who became Lord and Lady Passfield in 1929) were the parents of the British Fabian Society and of modern British Socialism. The apostles of "evolution rather than revolution," they both had lived to see many of their once radical ideas enacted into law in exactly that way. Sidney Webb had lived to see their followers elected to head Britain's socialist Labor government. Their burial place, among Britain's kings, heroes and statesmen, was suggested by their early associate, George Bernard Shaw. Their funeral address was made by another disciple, Prime Minister Attlee. The ashes of the Webbs were placed together in a small grave (*left*), the first time in the 900-year history of Westminster Abbey that a husband and wife were buried there in the same ceremony.



USING A CANE a clergyman walks down the aisle to take part in the service. Most of British cabinet members and 80 relatives attended the ceremony.



DIMINUTIVE COFFINS hold the ashes of Beatrice and Sidney Webb as they are carried slowly down the Abbey nave. Beatrice Webb's body had been cremated after

she died in 1943 and was disinterred from the grave in her garden in Hampshire. Sidney Webb's body had been cremated after his death last Oct. 13 but had not been buried.



CHICAGO'S SOUTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, WHICH SKIRTS WINDY SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN, PRESENTS LONELY AND FORBIDDING SCENE OF SLUSH, ICE AND DROOPING



NEW YORK'S UNION SQUARE, where soapbox orators traditionally hold forth on Communism, inflation

and evolution, is a shambles after ice-coated trees have shed their limbs on the sidewalk. Elsewhere in New York

police deliberately destroyed more of the city's few trees to keep them from falling on power lines or passers-by.



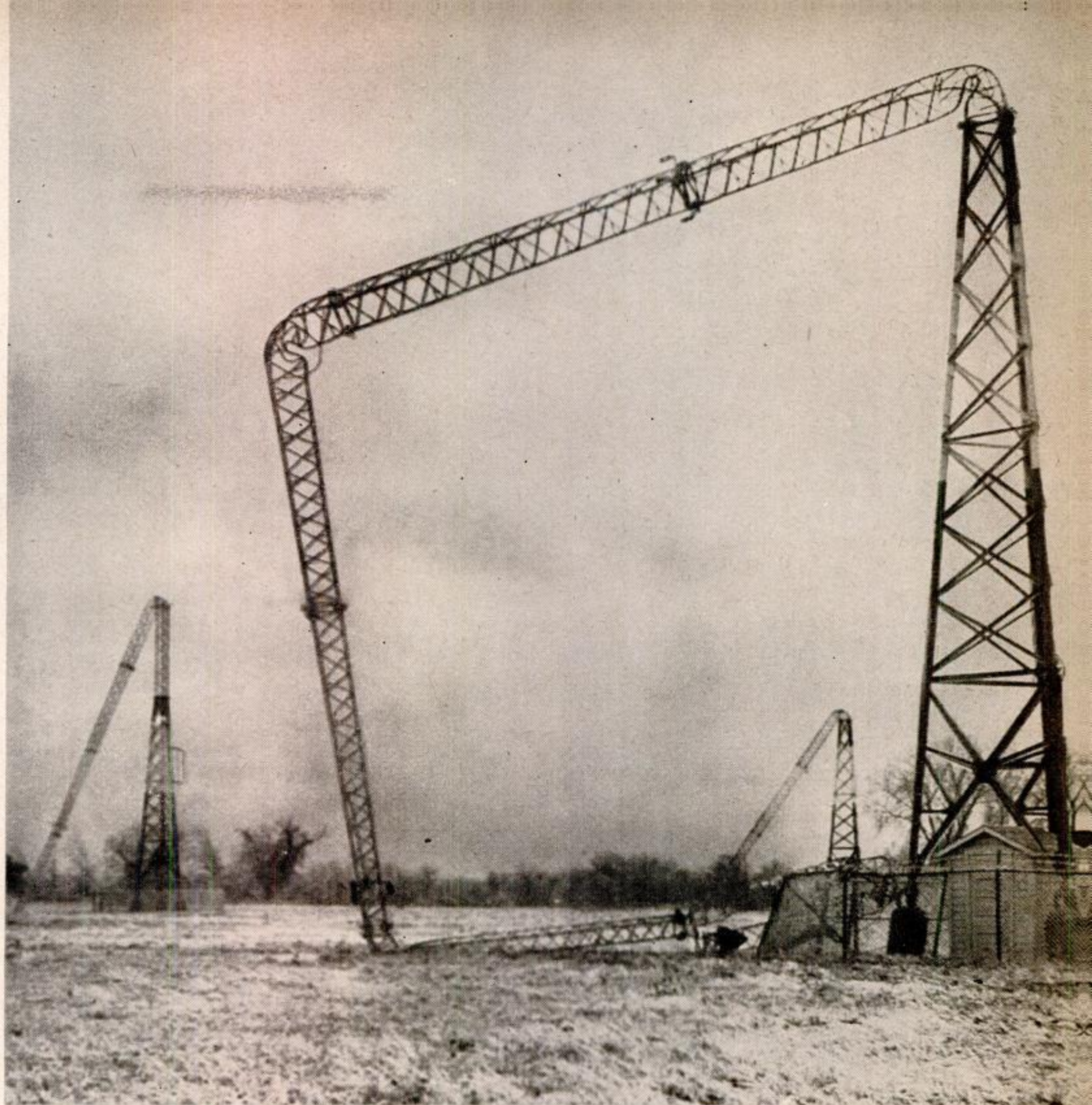
TREES IN WAKE OF VIOLENT NEW YEAR'S STORMS

WINTER STRIKES ANOTHER BLOW

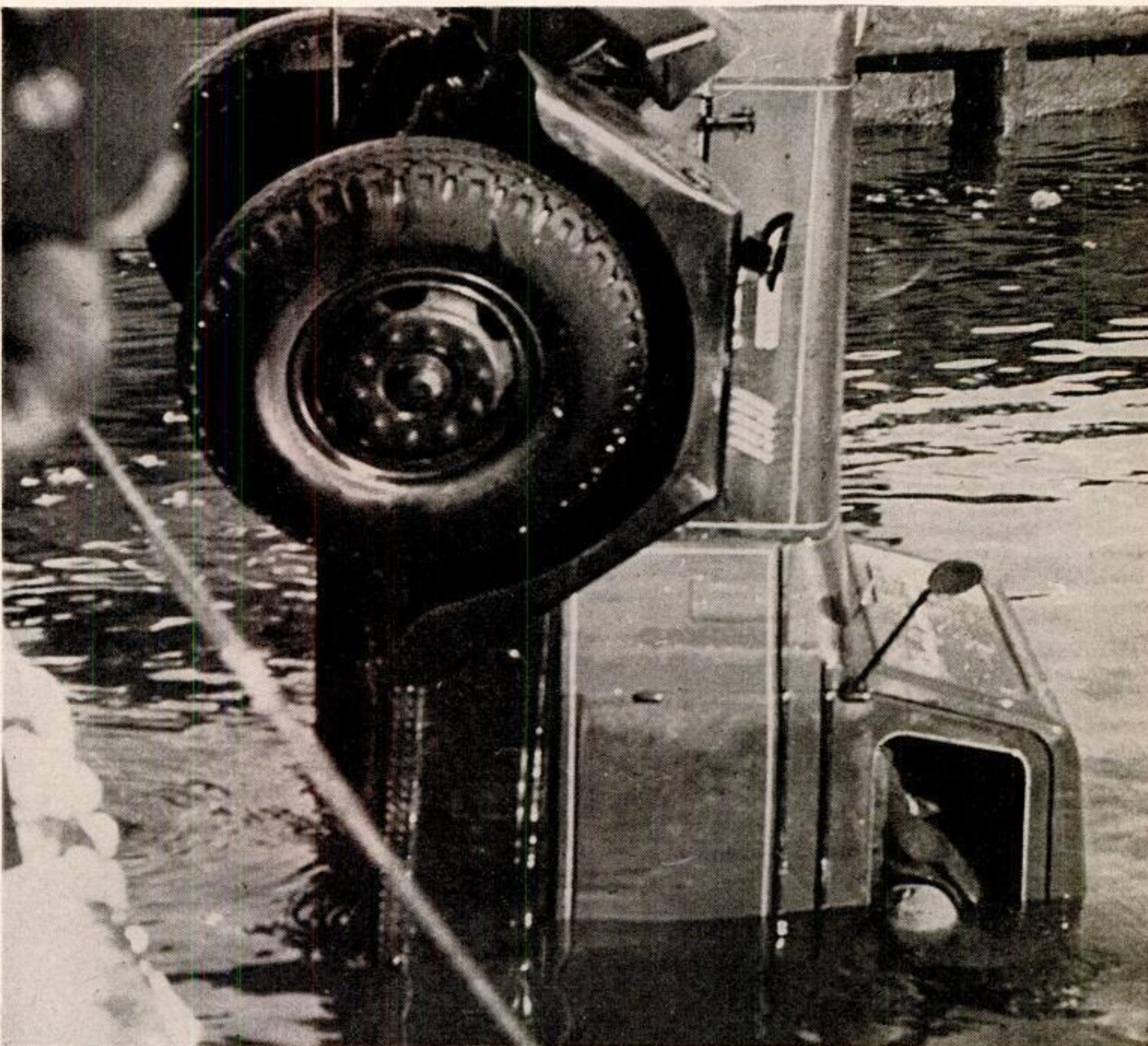
Ice cripples the snowbound north

All the way from Texas to New England last week the U.S. covered beneath one of the worst winter storms in years. Violent gales, snow and sleet covered a 13-state area, slowing and sometimes halting rail operations, snapping power and communication lines, killing about 100 people and causing property damage which may bring the winter's toll to \$500 million before the last high-tension wire is spliced, the last wrecked car towed off to the dump.

In Chicago the storm crippled transportation, toppled radio towers and turned Lake Shore Drive into an icy quagmire. It spewed sleet and rain over Philadelphia, New York and Boston. In New York City, still furiously digging out of a record 25.8-inch snowfall (LIFE, Jan. 5), lights went out in more than 16,000 homes when ice dragged down some electric wires and falling trees snapped others. Cars and trucks remained motionless alongside the glazed highways or skidded helplessly into grotesque accidents. Even as the sun finally appeared east of the Mississippi, 60-mile winds harassed railroad and communication workers as well as plain householders who struggled to dig—or chop—themselves out of the vast mess that had blown in with the new year.



STEEL RADIO TOWERS OF STATION WGES IN CHICAGO ARE BENT LIKE SPAGHETTI BY 50-MILE-AN-HOUR WINDS



DROWNED TRUCK DRIVER, whose vehicle skidded off a pier into the State Barge Canal in Brooklyn while

he was backing up to dump a load of snow, is still pinned in his cab as a crane pulls the truck out of the icy water.



AT THE PHONE WHERE HE DOES ALL HIS WORK STEEL-BUYER EDELMANN REGISTERS HOPE, TENSION AND THEN DISMAY AS A GRAY-MARKET DEAL FALLS THROUGH

THE "GRAY MARKET" IN ACTION

Transactions in steel give constant headaches to the buyers and enormous profits to a few racketeers

The harassed-looking man above has one of the newest jobs that has yet been created by the postwar disruptions in the U.S. economy. He works all day and sometimes far into the night with only one aim in mind—to buy steel on the "gray market" that has been created by the shortage of this vital material. Sometimes he has to pay \$350 a ton for steel sheets that cost only \$95 when bought in the standard mill-to-customer channels. Often he pays \$11 for a \$4 keg of nails. Yet, although he is willing to pay almost any price in or out of reason, he has to work like a bird dog to buy any steel at all. Even for the privilege of being gouged by the racketeers of the gray market, he has to hunt, search, beg and wheedle—and spend days at a time running down a deal through the maze of false rumors, phony sharpshooters and outrageous profiteers who make up the gray market.

His name is Norman J. Edelmenn, and he has been successively a real-estate broker, distributor and publicity man. He became a customer of the gray market by accident, when an automobile manufacturer told him, "Norman, you know a lot of people. Why don't you see if you could scrape me up some steel?" Now, from a brownstone house near New York's East River, he runs an odd little firm called Know-How, Inc. The firm is composed of him and an assistant, a girl named Dorothy O'Keefe, who is possibly the most efficient person in the world at manipulating a switchboard and simultaneously taking shorthand. She has to be good—because Edelmenn does nearly all of his work by phone. All day long he gets calls from people offering him steel or, more usually, telling him they think they know somebody who knows somebody who has steel for sale. Between incoming calls he keeps the outgoing wires busy trying to trace down the rumors and locate the steel. This is sometimes harder than finding a BB shot dropped into the East River—because for every ton of steel that actually exists in the gray market there are a dozen gray-marketeters trying to cut in on the deal. To describe his woes Edelmenn has created a new vocabulary. When he is looking for the real owner of a batch of steel that as many as half a dozen gray-market agents have offered him, he is "shaking out the fleas in this deal." When he spends a month running a

rumor down from Agent D to Agent C and all the way back to A, only to discover that it was false, he says, "I've been riding the daisy chain again."

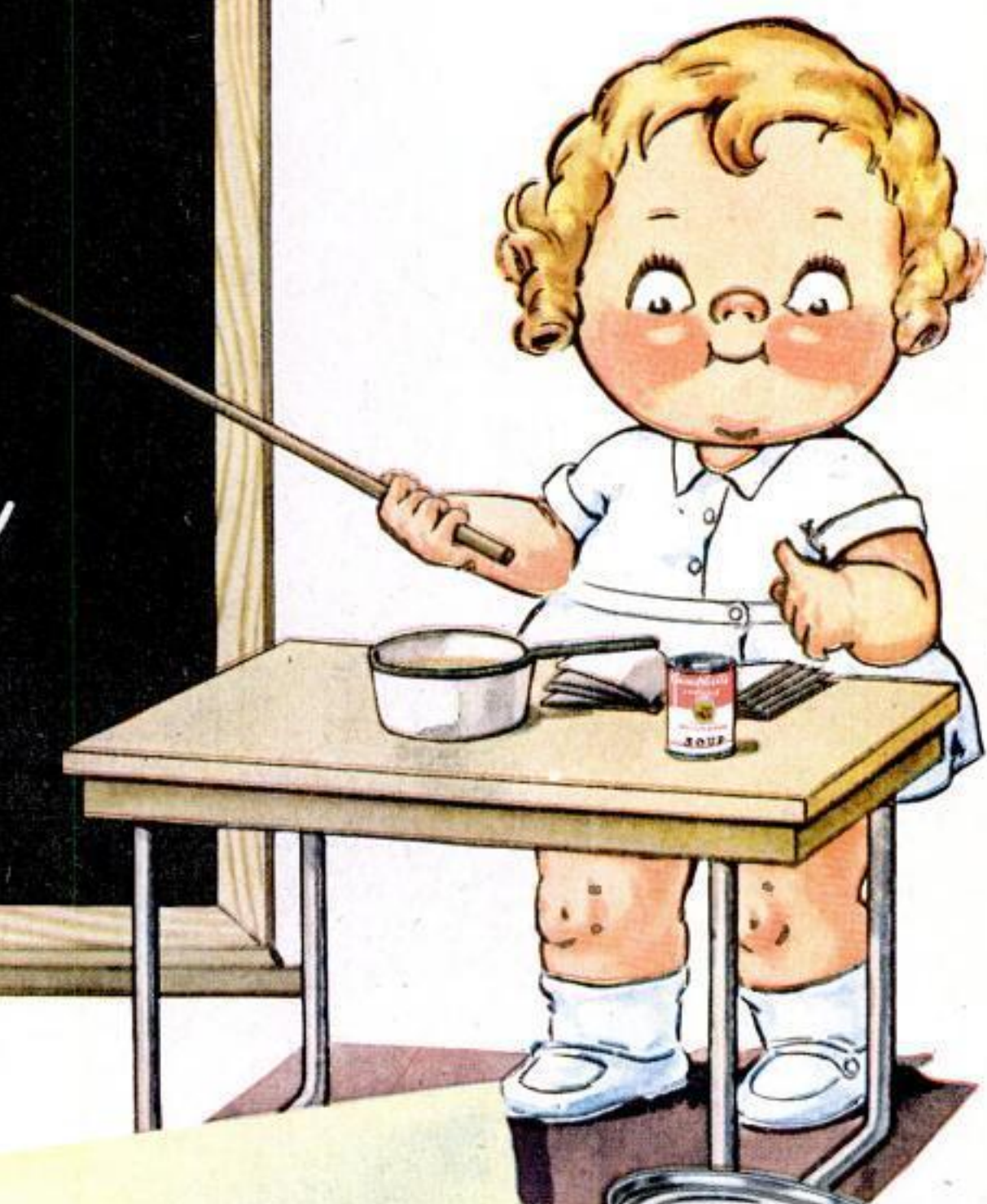
Unlike the people from whom he buys, Edelmenn is a legitimate operator. He represents 68 manufacturing companies which are unable to buy enough steel through the regular channels and need it so badly that they will go to almost any lengths to find and buy it. He charges them a standard fee on all that he is able to get for them—\$5 a ton for less than 1,000 tons, \$1 a ton for larger lots. This is enough for a profit, but it is small change compared to what other people are making in the gray market. There is a story in the trade that one man got hold of 350 tons of steel at the standard mill-to-customer price, picked up a telephone and sold it immediately at an overcharge of \$100 a ton—thus making \$35,000 in the course of a three-minute phone conversation. Like all gray-market transactions this one was perfectly legal, although its morality is something else again.

Nobody knows how big the gray market is, but by conservative estimate it runs to at least 5% of all steel made in the U.S., or about 4 million tons a year. Where the steel comes from is another mystery—because the men who supply it like to remain anonymous and buyers like Edelmenn never ask questions. Doubtless some of it comes from well-established purchasers who have been buying steel for years from one of the big mills, are still getting it and either are getting more than they need or can make more money by reselling the metal than by using it themselves. It may also be that people with an "in" at some mills are able to buy steel with no other thought than reselling it. Whatever the source of the steel, it has fostered one of the most profitable gray-market operations of all time. Every time a 10,000-ton batch of steel leaks out of standard trade channels, it represents a potential profit of a million dollars or more for somebody—and it is estimated that there are 2,000 people in New York City alone working full or part time to cut themselves in. Even though Congress has started to investigate these "unethical practices," the gray market will probably continue to roll up tremendous killings until steel production and demand are finally brought into balance.



THE OTHER HALF OF THE FIRM OF "KNOW-HOW, INC." IS MISS O'KEEFE

Here's my advice:
To be robust,
Make Campbell's Soups
A meal-time "must"!



Take tender hothouse mushrooms... and extra-heavy sweet cream. Blend them, with all Campbell's "know-how", adding gentle seasoning, and you have Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup—as nourishing as it is delightful. Ideal for mid-winter appetites—all around the table.

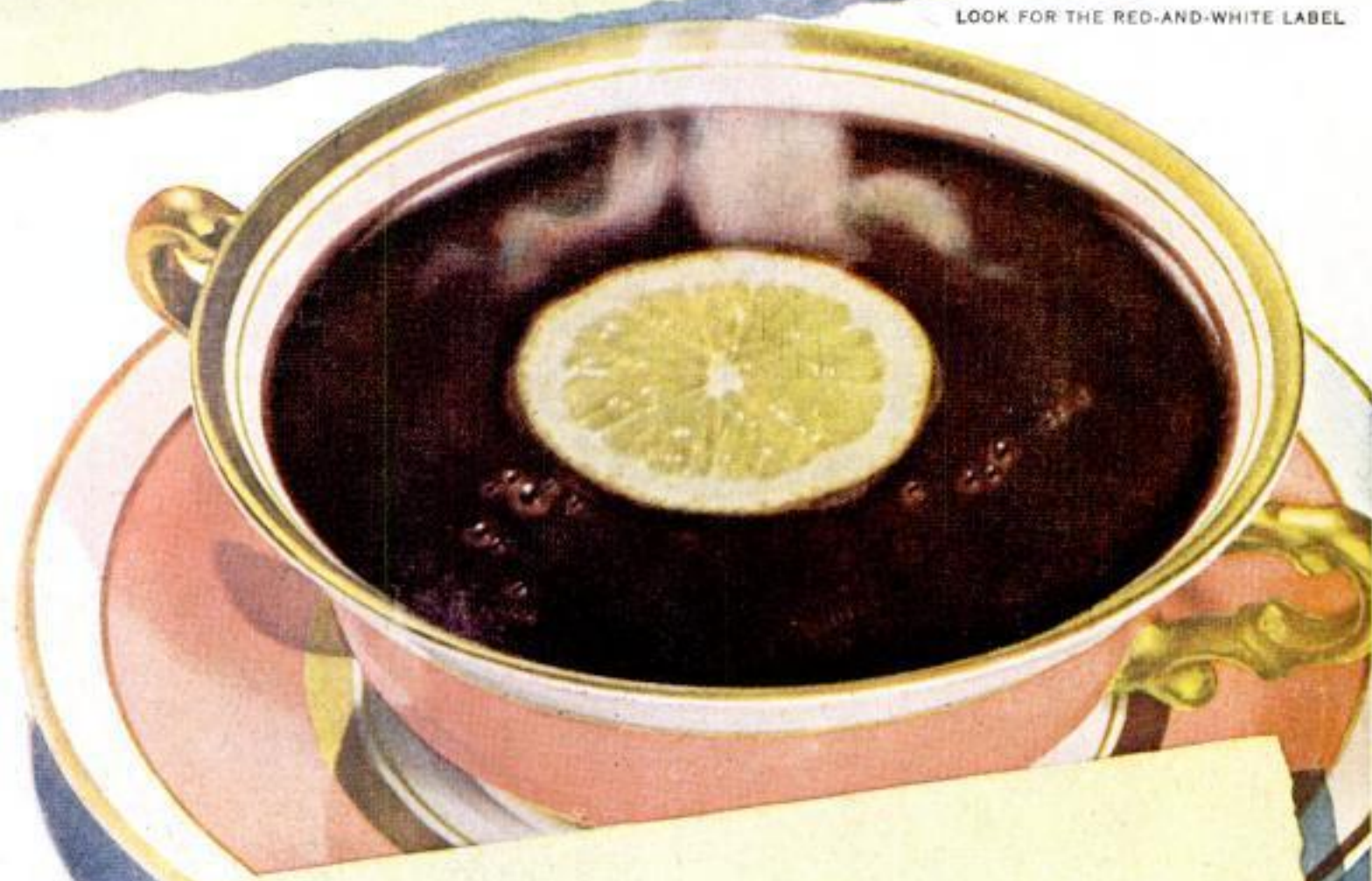
Campbell's CREAM of MUSHROOM SOUP



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Made with plenty of chicken! A broth is slow-simmered of fine chickens for Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. You get lots of golden egg noodles, too, and tender pieces of chicken in every gleaming, chicken-rich bowlful. Have you had this popular favorite lately?

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP



This delicate purée of fine black beans makes a smooth and full-bodied soup. No wonder black bean enjoys an honored place on the menus of America's most famous eating places! Serve Campbell's Black Bean Soup to favored guests. Let the family enjoy it at lunch.

Campbell's BLACK BEAN SOUP



SOON WILL THRILL MILLIONS AGAIN

aflame with

Walt
Disney's

BOW

FUN

LAUGHS

If you missed it before

don't miss it this time.



adventure and beauty!



THRILLS



SURPRISES

**COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR**

RELEASED BY
RKO RADIO PICTURES
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If you saw it before

you'll want to see it again.



BIRDS EYE PEACHES ARE IN!

*one of many, many Birds Eye wonder
foods—vegetables, poultry, fruits, seafoods!*



Products of
General Foods

Rush to your food store, you fresh-peach-hungry folks! Do it the very first minute you can!

You never tasted better peaches than Birds Eye—not even when you picked 'em ripe from the tree.

They're plucked at their juiciest best, and their true, tree-ripened flavor is quick-frozen in, *within 4 hours!*

Birds Eye Peaches come sliced, sweetened, ready to enjoy in desserts, with cereals—or for plain heavenly eating.

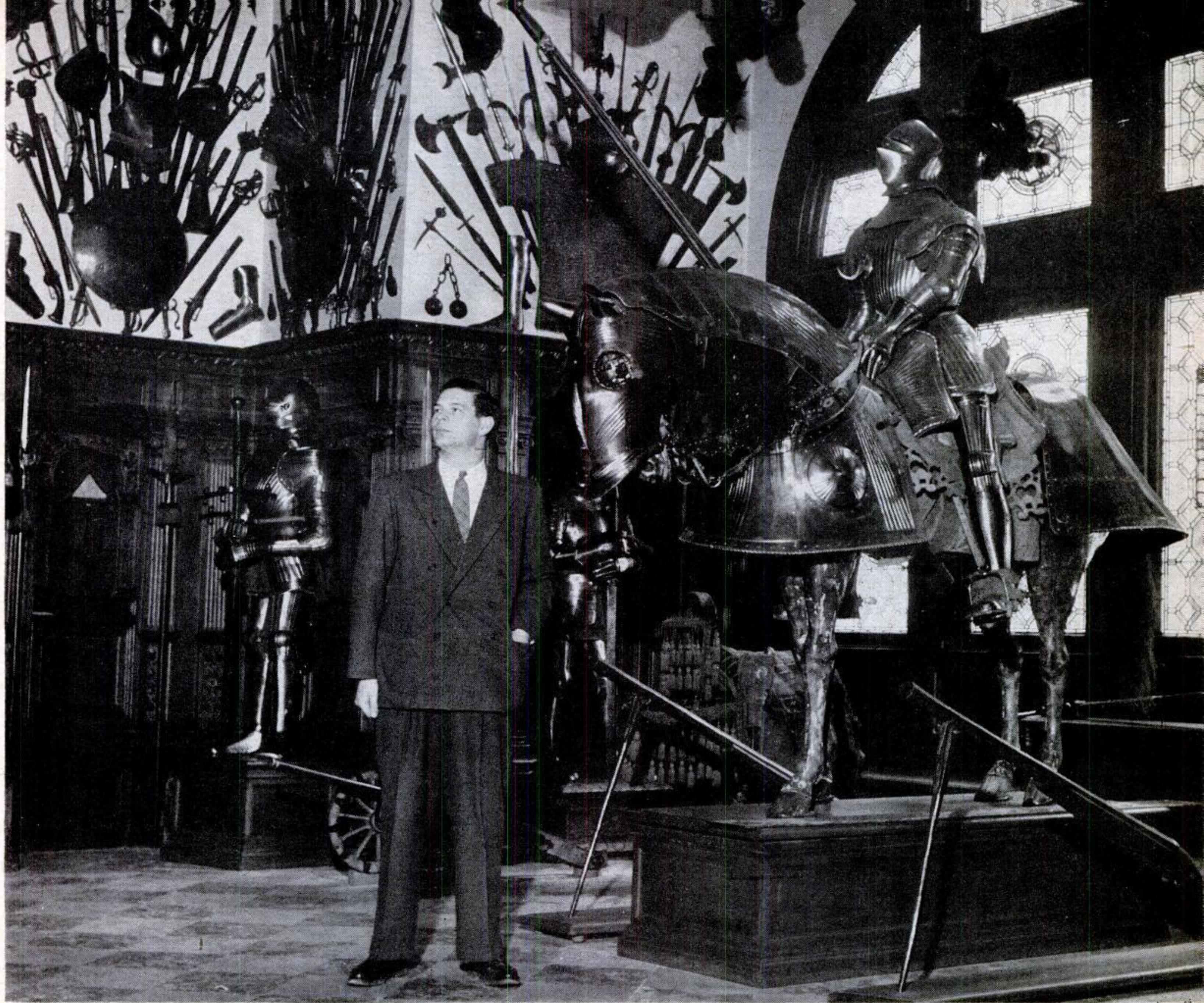
And, say! Don't pass up all the other glorious Birds Eye eating in the frozen-foods case at your store...

vegetables that are really *farm-fresh*... plump, juicy poultry... luscious fruits and berries... boneless, succulent fish fillets! *All economical, waste-free, wonderful!*

Just remember this—other brands of quick-frozen foods are NOT the "same as" Birds Eye. There is *only one Birds Eye*—quality with money-back guarantee.



**BARGAIN BUYS IN BIRDS EYE FOODS
AT YOUR STORE NOW!**



REGALLY BUT WISTFULLY, MICHAEL OF ROMANIA STANDS IN THE ROYAL ARMORY AMIDST WEAPONS OF WAR WHICH SERVED HIS FOREBEARS EIGHT CENTURIES AGO

KING MICHAEL OF ROMANIA "ABDICATES"

Since the Communists took over in Romania in March 1945, 26-year-old King Michael's functions have gradually been reduced to tinkering with the royal jeep; attending social functions and standing around among relics of bygone days (*above*). Last week, while the Reds were apparently even dictating his choice of a wife, King Michael suddenly stepped down from his throne. While some of his more romantic subjects could consider this move as the gallant gesture of a sovereign giving up his throne for love, the hard facts of the case seemed to be that the Communists had finally found an excuse for getting rid of a popular king.

As Michael packed up his belongings, he struggled to find room for the souvenirs of a truly fantastic childhood. He was born on Oct. 25, 1921, the son of playboy King Carol II and Princess Helen of Greece. When Michael was only 5 Carol renounced the Romanian throne to live with his mistress, red-headed Magda Lupescu. At this, Michael reportedly said to the royal valet, "Am I really the king now? Then bring me a piece of chocolate cake." That was about as much as Michael got out of his kingship. He was immediately submerged

beneath a three-cornered matriarchy consisting of his grandmother, his mother and his English governess. Then three years later Carol returned to Romania, having supposedly promised to give up Magda Lupescu, and Michael lost his job. To make the 8-year-old boy feel better, Carol gave him a longer title (Grand Voivode of Alba-Julia), some excellent toys including a gasoline automobile and a driver's license.

In the next few years Michael learned mechanics and arc welding. His first try at driving a tank almost resulted in crushing his father and several Romanian generals. In 1940 he again became king when Carol abdicated for the second time. But at this point, instead of being dominated by a matriarchy, Michael was even worse off under the thumbs of the Nazis and Premier Ion Antonescu, a good friend to Hitler. In 1944, however, Michael had it out with Antonescu. The fiery interview ended with Antonescu, spluttering threats, locked up in a palace vault where Carol used to keep his stamp collection. As a result Michael became enormously popular with the Romanian people.

But seven months later the Communists, under

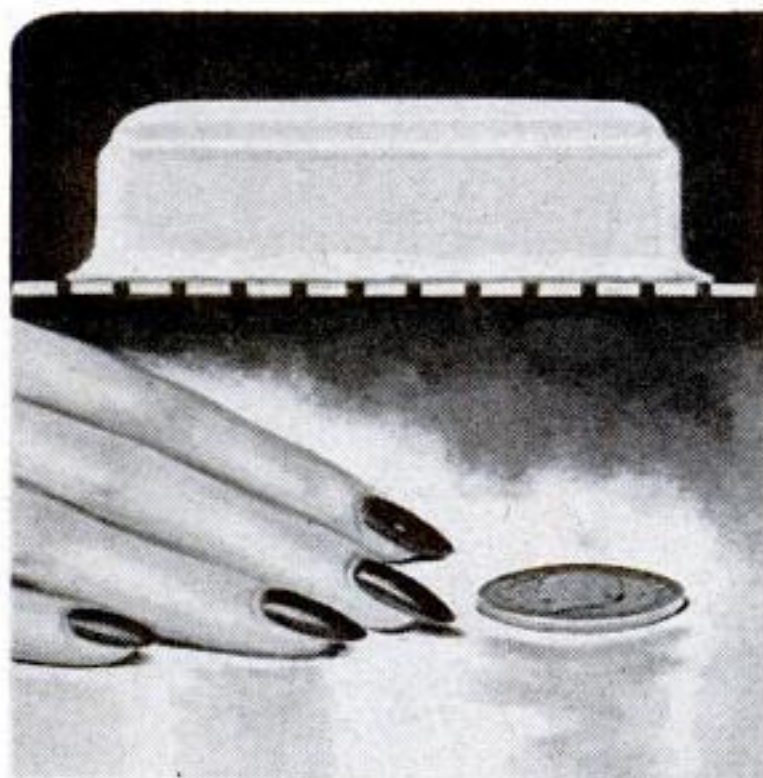
bull-necked Premier Petru Groza, moved in. The Communists could not liquidate Michael because of his popularity, and they found that open attempts to subjugate him met with his resistance and made him more of a national hero, but they worked quietly and efficiently. They jailed his friends, arrested Juliu Maniu, the Peasant party leader, who had helped him in his coup against the Germans, then took credit for the venture themselves. Gradually, by passing bill after bill, they drew the Red noose tighter around Romania. Then came Michael's romance with Anne of Bourbon-Parma. The time, the Communists indicated, was "inopportune" for a wedding. Michael said otherwise. The end of this argument, and all the others, came on the morning of Dec. 30. According to the most reliable report, Michael was suddenly presented with an act of abdication and told to sign it. He did.

Thus Michael I, King of Romania, lost his throne. But at least Michael had one consolation. Last week Anne of Bourbon-Parma announced, "It seems . . . that he intends to go to Switzerland—but wherever he goes, I will follow him. . . ."

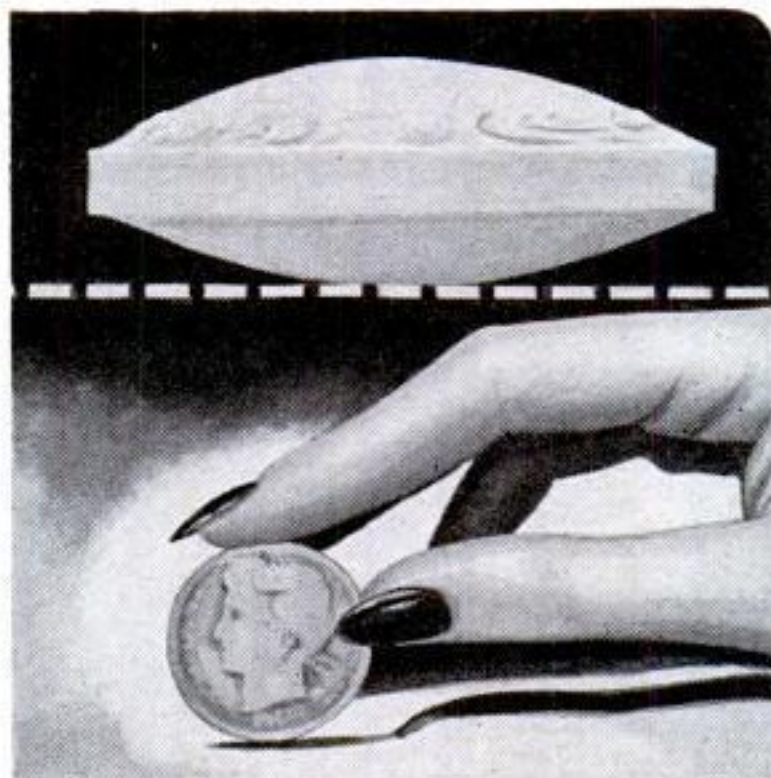
Simple Coin Trick Shows Why
Oval Shape
SWEETHEART SOAP



*Dries Faster,
Lasts Longer!*



● Put a coin flat on the table. It touches a large area! That's how an ordinary, flat cake of soap touches your soap dish. Air is almost sealed out. The soap takes longer to dry. It melts away . . . wastes soap.



● Put the coin on edge. Just one point touches! That's the way SweetHeart's oval cake lies in your soap dish. It's streamlined to dry faster. Thus it's daintier to use . . . helps avoid wasteful "melted soap."

*So Economical!
So Fragrant!
Such Rich EXTRA LATHER!*

"SWEETHEART'S OVAL CAKE IS SO ECONOMICAL,"

says Mrs. Carl Tyler, of Morland, Kansas. "For it doesn't allow the bar to lie flat in a wet soap dish and waste precious soap."

"SWEETHEART IS SO FRAGRANT,"

writes Mrs. Gladys Brauer, of Washington, D. C. "That oval cake lasts so long, too, I find I can use it right to the last fragrant sliver."

"WE LOVE SWEETHEART'S EXTRA LATHER,"

says Mrs. Jack Langlet, of Appleton, Wisconsin. "It leaves one with a delicate perfume."



**SWEETHEART
SOAP**

*The Soap that AGREES
with Your Skin*



Michael "Abdicates" CONTINUED



AS A BABY in 1921, Prince Michael cooed in arms of his mother, former Princess Helen of Greece, whom his father had married at parental behest.



AS KING for the first time, 8-year-old Michael posed with pride in 1930 in his first pair of long trousers alongside a regal-looking lion in Bucharest.



AS GRAND VOIVODE after Carol's return to power in 1930, Michael was happy. He told Carol (above), "I got along fine . . . they even made me king."



AS A MECHANIC young Michael showed considerable natural ability. He is still a lover of gadgets, collects cameras, airplanes and automobiles.



AS A BOY SCOUT 15-year-old Michael visited England in 1937 for the Scout Jamboree, where he paused to shake hands with a crippled colleague.



AS SUBLIEUTENANT in the rifle troops of the Romanian army, Michael got his commission, an exhortation and big kiss from King Carol in 1937.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



1. Busy Bob, the Businessman, came bustling from the West,
And registered at Statler, where you really *are* a guest.
Said Bob: "I've got no time to play, I'm busy as can be;
I know your service here is swell, but please, don't bother me!"



2. We left him in his Statler room, prepared to work like crazy,
But Statler rooms are restful—and shortly Bob felt lazy.
He liked the comfort of his chair, he liked the radio.
Said Bob: "I think I'll just knock off for forty winks or so."



3. He wandered into Statler's bath, all gleaming clean and white.
"I'll have a shower first," he said, "and then I'll work all night."
But soon in floods of water hot all thoughts of labor vanished,
And as with snowy towel he dried, he cried, "My Gosh, I'm famished!"



4. Bob ordered dinner in his room, and said, "I'll hurry through it."
(The speedy Statler service had it there before he knew it.)
He sampled all the dishes, each was hot and mighty tasty.
"With food as good as this," he grinned, "I simply can't be hasty!"



Jonny Barlow

5. His work was waiting, but the bed caught busy Robert's eye.
"It's got eight hundred springs and more . . . I'll give the bed a try,
And then to work. Say, this is great! Ho-hum, excuse my yawning."
... And just like every Statler guest, he slept right through till dawning!



HOTELS STATLER IN BOSTON • BUFFALO • CLEVELAND
DETROIT • ST. LOUIS • WASHINGTON

STATLER-OPERATED HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL WILLIAM PENN
NEW YORK PITTSBURGH

P.S. Here's a tip for your trip! Try to plan your visit to a Statler for Friday, Saturday, or Sunday—that's when you'll have the best chance of getting the kind of accommodations you want!

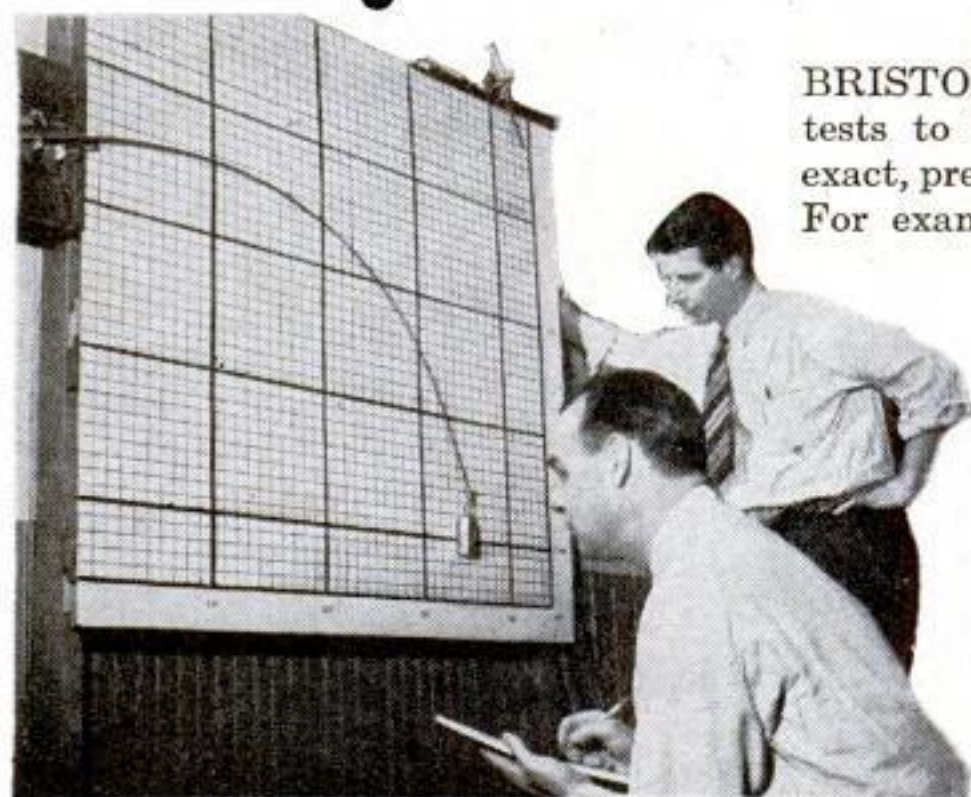
FOR MORE FISHING FUN

Choose This Fine Tackle

Do yourself a favor. Let your BRISTOL Dealer show you this year's outstanding values in the famous precision-made BRISTOL tackle. Handsome hexagonal and round telescopic rods! One piece seamless tubular and solid steel rods. Light, superstrong, wonderfully balanced rods for every fishing need . . . with reels and lines in keeping with ad-

vanced standards of BRISTOL excellence. BRISTOL, you know, originated and is today the largest producer of fine steel rods. BRISTOL was first to introduce silk line. Every item of fishing tackle sold under the BRISTOL name is BRISTOL made. That's why today, as always, when it comes to fishing tackle, you can trust BRISTOL for the best.

Testing BRISTOL Rods For Flexibility



BRISTOL applies many rigid tests to keep high quality at exact, predetermined standards. For example, the rod, with a weight at the tip, must (because of proper heat treatment) flex to a precise chart requirement; then with weight removed, spring back again to its original position.

BRISTOL Hexagonal Telescopic Rod No. 6

Outstanding achievement of BRISTOL precision manufacture is this deservedly popular Hexagonal Telescopic Rod No. 6. It's a long-lasting rod, fine for all types of angling including fly casting. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ ' in length, it has aluminum, die-cast handle with reversible feature and cork grip. It's finished in beautiful maroon enamel.



Bristol
THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

FISHING RODS
REELS • LINES

BRISTOL
FISHING RODS...
REELS... LINES

Also Makers of
BRISTOL
Golf Clubs

Michael "Abdicates" CONTINUED



KING FOR THE SECOND TIME, Michael kneels in prayer in 1940 beside pro-Nazi Premier Ion Antonescu. Michael's father had just left the throne after Russia, Bulgaria and Hungary absorbed slices of Romanian territory.



FASCIST SALUTE gives an odd stiffness to Michael's 6-foot-3-inch frame at a parade in 1940. Beside him are his mother and Antonescu, who with the support of the Iron Guard completed the German domination of Romania.



COMMUNIST HANDCLASP is offered to Michael by thick-necked, short-haired foreign minister, Ana Pauker, at a reception celebrating anniversary of Russian Revolution. In the middle is General Mihail Lascar, war minister.



WITH PRINCESS ANNE of Bourbon-Parma, Michael tours Switzerland just before abdication. The couple met at Princess Elizabeth's wedding in London eight weeks ago. Said Anne last week, "It was love at first sight. . . ."

If you want
a **TREAT** instead
of a **TREATMENT**
...smoke
Old Golds





The Ball at Schönbrunn

OLD VIENNA IS RE-CREATED FOR "THE EMPEROR WALTZ"



For many people the strains of a Strauss waltz conjure up a myriad of nostalgic impressions, all recalling that romantic civilization known as Old Vienna. *Alt Wien*, so the legend runs, predated trench warfare and was almost exclusively peopled by lovely women swathed in satin and men who—being either diplomats or hussar officers—never wore anything but formal dress. These happy aristocrats enjoyed hunting stags and drinking Veuve Clicquot '89, but their favorite pursuit was dancing to the music of Herr Strauss at Schönbrunn Palace,

where Franz Josef, the last great Hapsburg emperor (*seated on balcony*), presided over their revels like a benign and bewhiskered grandpapa. The beautiful picture above re-creates this supreme moment of Old Vienna. It was taken during the production of *The Emperor Waltz*, a musical film as light and rich as a *Sacher torte*, which Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder have made for Paramount. If the real Old Vienna was less luxurious and romantic than this picture makes it out to be, it does not matter. Reality is an obvious affront to such a legend.



First Breakfast at Home

You'll never forget the half-shy wonder of it.

Oh, it has to be special. Your prettiest trousseau housecoat. A man-size breakfast for this man who is suddenly, wonderfully your husband.

And on your best breakfast cloth... your most-precious International Sterling, the *solid* silver with beauty that lives forever. "Family silver," that you can hand down to your grandchildren.

Among all the superb artist-designed International patterns, there's one to fit into your dreams.

Whether you choose a pattern of exquisite simplicity... a delicate floral... or a masterpiece of rich carving... you'll feel a renewed glow of pride every time you set your table.

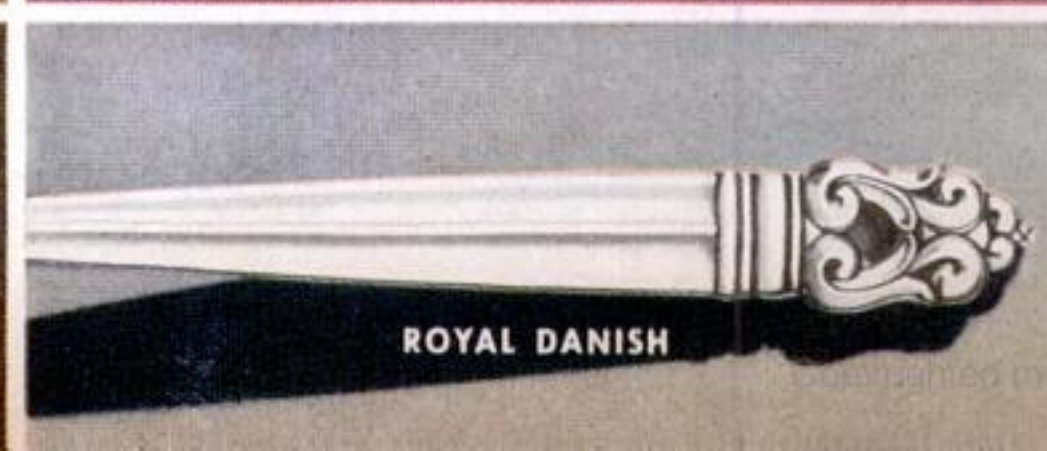
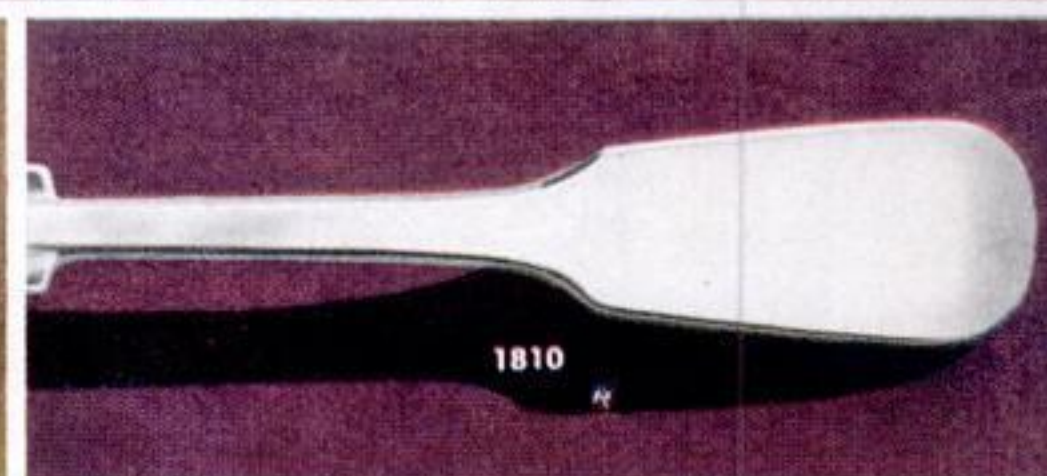
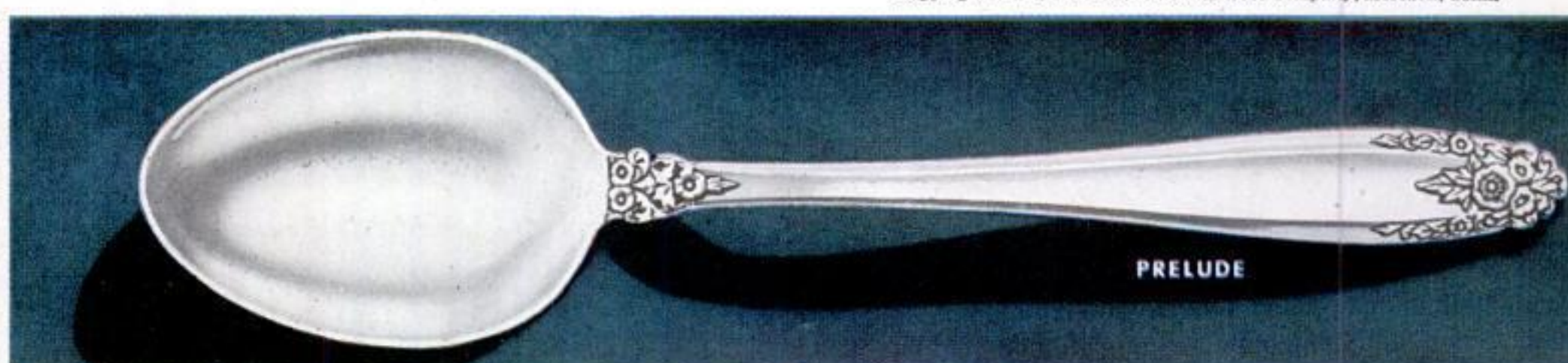
Don't wait to enjoy your complete service. Ask your dealer about his easy purchase plan today. (*While most postwar prices have risen, prices on International Sterling have not.*)

The patterns shown here are made by The International Silver Co., in the U. S. A.


*International
Sterling*

NEW TUNE-IN TIME! Hear *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*, now moved to Friday, 9:30 p. m., E. S. T., CBS.

Copyright 1948, The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.





INVENTOR JEROME MURRAY MAGNETICALLY SHAKES A COCKTAIL BY HOLDING THE SHAKER A FEW INCHES ABOVE THE SHINY DOME OF HIS NEW MIXING DEVICE

MAGNETIC MIXER

It also juices fruit, hones knives, grinds meat, scours pots, runs fan

Last week Inventor Jerome L. Murray introduced a new type of kitchen mixer which utilizes an old principle—magnetism. To use the Murray magnetic mixer the housewife merely drops a small steel bar into the batter in her mixing bowl. She then places the bowl on the shiny flat top of the mixer, within which is a powerful magnet being whirled around 1,200 times a minute by an electric motor. As magnet spins, it also makes the

steel bar spin in the bowl, thus mixing the batter.

But the Murray device does far more than mix batter and liquids (*above*). It extracts fruit juice, grinds meat, sharpens knives, scours pots, washes dish towels, crushes ice and runs an electric fan. It can be switched from one of these uses to another without mechanical adjustment. The operator simply places any one of a variety of accessories on top of the mixer and turns on the switch.

**Between the Magic and the Music...
A Miracle Has To Happen!**



A magician with too many tricks
Was chased out of town by the dicks.
He kept sunny side up
By getting tied up
In a miracle out in the sticks!



**Fred
MacMURRAY**

On a horn he could blow music lyrical
Or when moved, make it scream out hysterical,
Till the historic day he gave out with an "A"
Which landed him smack
in a miracle!

It's
Hilarious.
It's Lyrical -
A Comedy
Miracle!



**Henry
FONDA**

PAULETTE
GODDARD
JAMES
STEWART in
HENRY
FONDA
DOROTHY
LAMOUR
FRED
MacMURRAY
BURGESS
MEREDITH
VICTOR
MOORE
HARRY
JAMES

Benedict Bogeaus'

**A
MIRACLE
CAN
HAPPEN**

with
William Demarest • Hugh Herbert

Eduardo Ciannelli • Charles D. Brown

and Dorothy Ford • Carl Switzer • Eilene Janssen
Betty Caldwell • Frank Moran • David Whorf

Screenplay by Laurence Stallings and Lou Breslow

Original Story by Arch Oboler

James Stewart • Henry Fonda material by John O'Hara

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and BURGESS MEREDITH

Directed by KING VIDOR and LESLIE FENTON

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

...and that's not all—see next week's **Life**



BATTER for waffles or cakes is quickly whipped smooth when the bowl with a steel mixing bar inside it is placed on top of the mixer. The bar (center of bowl) is whirled fast by revolving magnetic field but will not cut fingers even if the housewife grabs it. Magnetism also holds bowl squarely on the mixer.



REMOTE STIRRER revolves at end of a flexible shaft, the other end of which is inserted in the socket of the fruit juicer. It can be used to stir foods while they are cooking on stove. This is one of seven accessories which are placed on mixer's top for operation. Five-position switch controls the speed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

Here's how you can
RENT A NEW CAR
FROM HERTZ
 as easy as A...B...C

...AND DRIVE IT YOURSELF



Now serving you in
 275
 250 CITIES throughout
 the U.S. and Canada

Taking a business trip? Going on a vacation? Do like many thousands are doing every day... go by train or plane and arrive at your destination refreshed and ready to go. Then take the wheel of a fine new car from Hertz, and drive where you will. You can reserve "your" car before you leave home, through the Train-Auto and Plane-Auto Travel Plans at your local Hertz station, or at air lines or railroad ticket counters. "Your" car will be as private as your own, finely conditioned, properly insured. For full information, call your local Hertz station listed under "Automobile Rentals" in the telephone classified section. For free directory of all Hertz stations and full information, write Hertz Drive-Ur-Self System, Dept. 21, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.

NOTE: To serve more cities and towns, licenses are being granted to qualified local interests to operate as part of the Hertz System. For complete information write Hertz Drive-Ur-Self System, Dept. 21, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



STEP INTO the local Hertz station at home, or on arrival by plane or train. Easily identified by the Hertz yellow and black sign.



STEP UP to the counter. Show your driver's license and identify yourself. The attendant in any Hertz station will be happy to serve you promptly.



STEP OUT in style, in a new Chevrolet or other fine car—beautifully conditioned—properly insured—all ready to drive.

I agree, KING is today's BEST Buy!



KING

IS BLENDED BY THE
DISTILLERS OF FAMOUS
OLD FORESTER

Enjoy smooth, mellow King in 1948! You'll agree it's richer, more satisfying in your favorite whisky drink—blended by the people who have been distilling famous Old Forester for 77 years!

1. King is blended by the distillers of famous Old Forester.
2. The straight whiskies in King are 57 months or more old.
3. Fine Kentucky Blending makes your mixed drinks taste better.
4. Backed by 77 years of Brown-Forman whisky making.
5. Whiskies withdrawn from Brown-Forman's air and temperature-controlled warehouses, and blended with the finest grain neutral spirits.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION at Louisville in Kentucky

OLD FORESTER. 100 proof. Bottled in Bond. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky. ***KING BLACK LABEL.** Blended Whisky. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 35% straight whiskies; 65% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof. ***KING RED LABEL.** Blended Whisky. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 30% straight whiskies; 70% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof.

Magnetic Mixer CONTINUED



KNIFE SHARPENER has two round grinding stones with beveled edges which spin in opposite directions against the blade of the knife. Small magnets on the end of each of the grinding stones' axles (blurred in picture) rotate the stones. A guard normally fits over the stones to protect the user's fingers.



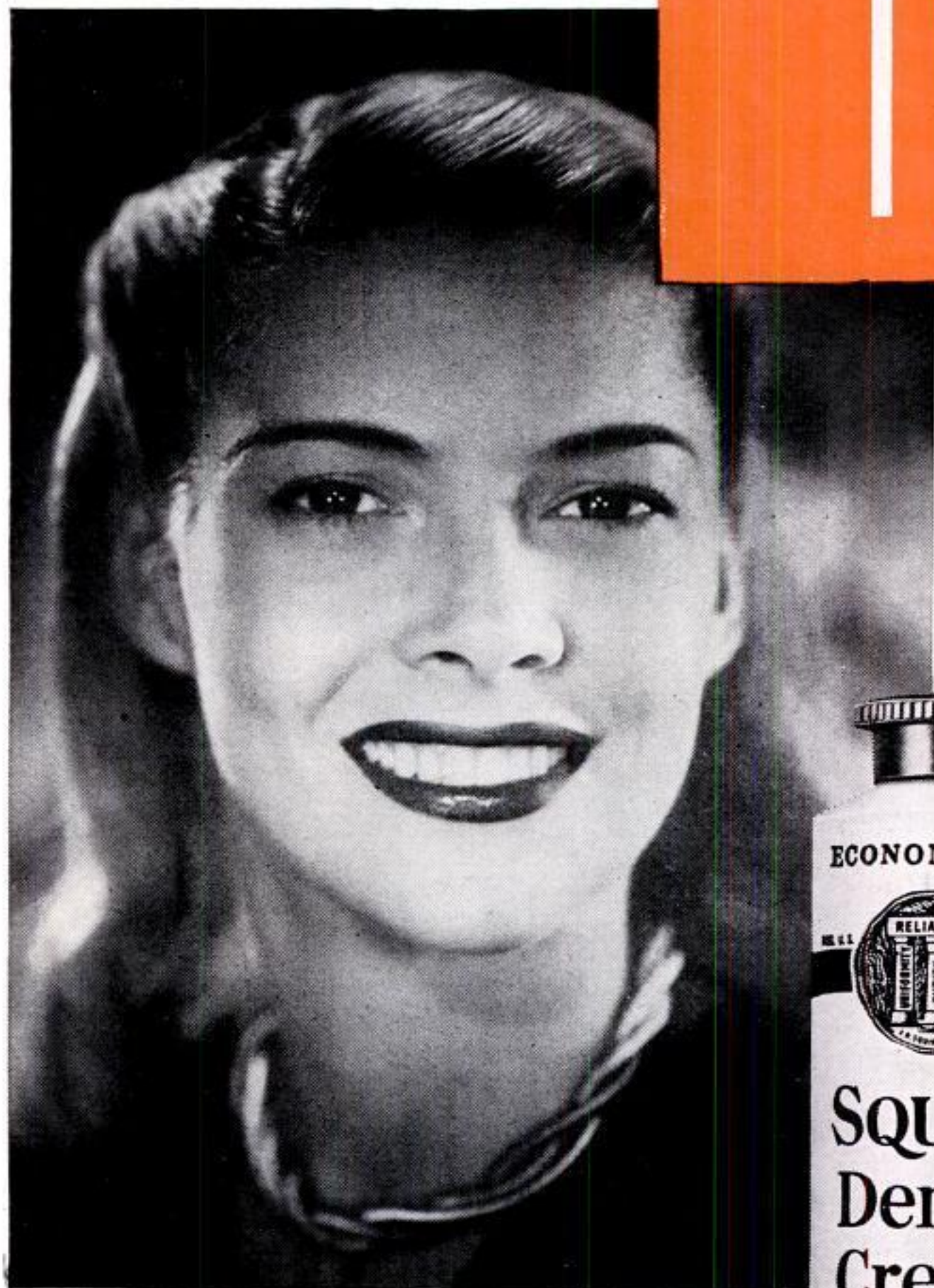
BAR IS REMOVED from glass of malted milk by holding glass against side of mixer housing. This mixing bar, made of molded plastic with a steel core, just fits the bottom of a drinking glass. The magnet inside the mixer pulls the bar up the side of the glass and out the top (above) as the glass is lowered.



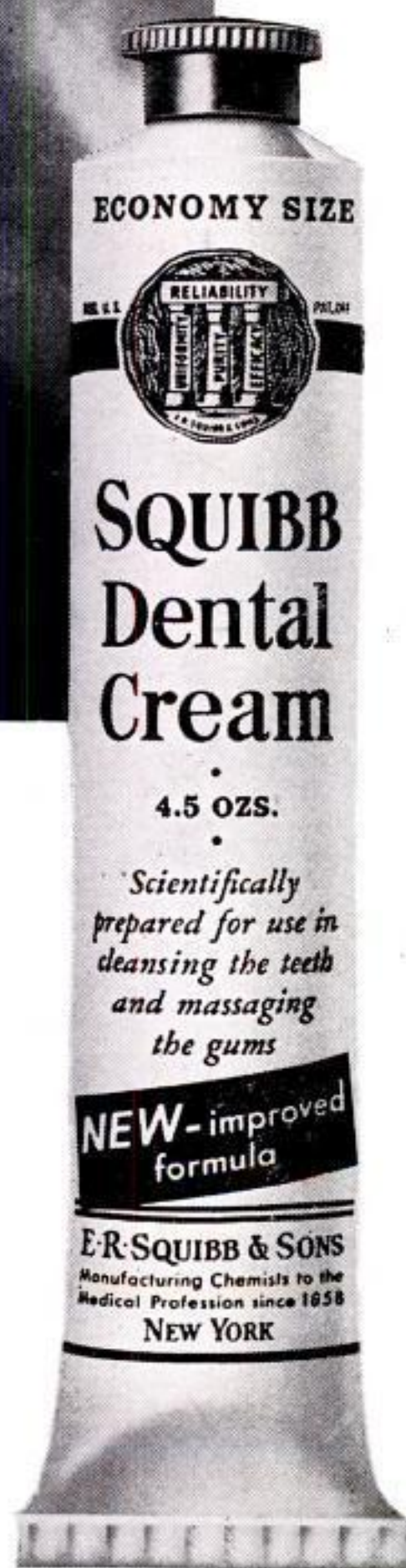
MIXER SCOURS POTS inside and out with wire brush 5 inches in diameter. Magnetism holds brush down, also makes it spin just like steel mixing bars. Here Mrs. Murray rotates a pot around top of mixer, bringing brush to all surfaces. Magnetic mixer will be on market in six months, will cost around \$45.

NEW

IMPROVED



SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM



action keeps on longer after brushing

Now, after test, comes the new improved Squibb Dental Cream, a new experience for you in longer mouth refreshment. You'll find it stays with the brush better. And it's alkaline. After brushing, its refreshing action stays longer on the job. Natural, not synthetic, oils flavor it. Stays soft and creamy in the tube, won't harden, even with the cap off. Compare and feel the refreshing difference. Try it today.

it's alkaline

SAVE MONEY...
BUY THE GIANT
"ECONOMY SIZE"

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

COPYRIGHT 1948, E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

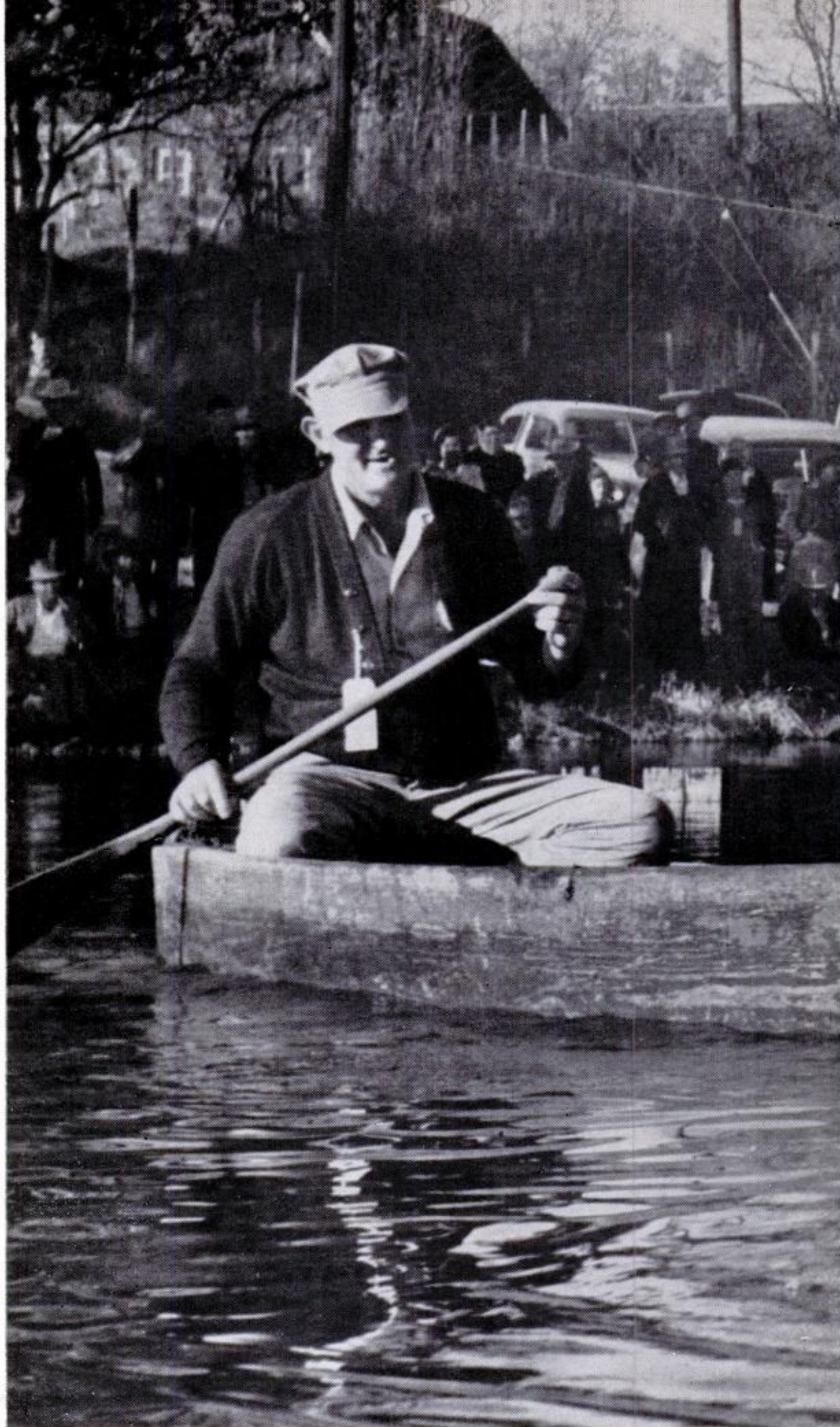


HUMANE SOCIETY MEMBER, Rex Perkins (right), talks to Promoter H. T. Haseloff while fighting goes on.

"COON ON A LOG"

Arkansas dogs get badly mauled trying to pull him off

The humane laws of Arkansas specifically forbid "fighting or baiting any bulls, bear, dog, cock, or other creature." In Cave Springs, Ark., nevertheless, sportsmen recently put on a fight between 60 coon dogs and 15 raccoons which were imported from Wisconsin and Florida. Four logs were driven into the bottom of a lake and a raccoon was fastened to each log. The coon was covered by a barrel which was removed just before a trained coon dog was released from the shore. The dog had exactly one minute to swim out to the log, pull the coon from his perch and drag him to the end of the 15-foot chain. For two days raccoon fur and dog hair flew furiously. Dogs and coons bit, snarled and yelped with pain (right), sometimes rolling off the log to do their fighting in the water, to the great delight of 6,000 spectators. The Cave Springs promoters defend their "coon on a log" trials as an old Arkansas sport; they point out that no coons actually died and that a member of the Humane Society (above), who helped out in an "unofficial" capacity, did not think any fight was rough enough to stop. A few coons did get badly mauled, however, and had to be withdrawn from the competition, while the dogs also took their share of punishment. The Arkansas Game and Fish Commission sees nothing wrong with a dog fighting a coon on a log, and businessmen of Cave Springs (pop. 285) intend to continue this exhibition in the hope that it will "put the town on the map." It should.



A DOG YOWLS IN PAIN AS TWO MEN PADDLE OVER TO PULL OFF A COON WHICH



A FIGHT BEGINS as a dog named Red makes a preliminary pass with his forepaw at wary coon. Some dogs took one look at the coon and streaked in the opposite direction.



DOG GAINS ADVANTAGE by scrambling onto the log and getting a good grip on the coon's furry throat. Dog is now ready to swim with coon to the end of the leash.



HAS FASTENED ITS TEETH IN HIS BODY. OUT OF 60 DOGS WHO TRIED, ONLY NINE DRAGGED COON TO END OF LEASH IN ONE MINUTE. WINNER DID IT IN 28 SECONDS



AN EVEN FIGHT goes on as Red gets the coon a few feet from the log. The dog and coon roll in the water, biting and snapping at each other. Coon then retreated to log.



TIME IS UP, and handlers have to pull dog and coon apart. But coon is back on his log and in better shape than the dog, who is half-drowned from fighting under water.

HOW TO SIGNAL A CAR FOR HELP AT NIGHT



IT'S MIDNIGHT. It's an emergency. You must have help. How to "flag down" a passing motorist? Your flashlight is your best bet. And, for best results, use the railroad man's standard signal for stop. Swing your flashlight *across the road*... with the beam down! But... better be sure it's powered with "Eveready" batteries... powerful, dependable, they outlast all other brands!*



KEEP YOUR LIGHT MOVING if you're trying to stop a car, says the AAA. A stationary light is unsatisfactory. Standing about 50 feet to the rear of your car, wave the flashlight *across the road*... with the *beam down*! **DON'T** throw the beam into the eyes of the oncoming motorist! A light in a driver's eyes can cause a serious accident!

KEEP A "DANGER SIGNAL" HANDY! Red means "danger." So here's what you can do to turn a flashlight into a danger signal. Roll a sheet of red cellophane around the head of the light. Hold it in place with a rubber band. Twist the ends of cellophane to resemble a flare. Or paint the lens with bright red finger-nail polish. Keep an "Eveready" flashlight handy in your car.



Proof!...in the laboratory, in your own flashlight...

"EVEREADY" BATTERIES OUTLAST ALL OTHER BRANDS!*

● Brighter light, longer life! That's what you want in a flashlight battery—and that's what you get with "Eveready" brand batteries. Laboratory tests prove it. And the best "laboratory" of all—*your own flashlight*—proves it! That's why "Eveready" batteries *outsell* all other brands—because they *outlast* all other brands!*

*According to the "General-Purpose 4-Ohm Intermittent Test" of the American Standards Association, which most closely approximates average use.

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



"Coon on a Log" CONTINUED



WHILE THE DOGS BAY FIERCELY BELOW, A COON CLINGS TO HIS TREE

"DRAG RACE" IS MORE HUMANE

A more conventional aspect of the Cave Springs coon-dog trials was the "drag race." A bag of straw was taken from the coon's cage and dragged over a trail in the woods to leave a strong scent. The dogs then were set upon the trail. Baying and yapping, they followed the scent to a tree where the coon was chained to a limb (*above*). The first dog to reach the tree won, whereupon the coon was returned to his cage.



Good things happen over Coffee...

The bended knee
may be out of date
And the high laced shoes
may be gone of late;
But the boy and the girl
and the coffee stay
As when Pop found Mom
just yesterday.

For coffee is always
on the scene...
Lending its warmth
to each couple's dream,
And over some coffee,
how often do
The dreams of the warmest
hearts come true!

How to make delicious Coffee



Look for this Seal of Recommendation on the coffee maker you buy. It means coffee experts recommend it for getting the most in flavor, clarity and aroma from the coffee you use.

Always keep coffee maker clean.

For each 6 oz. cup of water, use one Standard

Measure of coffee. If your store doesn't have the Standard Coffee Measure illustrated, send 10¢ (to cover mailing and packing costs) to Pan-American Coffee Bureau, P. O. Box 78, New York 8, N. Y. You can also get the booklet, "Coffee Brewing". It gives complete directions on how to brew coffee by all brewing methods.

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU

Brazil • Colombia • Costa Rica • Cuba • Dominican Republic • El Salvador • Guatemala • Mexico • Venezuela
With the cooperation of the NATIONAL COFFEE ASSOCIATION





Expert buyers see to it that meat purchased for Swift is good to start with.



Skilled workmen supervise the processing of every Swift product.

What's in a name?

This advertisement attempts to make visible the unseen values that are always present in the name Swift and in the pledge of quality that this famous brand always implies—values never more important than they are today when meat, its proper selection and careful use is the objective of every homemaker.

**THE SWIFT NAME HELPS YOU
BUY MORE WISELY . . .
FEED YOUR FAMILY WELL**



SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM



SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON



SWIFT'S BRANDS OF BEEF



Swift's research scientists are constantly pioneering better methods, better products.



In the Martha Logan kitchens, Swift's products are tested under actual home conditions.



Swift's experienced, nationwide distribution organization speeds these fine foods to your dealer.

Careful buying, expert grading, scientific control, and testing under actual home conditions all contribute to make the Swift name stand for dependable quality and good value in the meat you buy.

In fact, the branding of fresh meat was one of Swift & Company's pioneering achievements. Swift perfected it to give you a dependable buying guide the year around.

Your guide... Few homemakers indeed are positive of their ability to recognize tender steaks or roasts *every* time. That calls for a lot of special knowledge about meat—knowledge that no modern woman really needs, since the Swift name is her assurance of quality always.

Swift's expert graders have developed this knowledge through years of experience. They can "spot" quality almost at a glance—by the

age and build of the animal, by the color and texture of the meat itself, by the distribution of flavor-giving fat over and through the lean.

So exact is this grading, so high are Swift's quality standards, that only a very small percentage of all the meat graded by these experts ever qualifies for the "Swift's Premium" brand.

That's why the name "Swift's" is so important to you, these days when food and its careful selection and use are so vital. Wherever it appears—on canned or smoked meats, as well as on fresh—it stands for uncompromised eating excellence—your best buy. So good you'll enjoy every nourishing bit.

SWIFT & COMPANY



SWIFT'S MEATS FOR BABIES



SWIFT'S PREMIUM FRANKS



SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD SAUSAGE



This Swift Quality Seal identifies a family of food products which you can buy with complete confidence that each is the finest of its kind. All of Swift's resources, its 62 years of experience, the technical skills of its operating people, and of its great laboratories with their test kitchens stand behind this pledge.

DOCTORS PROVE

the Palmolive Plan brings

2 out of 3 women

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



"My complexion had me behind the 8-ball!" says Cecelia Brooks of Chicago. "It was so dreadfully oily, so coarse-looking—so downright dull! Then out of the blue came a chance to try the Palmolive Plan, under a doctor's supervision."



"Knowing my skin, I was skeptical—but I decided to make the test anyway. My group reported to a leading Chicago skin specialist. We were all ages, from 15 to 50. Some had dry skins; some oily; some just so-so. After a careful examination, the doctor gave us the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days."



"Here's all you do: Wash your face with Palmolive Soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings you Palmolive's full beautifying effect. After 14 days, my doctor agreed my complexion was less oily, smoother—brighter, too! See what the Palmolive Plan can do for you!"



**DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S
BEAUTY RESULTS!**

You, too, may look for these Skin improvements in only 14 days!

Regardless of your Age . . . Type of Skin or what Beauty Care you've used before!



Less oily—clearer

"My skin became less oily," reports Esther Matthews of Houston, Texas. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking—robs it of that clear, lovely look. The Palmolive Plan brought definite gains to 89% of the women who had oily skin. See if it won't help *your* skin become less oily—clearer.



Less coarse-looking—smoother

"Skin less coarse-looking in just 14 days!" says Catharine Johnson of Atlanta, Georgia. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a younger looking complexion to start the Palmolive Plan today!



Fewer tiny blemishes

Tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing, respond in most cases to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My skin improved a lot," says Maudie Sheets of Brownstown, Ind. The doctors found finer looking, clearer skins in more than half the cases tested. See what Palmolive can do for you!



Fresher, brighter color

"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" says Dorothy Creighton of Jamaica, N.Y., after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 examining doctors report this same important improvement for 2 skins out of 3 among the 1285 women. See if this Plan won't bring *you* fresher skin—and in only 14 days!

P.S. For Tub



For Shower



get the New, Big, Thrifty



Bath Size Palmolive!





A BONNET AND SHAWL OF GREEN, YELLOW AND WHITE PLAID CHAT WITH A QUAKER BONNET OF JERSEY AND A FLANNEL SHAWL. ALL ARE FROM JOHN FREDERICS

ACCESSORIES

This winter they include revival of the perennial bonnet and shawl

This is the time of year when a woman surveys her wardrobe and then wrinkles her nose in pretty boredom. She does not want to make major additions to her winter apparel so late in the season, and yet she feels the urge to spruce herself up. This ubiquitous need has resulted in the winter accessory, which is designed to lend a fresh look to a familiar wardrobe. This year the fashion trend toward greater elegance has created a host of real-

ly new-looking accessories. They include new waist pinchers (*next page*), glove and scarf sets (*see cover*), petticoats and quilted jackets. Most dramatic of all, however, is the renaissance of the Civil War period's bonnet and shawl (*above*). Shawls are either of simple wool or expensive fur. Bonnets, practical and flattering, provide an admirable substructure for pinning on the flowers, veils and ribbons that help make the wait for spring clothes bearable.

he's going places...
he's got *P.A.**



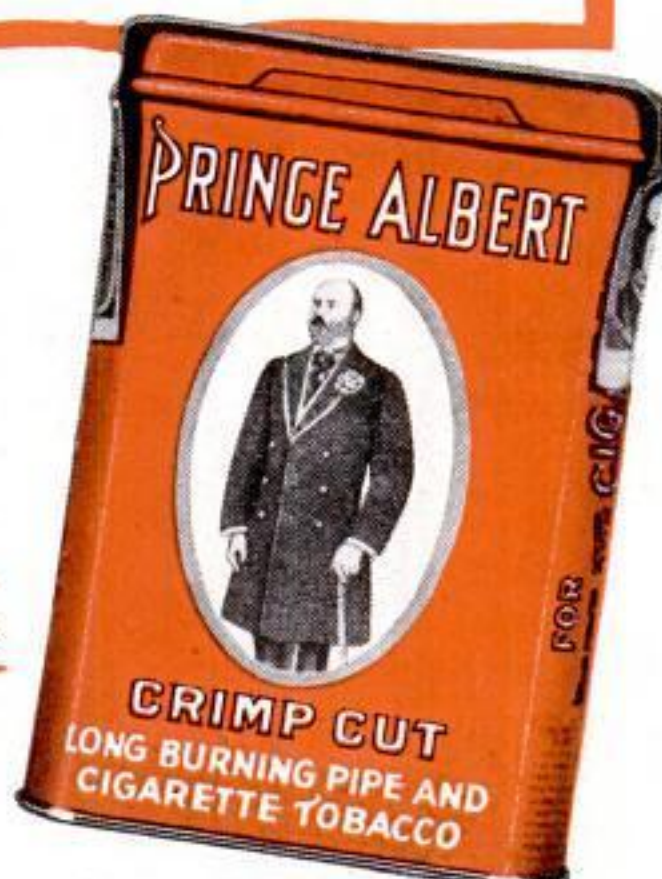
*P.A.** means *Pipe Appeal*
Pipe Appeal is that distinctly masculine appearance of the man who smokes a pipe! And to get joy and comfort from their pipes, thousands and thousands of men fill them with Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco!
P.A. means *Prince Albert*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

• Prince Albert is the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America. Its choice tobacco is rich tasting... mild and easy on the tongue. P.A. is crimp cut—specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Try Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke!



CRIMP CUT P.A.'S GREAT FOR
CIGARETTES TOO! ROLLS UP
EASY—TASTES GRAND!



the national joy smoke

Accessories CONTINUED



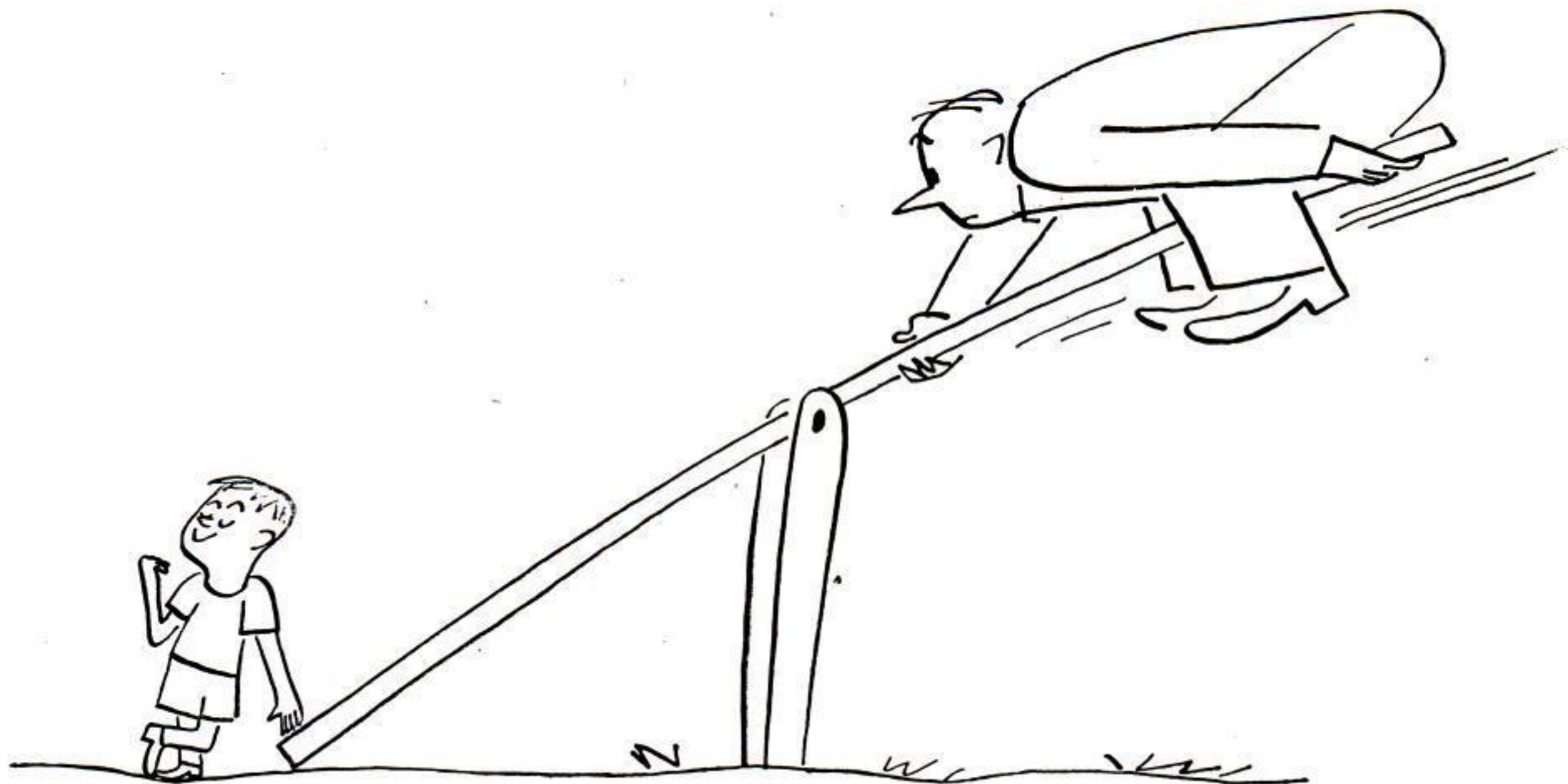
BLACK LACE and pale-pink apple blossoms decorate demure bonnet of light-blue felt from Sally Victor, \$59.50. Shawl worn with it is Russian broadtail.



OUTSIDE WAIST PINCHER of black lastex gives familiar costume a new appearance, slenderizes waist. Made by Schaffer Belts, Inc., it costs \$5.



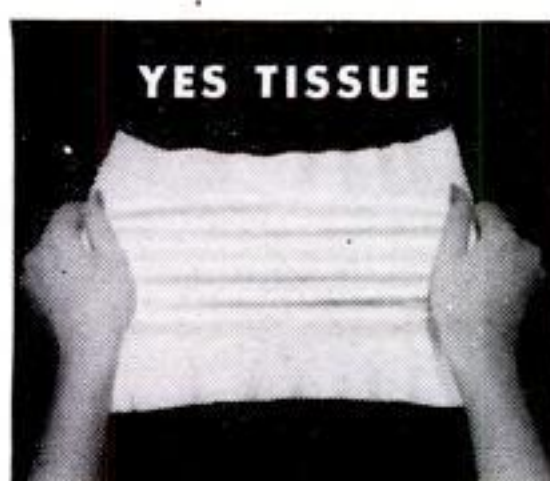
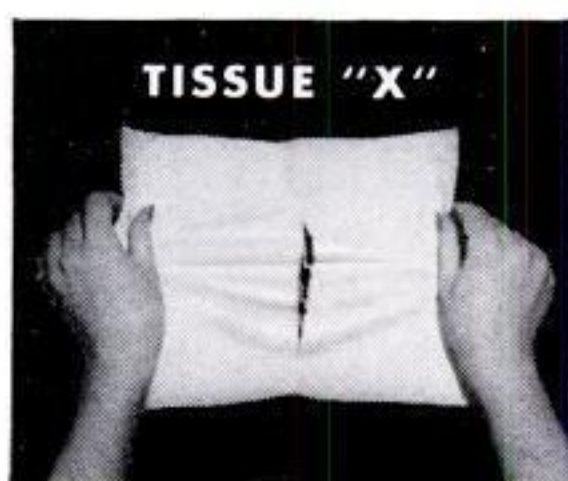
MATCHED SETS—gloves, scarf and bag—are an important winter item. Set shown above is of black, red and yellow taffeta, costs \$35 at Nat Lewis'.



Stronger!



YES 'tis! Strong in *both* directions! And wonderfully *absorbent* too. Great for sneeze or sniffles. A jiffy-quick cold cream remover! Notice, too, how fast YES picks up from the new wide-opening box — one tissue or many-at-a-time, as you like. And how easy the new flat box is to carry and store! Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J., Chicago and San Francisco.



STRETCH IT AND SEE!

Tissue "X," like many tissues, tests strong in one direction only. YES Tissue proves strong *both* ways. Stronger, absorbent YES *can take it!*



For People Who Like Good Things The Easy Way



S-O-O-O GOOD! Instant Maxwell House is not a so-called "coffee product." It's all pure coffee . . . full-bodied, roaster-fresh MAXWELL HOUSE coffee in instant form. It's the only instant coffee with that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor!

AND S-O-O-O EASY! Just take a cup and spoon—and stir yourself a great cup of coffee! No grounds to throw away! No pot to wash! (Thrifty, too! You make only as much as you need—no leftover coffee.)

Good Coffee
—Quick!



**Instant Maxwell House
100% Coffee**
A jar makes fully as much as a pound of regular coffee

A Product of General Foods

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE WEEK

"THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS"



FRANK SINATRA at home. Frank, Jr. and sister Nancy get piano tips from papa, under mama's watchful eye. Sinatra, **FRED MacMURRAY** and **VALLI** co-star in RKO's *The Miracle of the Bells*, film version of Russell Janney's novel. Produced by Jesse L. Lasky, Walter MacEwen.

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"



BLINDING LOVE that turns to revengeful hate possesses **ROSALIND RUSSELL**, as she embraces faithless **LEO GENN**, in closeup from RKO's *Mourning Becomes Electra*. **MICHAEL REDGRAVE**, **RAYMOND MASSEY**, **KATINA PAXINOU**, **KIRK DOUGLAS** are also starred.

"FIGHTING FATHER DUNNE"



ALARM registers on the faces of **PAT O'BRIEN** and **MYRNA DELL** in this scene from RKO's *Fighting Father Dunne*. They have just heard a wayward youth shriek defiance at officer who has come to arrest him. Hollywood grapevine reports call it O'Brien's greatest biographical role.

"NIGHT SONG"



SIGHT to behold! **DANA ANDREWS** attacks sandwich on set of RKO's *Night Song*, while **MERLE OBERON** looks on, awe-struck. Scorning food, **HOAGY CARMICHAEL** feasts his eyes on Miss Oberon. A rich drama of love and music, *Night Song* co-stars **ETHEL BARRYMORE**.

**THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL
SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE**



STUBBORN COUGHS YIELD
QUICKLY TO *Soothing*
GLYCERINE
—plus



PINE BROS.
SINCE 1870
GLYCERINE TABLETS
For Throat Irritations
HONEY HONEY
TEN CENTS

Quick! Effective! Safe!
That's the 78-year record of Pine Bros. Glycerine Tablets in relieving coughs due to colds. They cover your dry, cough-torn throat with a moist, soothing film of glycerine, and relief comes fast. No strong drugs. Use them freely.

10¢
U.S. ONLY
5 pleasing flavors

WON'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH
PINE BROS., INC., PHILADELPHIA

BESTFORM



*no finer
fit at any
price*

LINE OF BEAUTY

This season's look is the smooth unbroken line. This season's best foundation for that sleek dressmaker silhouette is Bestform's wonderful all-in-one, 15" long, made of satin-faced batiste with firm elasticized panels, stitched lace bra top.

At good stores everywhere.
Style 7117, in nude,
sizes 34 to 42 7⁵⁰

BESTFORM ~ GIRDLES • BRAS • ALL-IN-ONES

"Crime and Punishment" CONTINUED



DENYING HIS GUILT Raskolnikov is grilled by a gently sardonic magistrate (Vladimir Sokoloff). The magistrate slyly sympathizes with Raskolnikov, hopes he can persuade him to make a confession and thus lessen his sentence.



CONFESSING HIS CRIME, Raskolnikov breaks down when a prostitute (Dolly Haas) reads the story of Lazarus' resurrection and restores his faith in God. Declaring her love for him, Sonia says she will share his exile in Siberia.



“Just between you and me...”

“I’ve never tasted a beer as fine as Schlitz. I’ve had it in practically every corner of the world and it’s always the same grand beer everywhere. You taste just the *kiss* of the hops...none of the harsh bitterness. No wonder it made Milwaukee famous!”



© 1948, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company
Milwaukee, Wis.

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

ANNOUNCING GREAT NEW

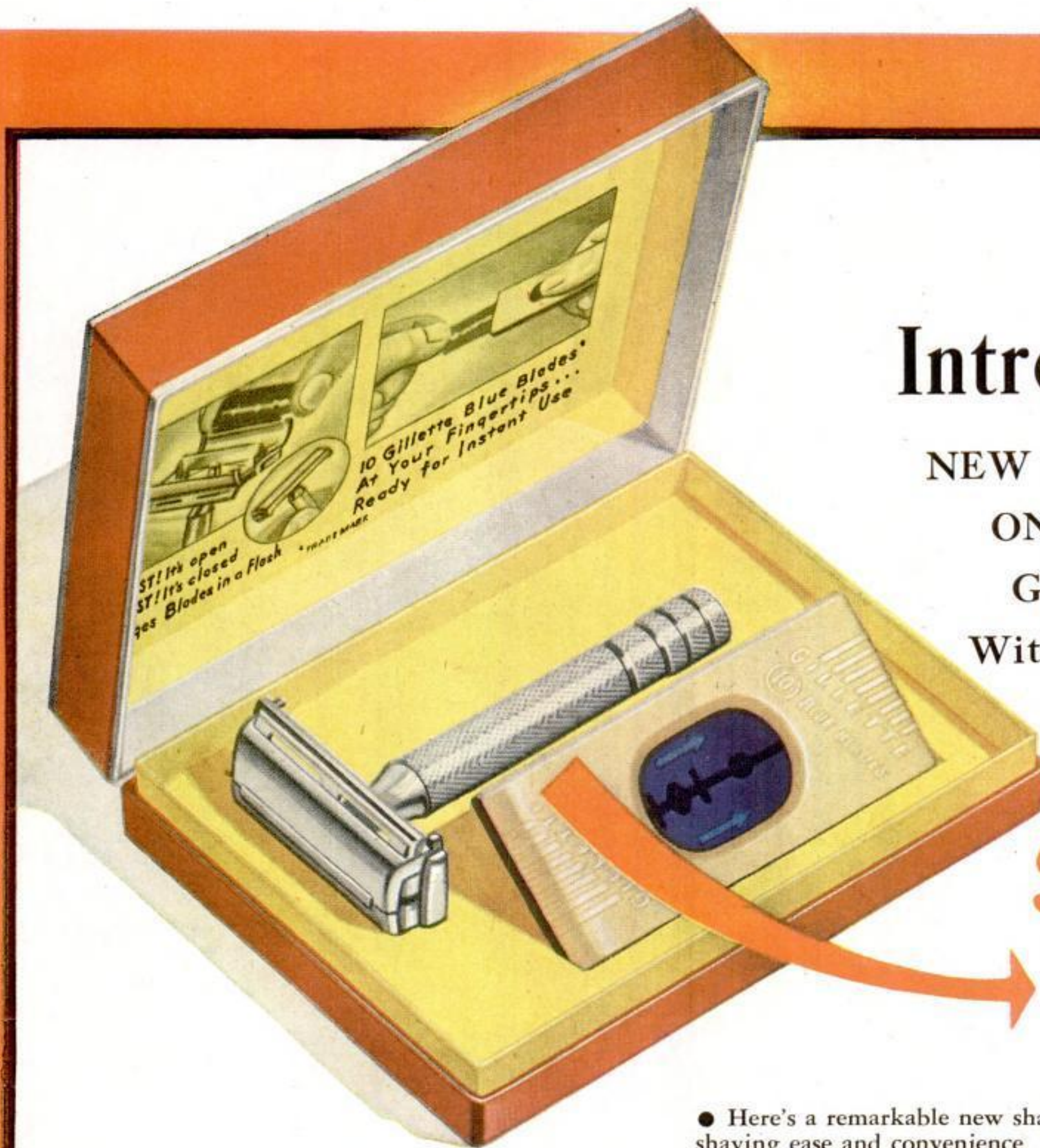
Sensational Gillette

Special Introductory Offer!

NEW GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED
ONE-PIECE RAZOR AND
GILLETTE DISPENSER
With 10 Gillette Blue Blades

REGULAR \$1.50 VALUE

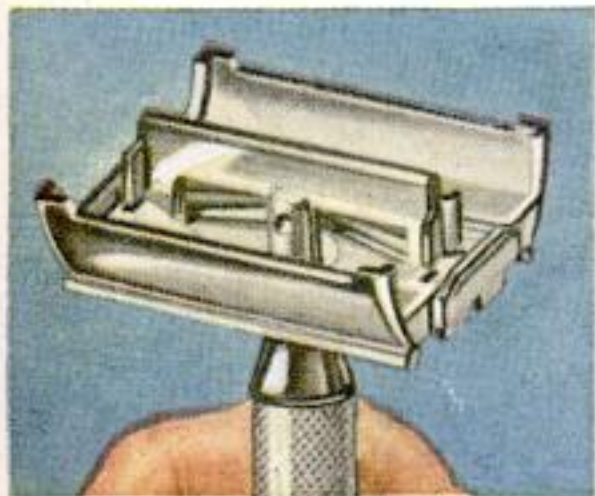
\$1.00
Greatest
Shaving Value
Ever Offered!



• Here's a remarkable new shaving combination that sets new standards of shaving ease and convenience . . . the Gillette Super-Speed One-Piece Razor and 10-blade Gillette Dispenser! With the Super-Speed Razor you change blades in a flash. There's nothing to take apart or put together. Your blade stays in for cleaning, too. Just loosen the holder, rinse and shake dry. Get a Gillette Super-Speed Razor Set and see for yourself how quick shaving can be!

Copyright, 1948, by Gillette Safety Razor Co.

Shaving's a breeze with this amazing new Gillette combination



Twist...
Your Razor Opens!



Zip...
There's a New Blade!



Presto...
Your Razor's Loaded!



Twist...
You're Ready to Shave!



To clean...
Loosen, Rinse, Shake!

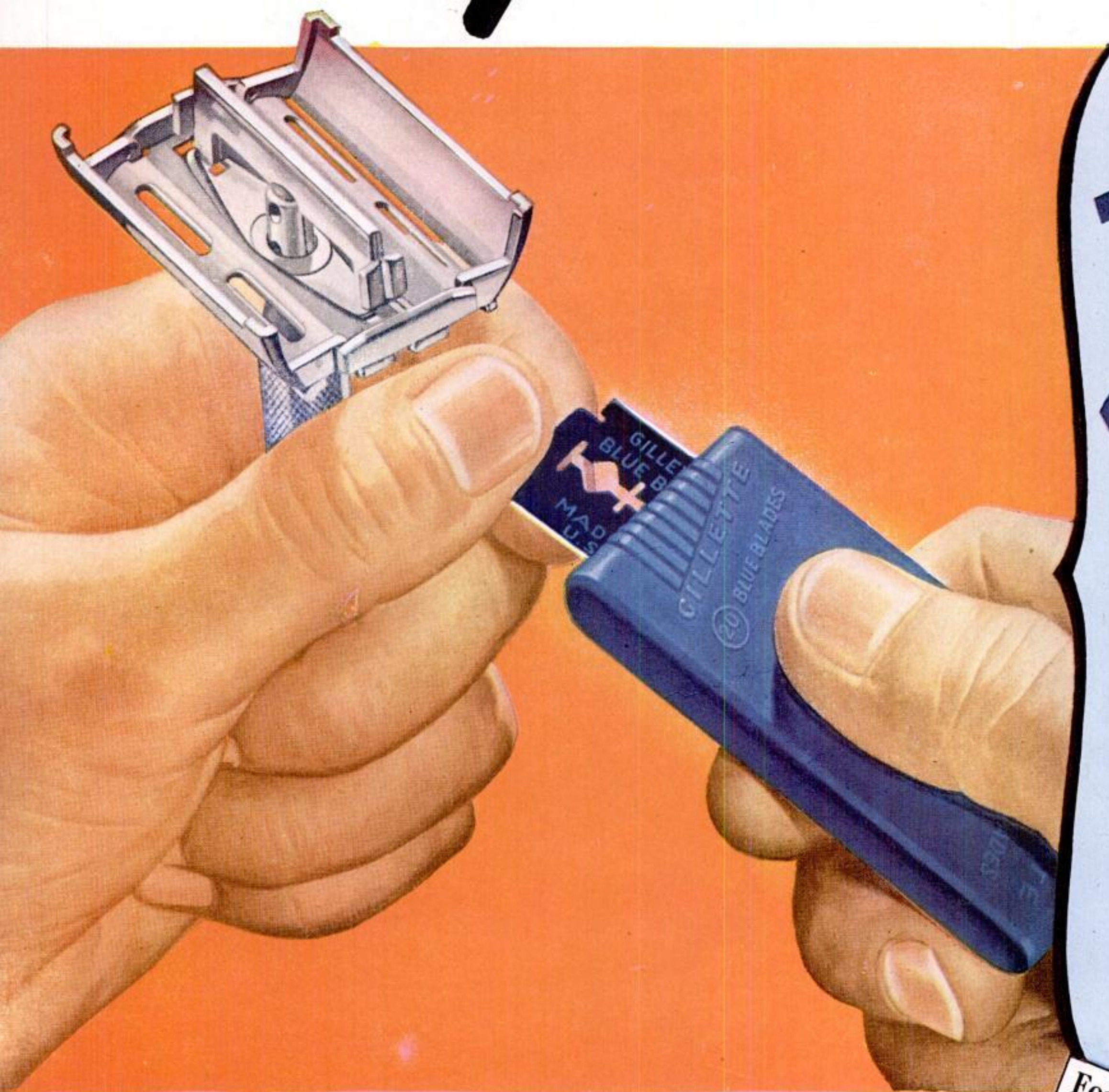
look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP!

use Gillette Blue Blades

**WITH THE SHARPEST
EDGES EVER HONED**

SHAVING CONVENIENCE!

Dispenser



ZIP!

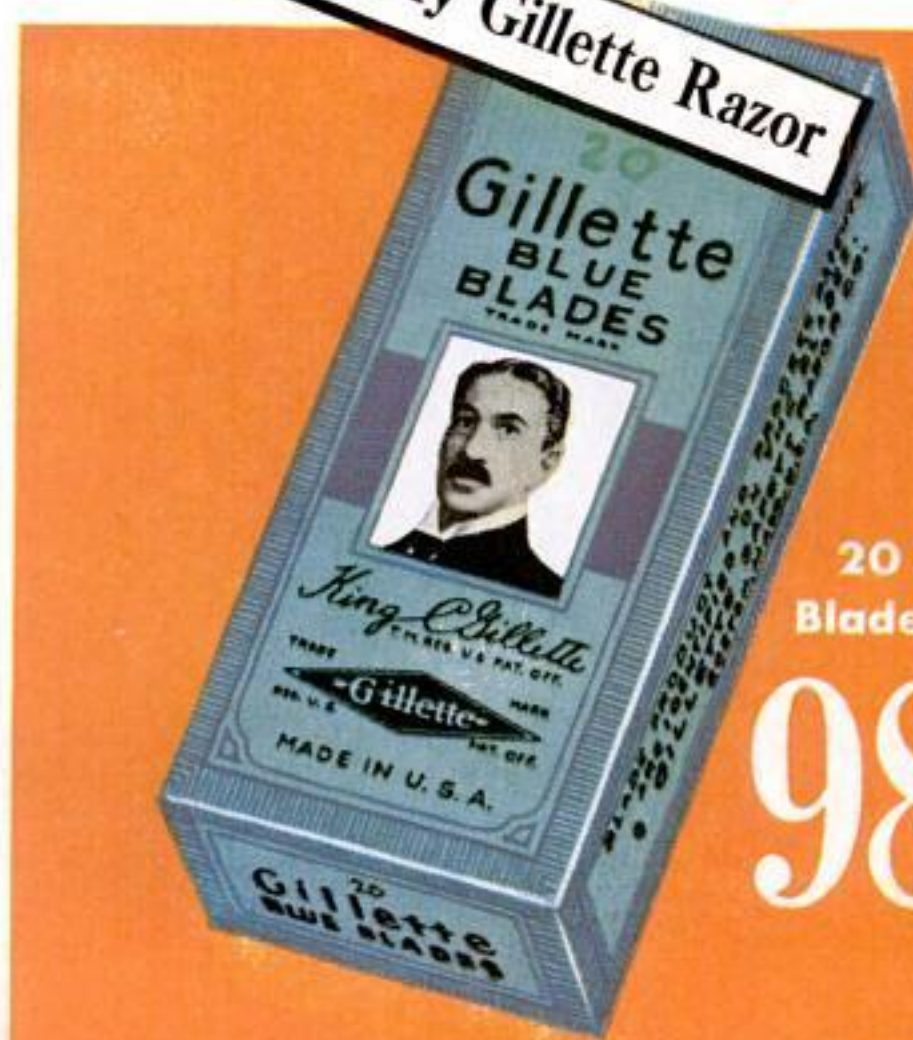
and there's a new Gillette Blue Blade unwrapped and ready for your razor

For use with any Gillette Razor

Handy Container Puts 20 Gillette Blue Blades—40 Easy-Shaving Edges—At Your Finger Tips. You Save Time and Bother—Shave Far Quicker

Now Gillette introduces the revolutionary new Gillette Blue Blade Dispenser to make blade changing a cinch and shaving faster and more convenient than ever before. Just think, the Gillette Dispenser deals out 20 Gillette Blue Blades—with 40 super-keen shaving edges—one at a time, unwrapped and ready for use! A simple thrust of your thumb and ZIP—there's a new blade. The handsome plastic container holds

the blades firmly. Their beautifully finished edges cannot touch the case even while being ejected. They're perfectly protected, reach you *factory-sharp* and stay that way until used. You pay only the regular price of the blades alone . . . nothing extra for the Dispenser. And when it's empty, just throw it away. Get a Gillette Blue Blade Dispenser and enjoy extra shaving convenience. Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston 6, Mass.



20
Blades
98c

Your sleep is sweet
The price is low



IT'S ELECTRIC . . . so there isn't a sound through the night to disturb your dreams. Little Tel helps you make the best of your rest.

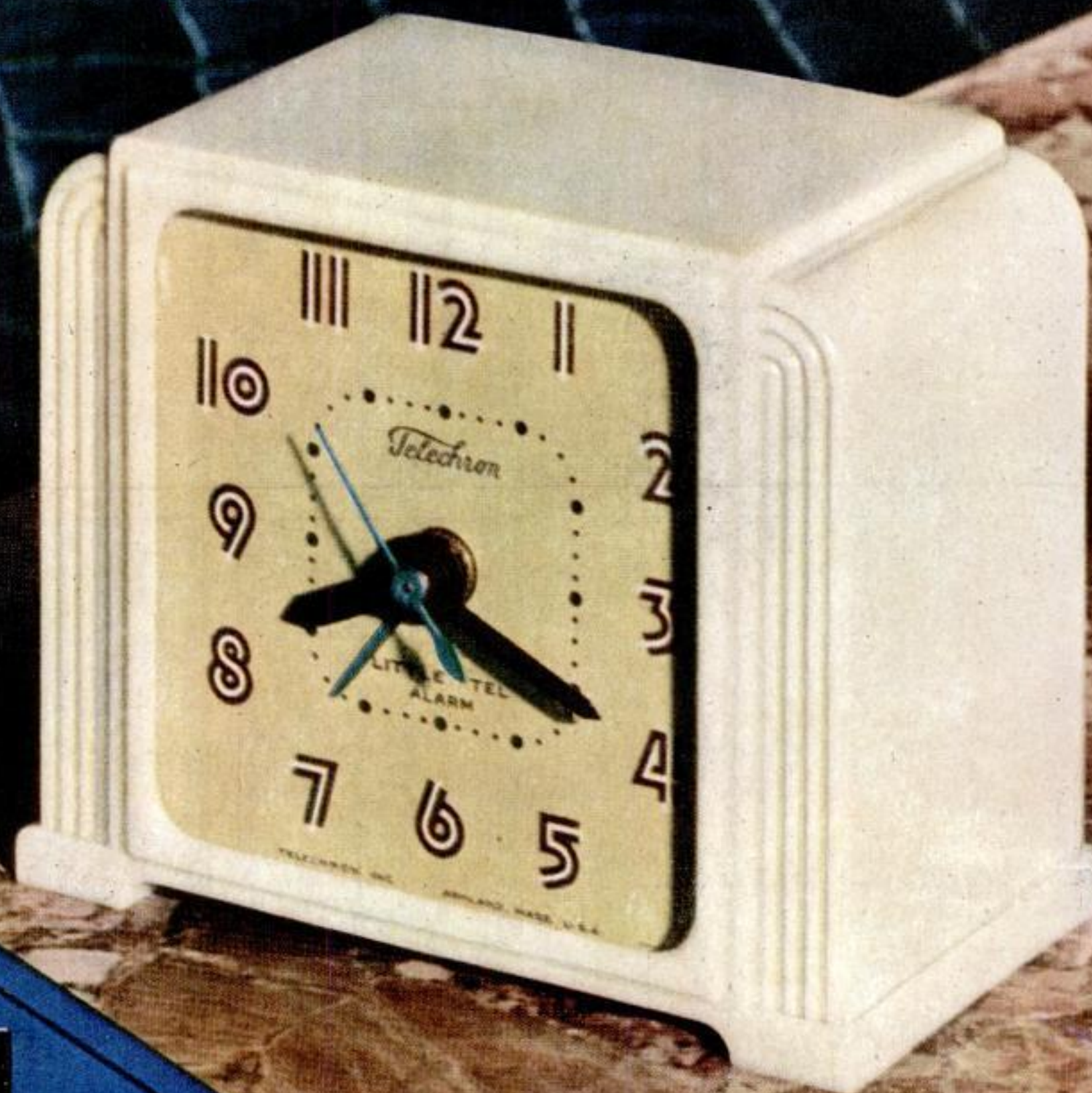
Here's a trim little alarm clock that you never have to wind, or oil, or regulate. Little Tel is an electric clock, at a price that's pleasingly low. It can't run down, or fast, or slow. You're sure of the right time; you can count on the on-the-dot alarm to keep sounding until you wake up and stop it. And, of course, Little Tel has the famous-for-accuracy Telechron motor that has long been making Telechrons the most popular electric clocks in the world. Small enough to double as a traveling clock. Actual size shown, with ivory-colored plastic case. . . . Telechron Inc., Ashland, Mass.

\$4.95
Plus Tax

TELALARM JR.—slightly larger, with control-a-tone alarm that you can regulate low or loud, as you like—and with luminous hands and dial **\$5.95**

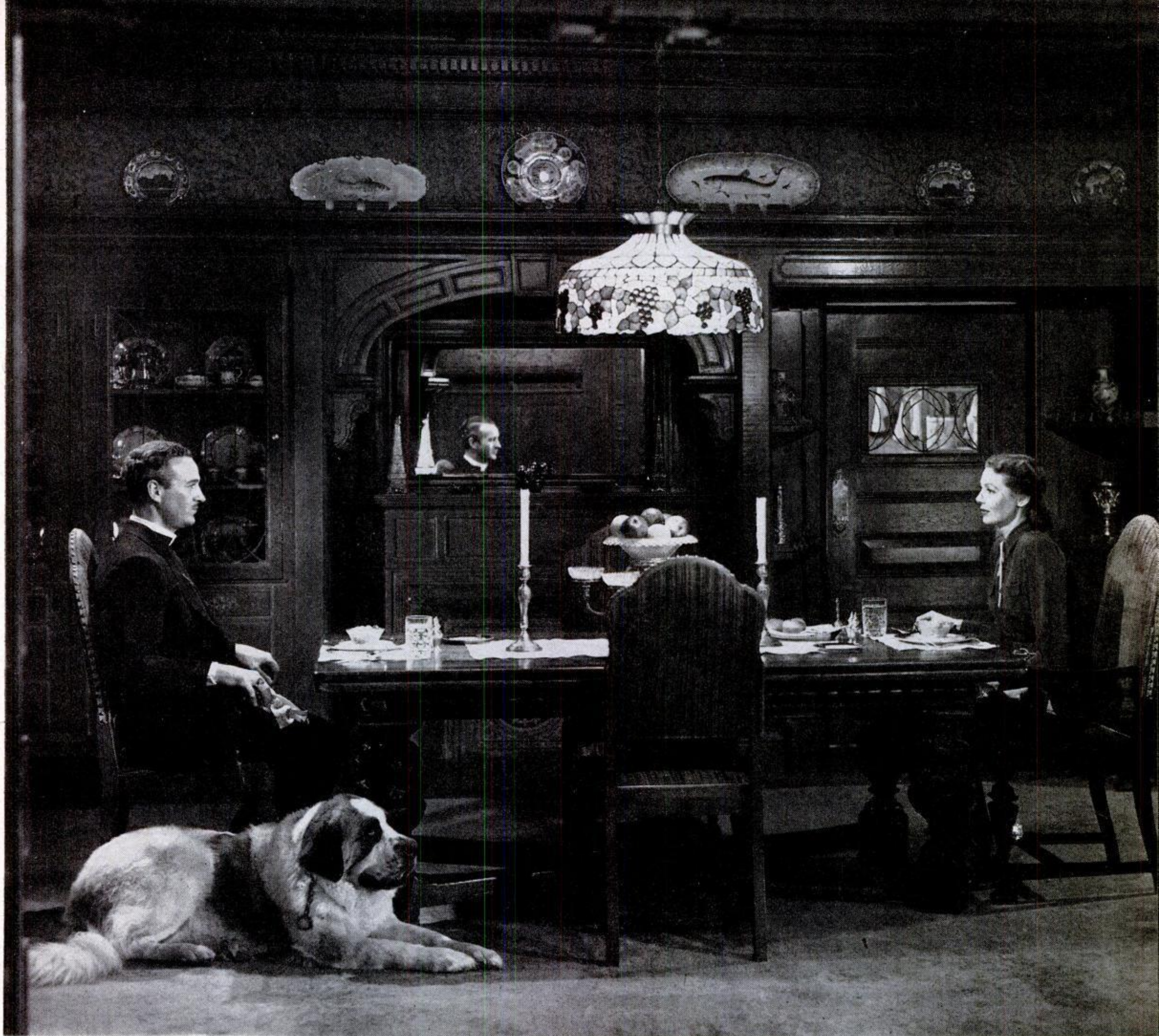
TELALARM—same design, in a larger size—with luminous hands and dial and bell alarm **\$6.95**

All prices PLUS TAX. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.



Telechron
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

Telechron . . . the first and favorite electric clock . . . brings you right time for every room. Choose from smart styles in alarms, occasional, kitchen clocks, and awakening devices . . . at your Telechron dealer's.



THE BISHOP AND HIS WIFE, PLAYED BY DAVID NIVEN AND LORETTA YOUNG, SIT UNHAPPILY AT DINNER AND CONTEMPLATE THEIR UNSATISFACTORY HOME LIFE

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Bishop's Wife

Sam Goldwyn dispatches an angel to patch up a faltering marriage

Once upon a time there lived a bishop who was astute and hard-working when it came to guiding his flock and promoting civic virtue but sadly neglectful of his wife. He overlooked her birthdays and failed to get home for dinner so often that finally an angel in modern dress was sent down from heaven to straighten things out.

This is a plot outline of Samuel Goldwyn's latest production, *The Bishop's Wife*, a gentle comedy designed to bring a smile to every customer's lip and evoke a tear from every eye. Although it carries a heavy load of stars (David Niven and Loretta Young as the episcopal couple and Cary Grant as the celestial Dorothy Dix), *The Bishop's Wife* has an agreeable lack of pretension. Intelli-

gently written and competently acted, it wisely refrains from excessive, mawkish piety.

But there are some bad things too. From the moment he appears—upsetting the atheism of a bitter old cynic (Monty Woolley) and teaching the heroine to skate—it is clear that the angel is to be relentlessly whimsical. Since the endings of all angel movies (*Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, *It's a Wonderful Life*) are much alike, with the mortals mending their ways and the angels returning to heaven, this one relies on charm to sustain interest. The charm often wears thin. Furthermore *The Bishop's Wife* is marred by one noticeable lapse of taste when the angel figuratively sheds his wings in order to make a pronounced pass at the leading lady.



THE ANGEL, played by Cary Grant, feels mortal emotions toward the bishop's wife while he strums a harp.

QUICK RELIEF

FOR Discomfort of Colds

ALKA-SELTZER —offers you quick relief from the "ache-all-over" feverish feeling and other discomforts of a cold. It's dependable because of its unique formula.



Headaches



ALKA-SELTZER —offers you quick relief from headaches and muscular aches and pains. Because of its effervescent action, Alka-Seltzer's pain relieving agent gets there faster.

Acid Indigestion

ALKA-SELTZER —offers you quick relief for stomach upsets and acid indigestion. Alka-Seltzer's alkalizing properties quickly reduce excess gastric acidity.



Morning Misery



ALKA-SELTZER —offers you quick relief from the after-effects of late hours and over-indulgence in food and drink. Quick and reliable because it helps to bring you relief in a hurry.

**Buy 2
instead of
ONE**

30¢ and 60¢—all
drugstores, U. S.
and Canada.



Alka- Seltzer

"The Bishop's Wife" CONTINUED



FRIENDSHIP is offered the bishop's neglected daughter by Dudley, the angel. The bishop is the only one who knows that Dudley is literally heaven-sent but still resents it when the angel insinuates himself right into the household.



INTRIGUE by the angel keeps the bishop stuck to a chair in hope that he will persevere and convince a rich parishioner that she should give her money to the poor. Dudley also refills wine bottles and works other minor miracles.



ENTERTAINMENT is provided for the bishop's neglected wife. She naively thinks of Dudley as just a friend, but he begins to fall for her so completely that he almost forgets his heavenly duty to save her dissolving marriage.



Sister, don't be just a-missin'
When you could be
in there kissin'

Chew B-Wise
and then, "By Gum,"

Bad breath won't ever
spoil your fun!

FOR *Kissable Breath...*



5¢
REFRESHES THE BREATH...
AFTER ONIONS, ALCOHOL, TOBACCO

GUM PRODUCTS, INC.
East Boston 28, Massachusetts

HEAD COLD?



that's a job for
"Comfy" and "Minty" the
MENTHOLATUM TWINS

• When head-cold misery makes you gasp for air—nose feels raw, tender, reach for Mentholum and BREATHE! Comforting Camphor and minty Menthol, Mentholum's two famous, fast-acting ingredients help thin out thick mucus, soothe cold-inflamed membranes. Soon soreness eases, head starts to clear. Don't take head-cold misery lying down—use Mentholum.

Quick MENTHOLATUM

Your Whole hand is beautified by this new lotion sensation!

BEAUTIFIES SKIN
because New Hinds has special "skin-affinity" ingredients—makes hands feel softer instantly—gives longer-lasting protection!

"SATINIZES" PALMS
because New Hinds helps protect them from work-roughness—soothes and helps soften calluses... yet never feels sticky!

SMOOTHS KNUCKLES
because New Hinds contains effective emollients that absorb... "work into" roughened knuckles—soothing and smoothing miraculously!

SOFTENS CUTICLE
because New Hinds is enriched with wonder-working lanolin—helps avoid unsightly, ragged edges—keeps your manicures lovelier longer!

ENRICHED WITH LANOLIN, New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream brings new, *instant* beauty to your *whole hand*. Soothes... smooths... and protects *longer*—whatever your work or the weather.

NEW HINDS makes elbows, arms and legs feel satin-soft. As a powder base, it gives your skin a dewy freshness—makes cosmetics "hold." Now in the glamorous, *larger* Beauty Bottle at your toilet goods counter. Four sizes, 10c to 1.00.

Now in NEW Beauty Bottle



Hinds

Honey and Almond
Fragrance Cream

J. H. & F. K. PRODUCTS CORP.



TO STUDY DETAILS OF A HALF-INCH DWARF CHINCHWEED, BOTANY STUDENT HAS TO LIE WITH HIS CHIN RESTING ON HOT DESERT FLOOR

BELLY PLANTS

Desert environment has produced the tiniest flowers in the world

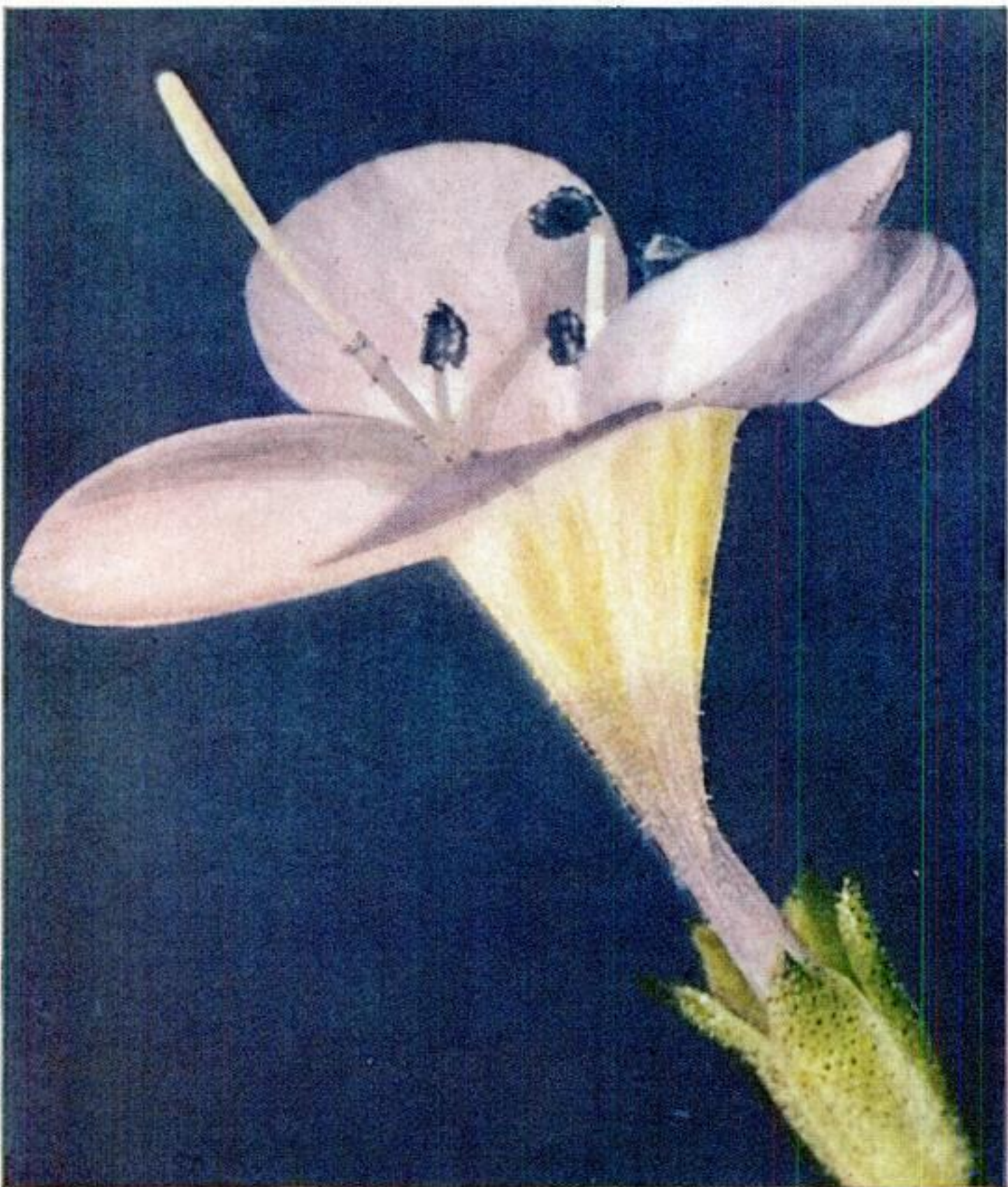
Among the parched dunes and wind-worn rocks of the California desert grow some of the strangest and most beautiful of flowering plants. Too small to be seen from the height of a man's eye, these dainty blossoms are indelicately but appropriately called "belly plants" for the simple reason that people have to lie flat on their bellies to look at them (*above*). Like other desert vegetation the belly plants have become specially adapted to the harsh environment in which they live. Their tiny size and simple structure enable them to exist on far less moisture than ordinary plants require and to complete their life cycle from seed to seed in the short time during which they are able to grow.



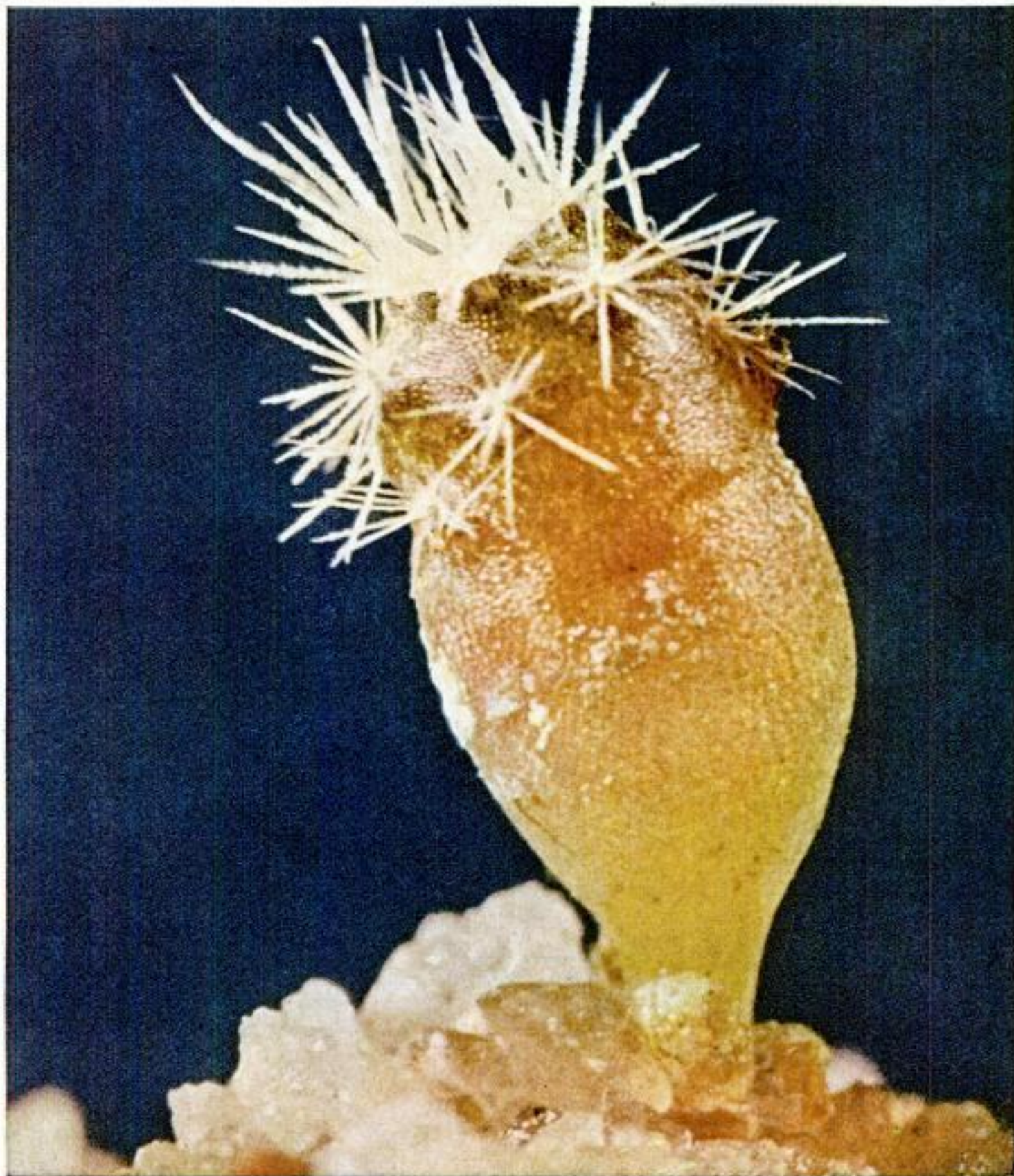
SPINY HERB, so named because its flowers are enclosed in prickly pink baskets, is related to common buckwheat. Portion of plant shown here is enlarged 15 times.



DESERT CALICO is a diminutive member of the phlox family. Complete plant is low and wide, dotted with white, pink or purple blossoms a quarter of an inch across.



ROCK GILIA bears many delicate flowers like the one above. Too small to be entered by insects, these and many other belly-plant flowers have their pollen exposed.



CACTUS SEEDLING a few months old is just starting to form its spines. The tiny desert plant, here shown magnified 15 times, was once no bigger than a grain of sand.

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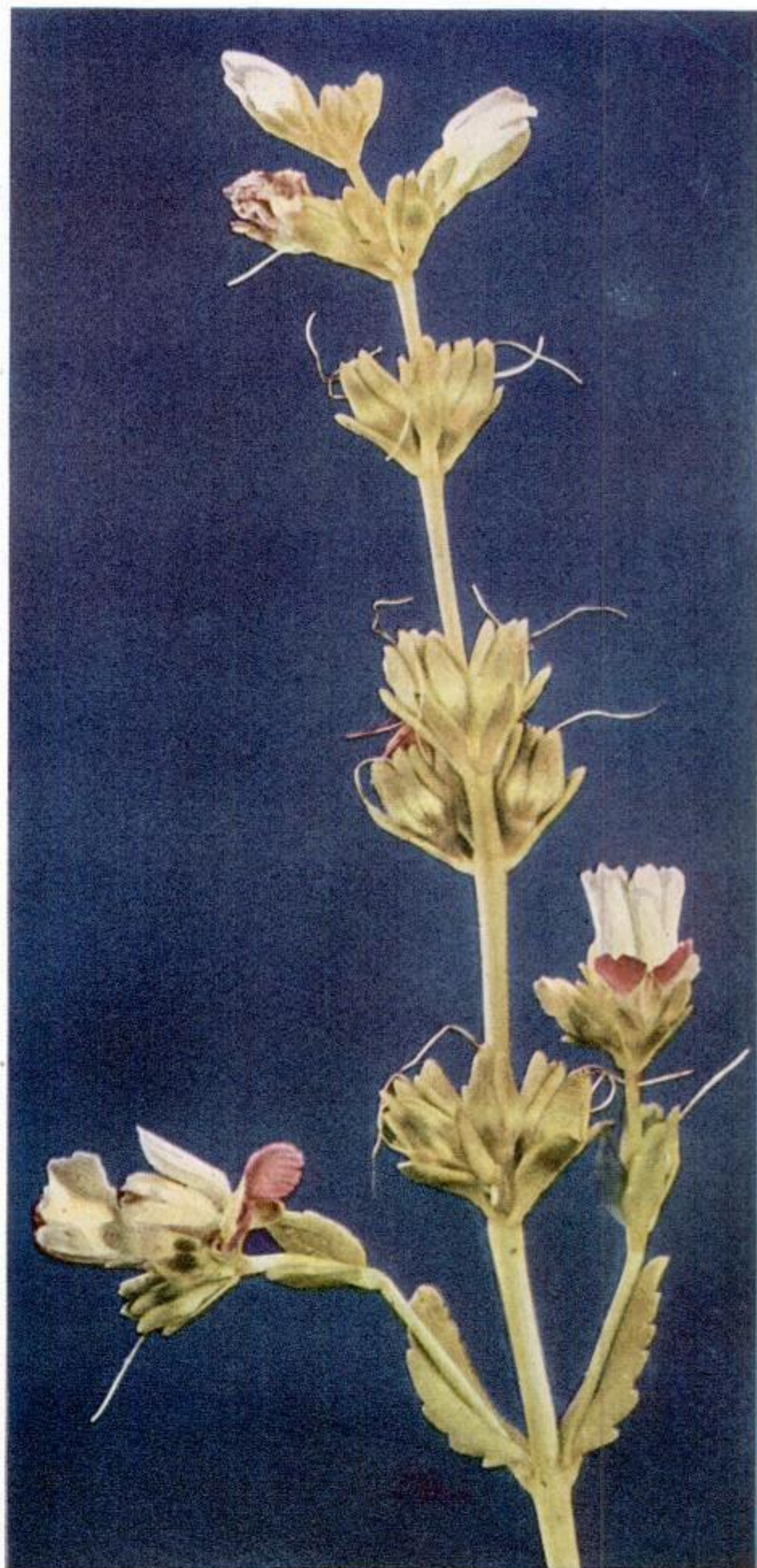
SAND MAT, a little plant that spreads out flat on the ground, has roots that reach several feet down into the earth for moisture. The purple spots on each of the flowers' petals exude honey.



PYGMY PINK-SPOT is the ultimate in belly plants, never reaching a height of one inch. Too short to be reached by the teeth of grazing animals, it does not need spines for protection.



TURKISH RUGGING sometimes covers large areas, its masses of closely packed flowers looking like a soft pink carpet on the sand of the desert.



CHINESE HOUSES, a kind of snapdragon with flowers shaped like pagodas, grows to 4 inches or more and is one of the biggest belly plants.

Announcing **STARTLING, NEW** **CROSLEY STATION WAGON**

See it now at your Crosley Dealer's—also
new Pickup and Panel Delivery models



"The fine CROSLEY car is a fact—not a dream. Over 25,000 enthusiastic owners already, and production is still climbing."

Powell Crosley, Jr.

President, Crosley Motors, Inc.



What do you want most in a car?

Size?—CROSLEY has it where you want it—not with bulging bumpers or flaring fenders, but plenty inside—where roominess counts.

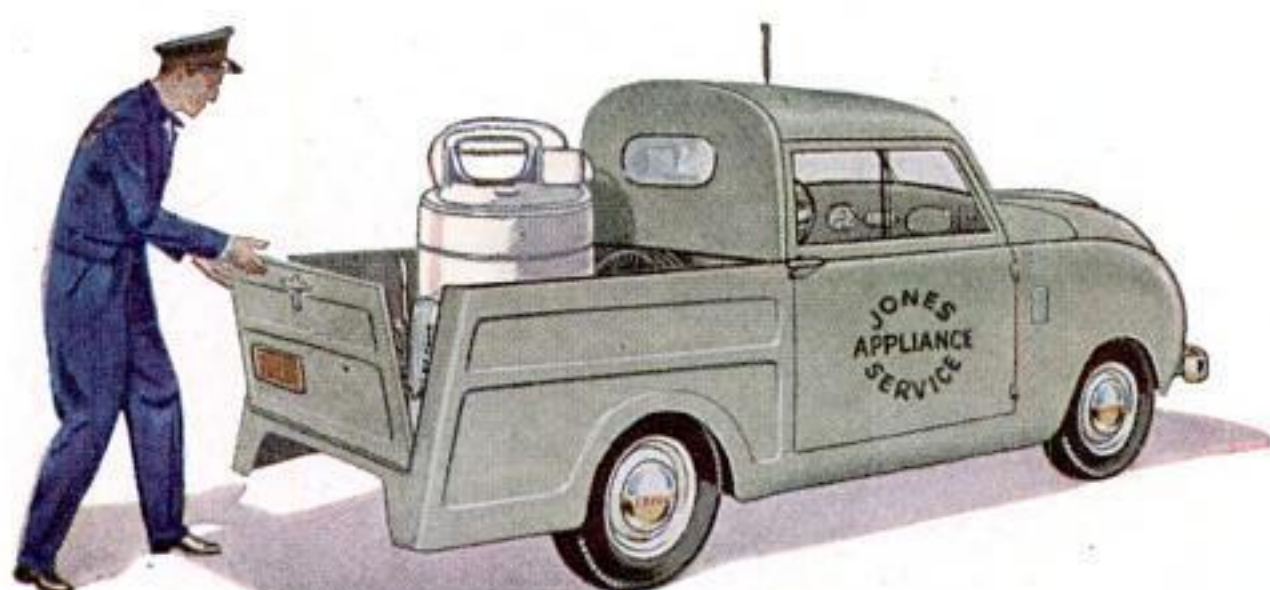
Easy Driving?—Even timid drivers lose their fear of traffic in a CROSLEY. So light and easy to handle, and parks "on a dime." It's 20 inches narrower and weighs only about a third as much as other so-called light cars.

Economy?—35 to 50 miles per gallon. That's because Crosley has so little needless weight to move around.

Value?—Lots of cars are called "low cost," but CROSLEY really IS! Whichever model you choose, you'll be amazed at the low price.

Safety?—It's all steel. Has the lowest center of gravity of any car, so it's almost impossible for a CROSLEY to turn over. CROSLEY'S narrow width makes your side of the road 20 inches wider.

Power?—The startling CROSLEY COBRA (COpper BRAzed) 4-cylinder valve-in-head-steel engine weighs only 59 pounds yet gives you sustained performance—flashing pickup—eager speed.

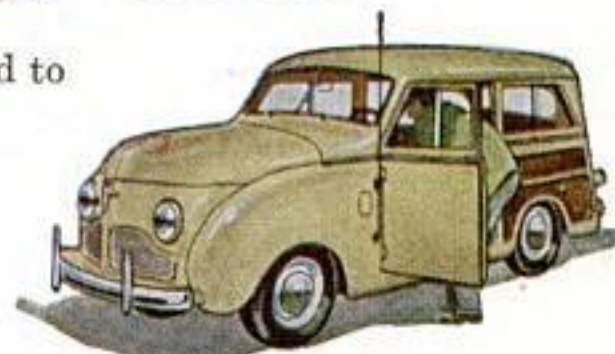


Crosley Pickup—Full quarter ton capacity. Drop tail gate. Roomy, comfortable cab. Amazingly economical. Cuts operating, service and delivery costs. Perfect for all service men, farms, city and country places.



Crosley Panel Delivery—Want to save money on light deliveries? Grocers, druggists, dry cleaners—appliance, hardware and other service stores report sensationally low operating costs. Plenty of space for your traveling advertisement on sides.

Crosley Station Wagon—New! Smart! Practical! Seats four with plenty of luggage space. Rear seat removable. Entire rear end opens for easy loading. All steel—no wood to rot, swell, shrink or rattle. Well balanced on the road. Variety of striking color combinations.



Crosley Sedan—Needs no introduction. Over 15,000 on the road. Constantly improved in both beauty and mechanical performance. Styled with an "aircraft flavor." 4 passenger. For all around use.



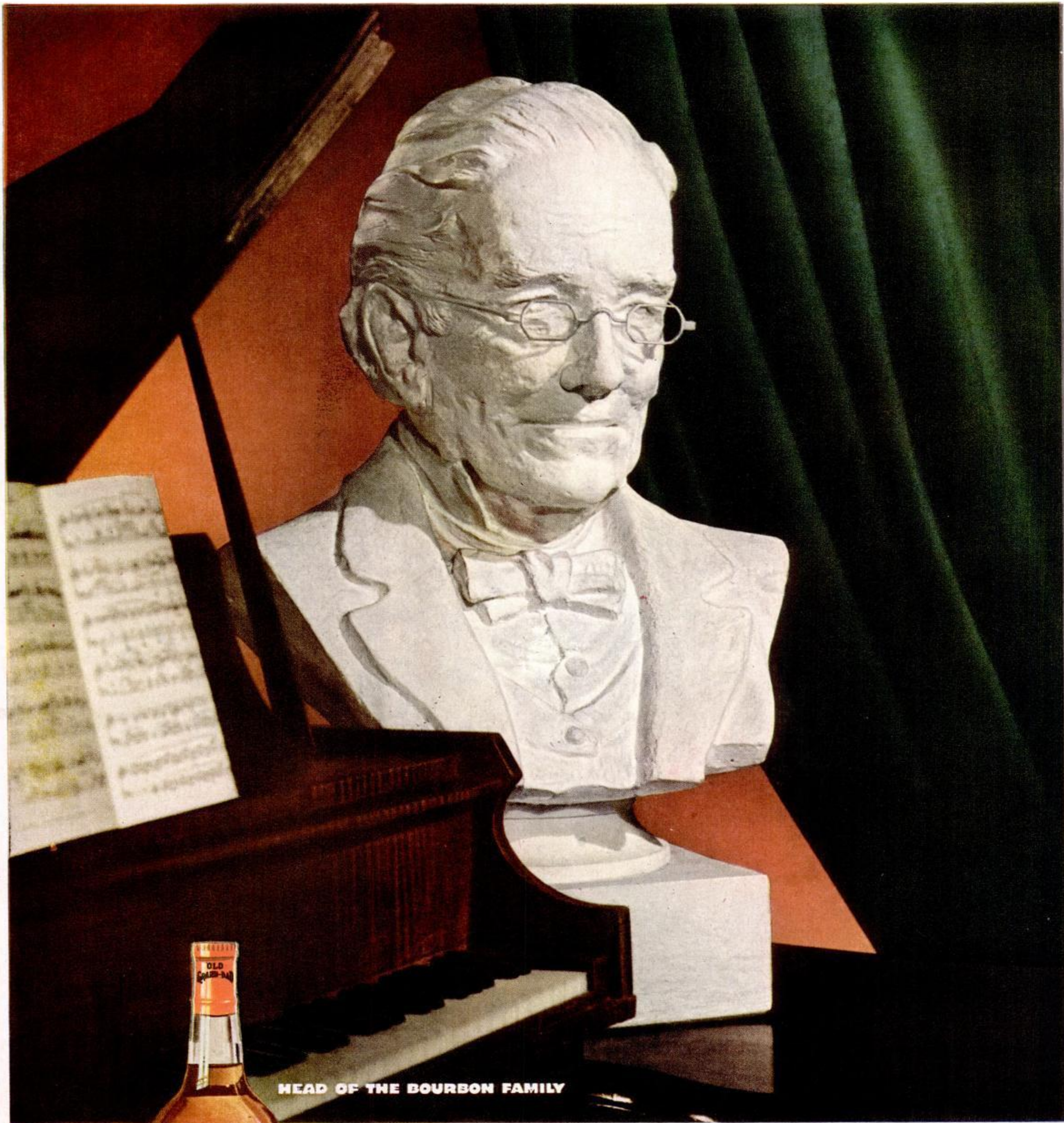
Crosley Convertible—Smartest thing on wheels! Like the sedan and station wagon, it carries four big passengers plus baggage. Easy to manage laminated cloth top snaps into place in a jiffy.

CROSLEY
a **FINE** car

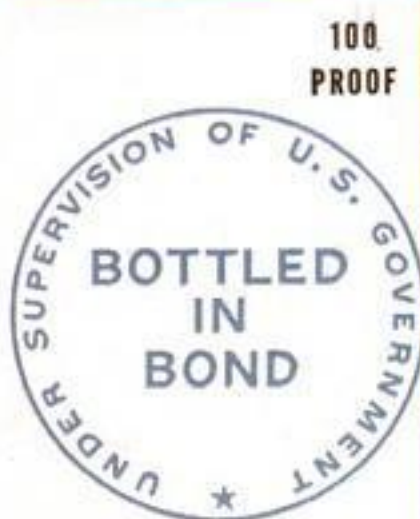
See it at your local dealer's— or write for our new color catalog and full description: Crosley Motors, 2532 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

P. S. TO DEALERS—A few choice dealerships are still available.

Write me personally. Powell Crosley, Jr., President.



HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



There is a heart-warming experience awaiting you in your first delicious sip of mellow Old Grand-Dad. Every golden drop reveals the priceless bourbon heritage of the Head of the Bourbon Family. Have you tried Old Grand-Dad lately?

OLD GRAND-DAD

Copyright 1947, National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N.Y.



BOTANISTS AND STUDENTS BELLY-FLOP AMONG BELLY PLANTS

BOTANISTS SQUIRM TO STUDY PLANTS

To find belly plants, botanists go out and crawl around the desert (above) two or three weeks after a heavy rain. At such times seeds which may have lain dormant for years have awakened and grown. A light rainfall, even though it wets the sleeping seeds, will not make them germinate. To prevent the plants from starting to grow after a rainfall too meager to sustain them, the seeds are so made that they cannot sprout except under conditions caused by a one- or two-inch rain. Seeds of belly plants which live in dry washes have tough coats that cannot be broken by the seedling until they are weakened by the grinding action of sand and gravel carried by the runoff water of a real down-pour. Other seeds contain a soluble growth-inhibiting substance. Only a long wetting will dissolve it and permit the belly plant to sprout.

The Girl

WEARS A SWIM SUIT
FAULTLESSLY DESIGNED BY
CAROLYN SCHNURER

Her Car

FAULTLESSLY
LUBRICATED WITH
VALVOLINE . . .
MADE EXCLUSIVELY
FROM PENNSYLVANIA
CRUDE OILS . . .
THE WORLD'S FINEST



VALVOLINE

The Original Pennsylvania
MOTOR OIL

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Ask for VALVOLINE the next time your car needs service

Freedom-Valvoline Oil Company, Freedom, Pennsylvania—New York, Toronto, Pittsburgh, Detroit
Atlanta, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, B. C.

John and Allan Dreyer, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—
two of Formulac's Family Album.



TWICE AS EASY TO LOVE

Twice the feeding problem, too. But their doctor prescribed FORMULAC Infant Food, and they grew strong and sturdy on it.

Doctors all over the country are prescribing FORMULAC for their own children, as well as for infants under their care. Two doctors in one family, recent parents, write: "It has been an ideal milk for our own baby, and for many of our infant patients."*

What is FORMULAC? It's a brand-new product, in convenient liquid form, containing a concentrated milk and all the vitamins and minerals an infant is known to need. FORMULAC is used with equal success in both normal and difficult feeding cases.

No cod liver oil or orange juice is necessary when a baby is fed on FORMULAC, because the needed vitamins

are in the milk itself. Simply add water and sugar, as your doctor directs, for a complete infant diet.

FORMULAC is simple to prepare. It avoids the danger of omitting the necessary vitamins, or giving an inadequate amount. It's thriftily priced, and sold in grocery and drug stores everywhere.

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WEARING ACADEMIC ROBES, "SENATE" OF DISTINGUISHED EDUCATORS WHO GOVERN CHARLES UNIVERSITY MEETS BENEATH PORTRAITS OF FORMER RECTORS

CHARLES UNIVERSITY

It makes ancient Prague the cultural capital of central Europe

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

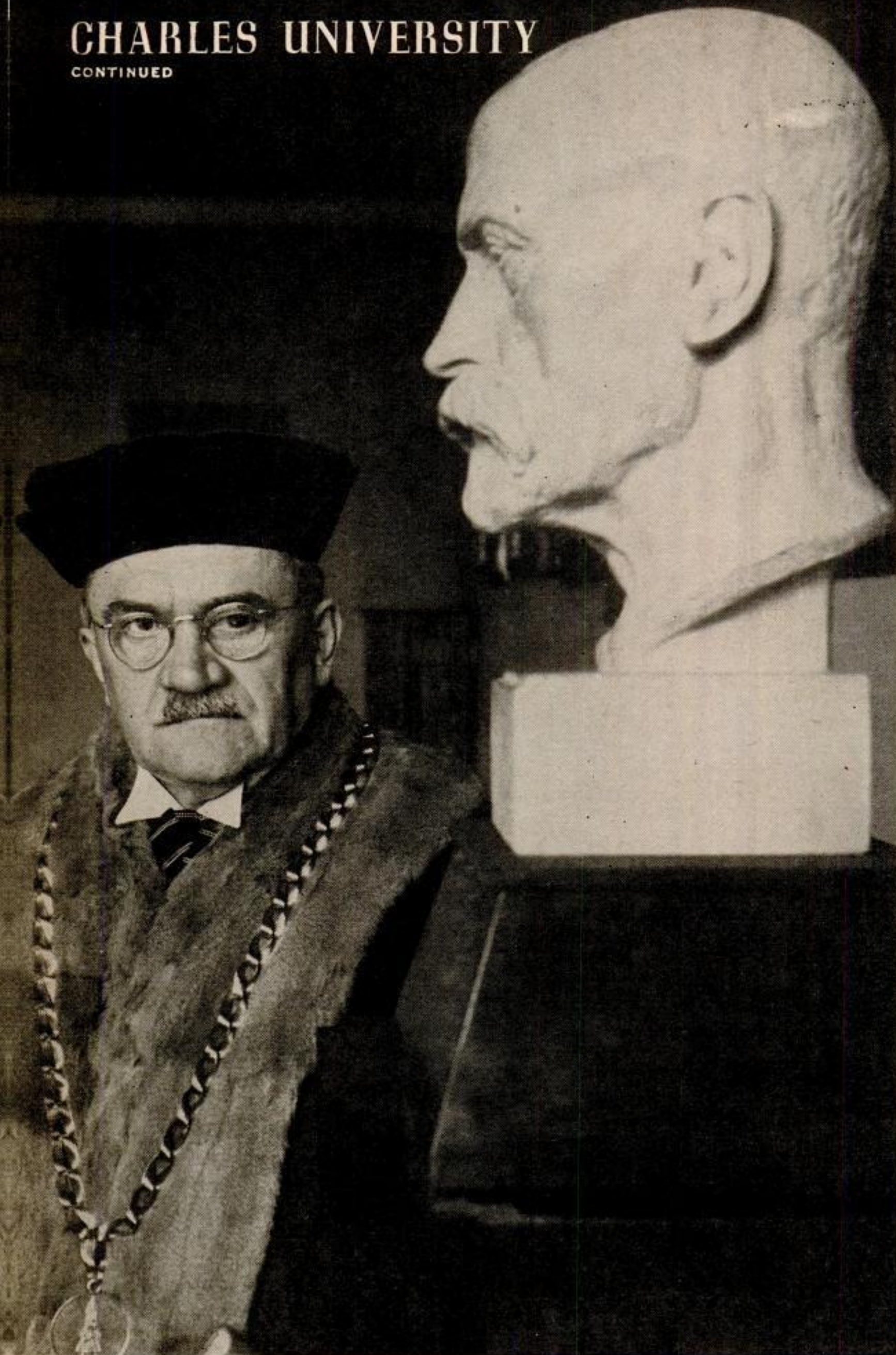
In 1348 A.D., Charles IV, "by the Grace of God King of the Romans, Perpetual Enlarger of the Empire and King of Bohemia," established a university in Prague so that his loyal subjects, "incessantly hungering after the fruits of learning . . . may find set out in our realm a table of refreshments." Through six centuries the university has built up an inspiring tradition of academic freedom and scholarly attainments. Last week, still nursing the scars of Nazi barbarism, it faced a fateful new year with courage and intellectual vigor.

Not so widely known in the U.S. as Paris' Sorbonne or Germany's Heidelberg, the university stood out in the dreary wastes of central

Europe as a shining tower of the Western tradition of progress and enlightenment. Despite increasingly heavy-handed pressure from Soviet Russia, the university retained its position as the cultural center of Czechoslovakian life. As decreed by Charles IV, its well-laden educational tables provided 24,000 war-starved students (16,000 more than were registered in 1939) with the finest intellectual and spiritual sustenance. Through the Western tradition embodied in the university, Czechoslovakia maintains an important contact with the non-Communist world.

Sobered by the war years during which thousands went to concentration camps and 21 pro-

fessors were executed by the Nazis, students today suffer from loss of books and equipment but not from any lack of the will to learn. Their professors, who include some of the world's most distinguished educators (pp. 82-83), lecture in overcrowded classrooms, theaters, even circus tents. The students themselves range from Yugoslav Communist partisans to resistance veterans studying for the priesthood. Czechoslovakia's students were the first to challenge Nazi rule during occupation years. In recent student elections, by overwhelmingly voting down Communist candidates, they showed a willingness to challenge any other threat to their academic and political liberties.



THE NEW RECTOR of Charles University, Dr. Karel Engliš, poses with profile bust of Masaryk. Professor of national economy on the Law Faculty, Engliš was Minister of Finance under six Czechoslovakian governments and was high on the German blacklist. In seclusion during war, he wrote nine new books on finance.

FAMOUS SCHOLARS



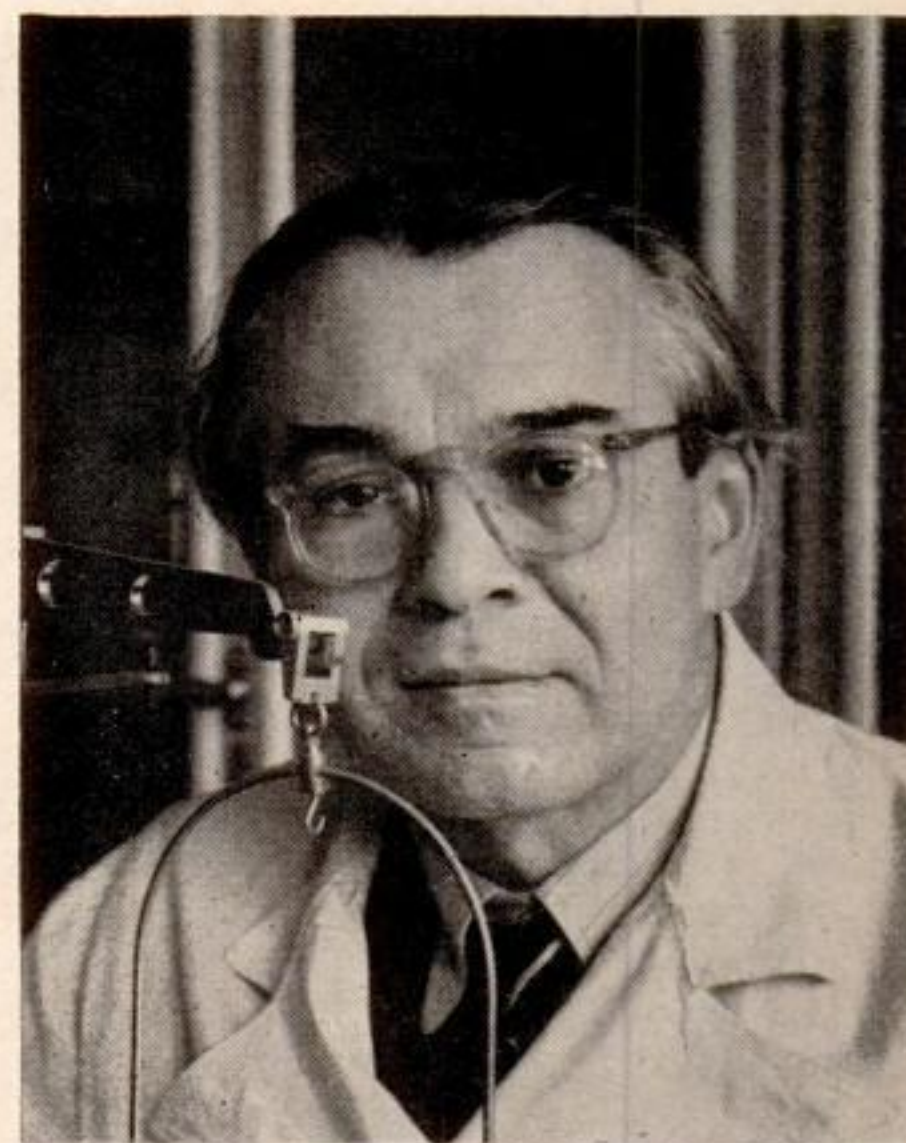
CLASSROOMS of philosophy building on the banks of Vltava River overlook ancient Hradčany castle and the Gothic spires of St. Vitus' Cathedral, which rise from the castle compound. The old castle is one of the many historic links between the modern nation of Czechoslovakia and medieval Bohemia. Students



PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY, Dr. Josef Beran, is rector of the Priests' Seminary and Archbishop of Prague. Beran was sent to Dachau by the Germans in 1942 and survived three terrible years there. A popular hero on his return to Prague, Beran was named archbishop as soon as he recovered health.



PROFESSOR OF LAW, Dr. Jan Krčmář was the Minister of Education in the Czechoslovakian government in 1926 and from 1934 to 1936. Krčmář also was a former legal adviser to the League of Nations. Like many Charles educators, he was imprisoned by the Germans in Prague for several months in 1943.

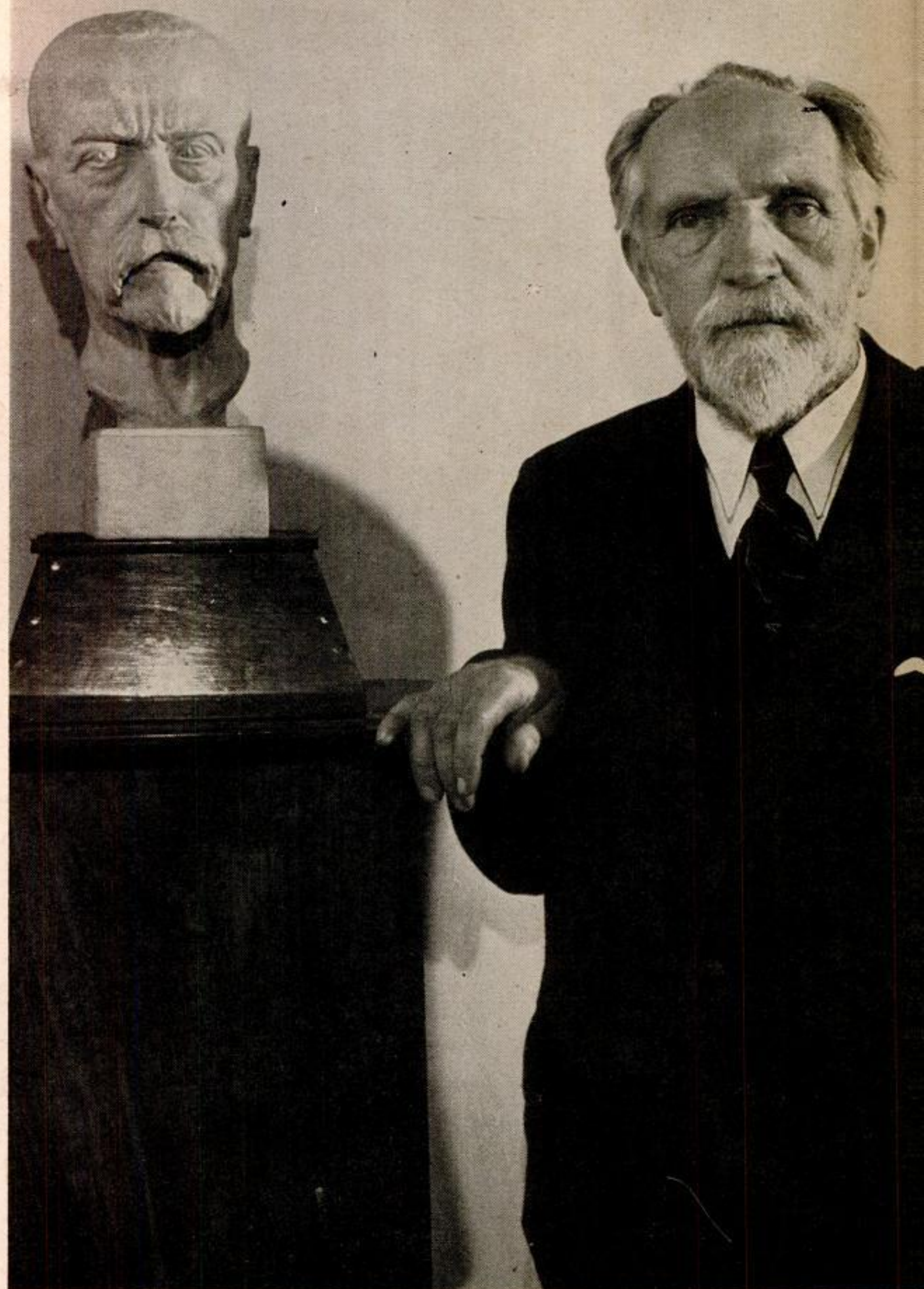


PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY, Dr. Jan Běláhrádek, is one of Europe's great scientists. He was persecuted by the Germans and his laboratory was looted because he had exploded Nazi racist theories. In a concentration camp he fought a typhus epidemic. He returned to become university's first postwar rector.

INSPIRE STUDENTS



who come to the university from all over the world are drawn partly by the democratic spirit of Czechoslovakia's great founder, Thomas Masaryk, and partly by the ancient traditions of the city. They include a few young Americans like John Skrivanek of Austin, Texas, who is seated by the window in this picture.



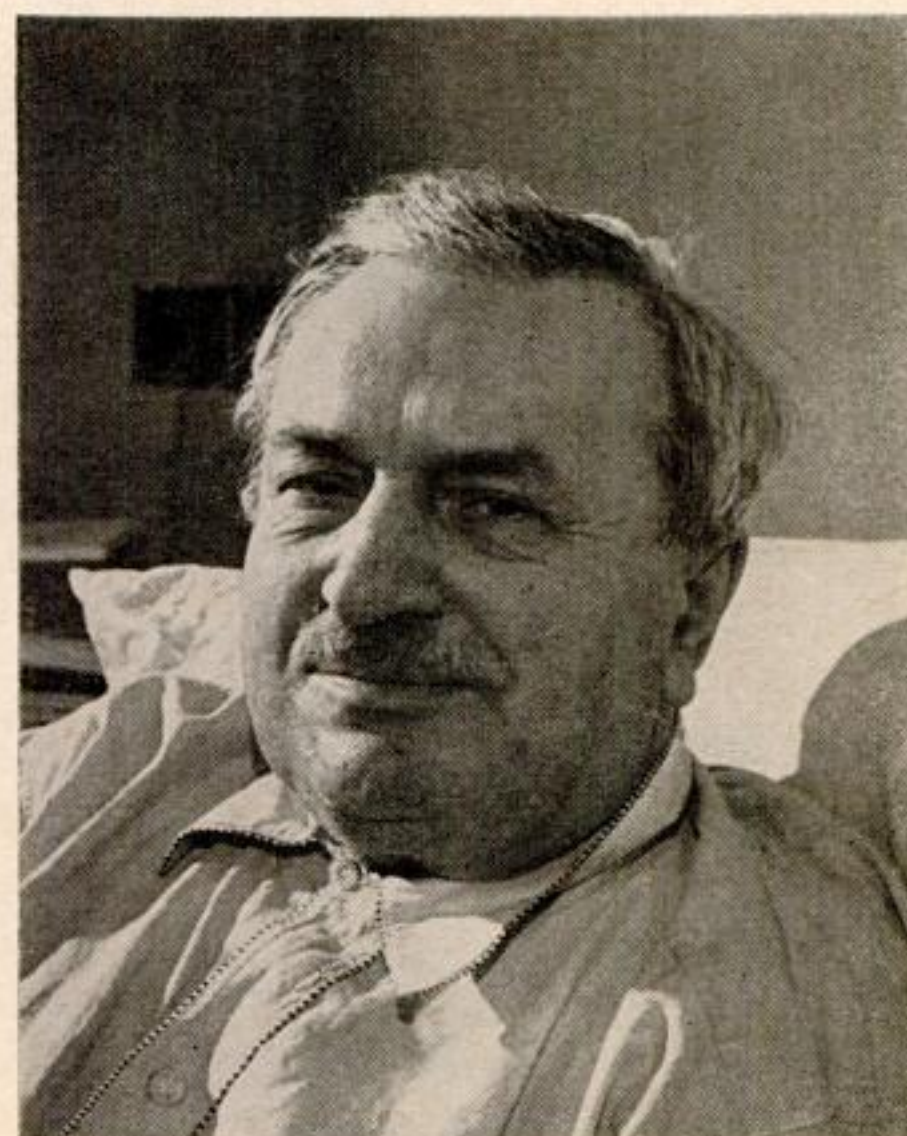
THE VICE RECTOR, handsome Dr. Bohumil Bydžovský, poses with the same treasured bust of Masaryk. Dr. Bydžovský, who is professor of algebraic geometry on the Faculty of Science and one of Europe's outstanding mathematicians, was rector last year. Arrested by the Germans in 1942, he also wrote new book.



PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS, Dr. Emil Schönbaum, is one of authorities on social insurance and U.S. social-security laws derive from his research. During war he was rescued from Czechoslovakia to assist several South and Central American nations in establishing social-insurance programs.



PROFESSOR OF HISTORY, Dr. Bedřich Hrozný, specializes in the history of the ancient Orient and Assyriology. Hrozný, a member of the Charles staff since 1919, is famous for his deciphering of the Hittite language. During the occupation he concentrated on deciphering Proto-Indian and Cretan texts.



PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE, Dr. Albert Pražák, was one of Czechoslovakia's greatest resistance heroes. Pražák was the leader of the underground and chairman of the Czech National Council, which gave the signal for the revolution in May of 1945. After that he suffered a stroke but is now back at work.

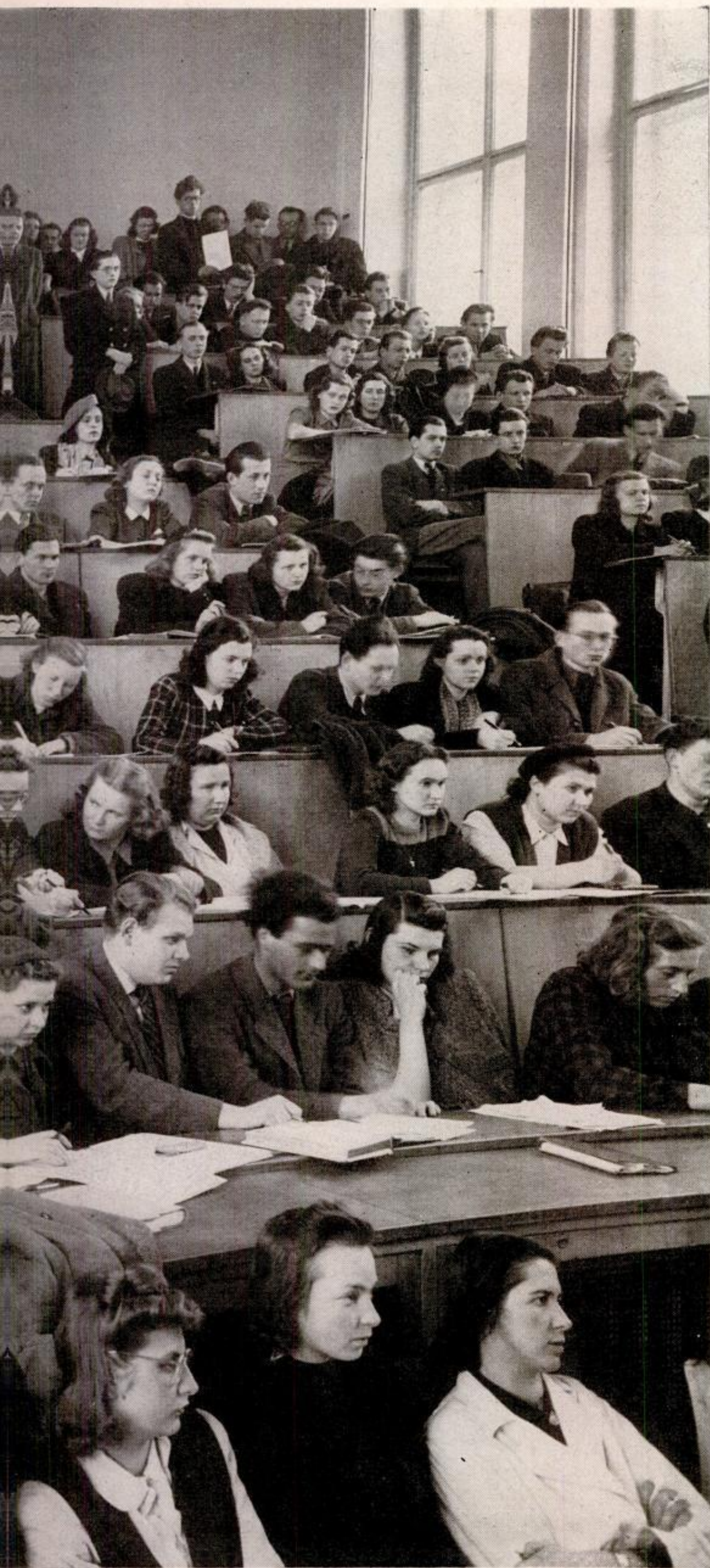


IN THE GRAND AMPHITHEATER OF THE BIOLOGY INSTITUTE FIRST-YEAR MEDICAL STUDENTS LISTEN ATTENTIVELY TO A LECTURE AND TAKE VOLUMINOUS NOTES.

CLASSES

Charles lecture halls are crowded
and there is no room for loafers

Only a genuine passion for knowledge makes classroom life at Charles bearable. With the university's swollen enrollment there are never enough desks, and some students always have to stand (*above*). Many classrooms are still unheated, and because of the shortage of books the stiff-fingered students have to take almost verbatim lecture notes. The courses themselves are stern—there are no "pipes" to provide a soft adjustment to peacetime life for student veterans. To obtain a degree, a student does about 20 hours a week of classwork for four or five years, must pass numerous examinations, some of which for obvious reasons are known as "rigorosa."



LATECOMERS ALWAYS HAVE TO STAND BECAUSE CLASSES ARE OVER-ENROLLED

Tuition at Charles is free, and a majority of the students receive government scholarships which average \$16 to \$30 a month to help pay their living costs. But scholarship students are subject to additional semestral examinations in which they must prove that they are at Charles to study and not to loaf. One barrier to Charles's ever becoming an educational mecca for English-speaking students is the fact that all of the courses are taught in the difficult Czech language. This offers little trouble for the Slavs but a great deal for the Westerners. There are now 31 American students enrolled in the university, most of whom are of Slavic descent.



FAMOUS SURGEON, Arnold Jirásek, uses woman patient to demonstrate the proper technique of operating for jaw abscess to the students at the clinic of surgery.



LECTURE ON KANT by theology faculty professor draws students from seminary as well as members of Franciscan and other religious orders at university.



THE OLD AND THE NEW at Charles University contrast richly in the ornate Clementinum (*above*), which houses the library and is decorated with stat-

ues of the apostles, and Marshal Tito Hall (*below*), the bare hostel in which most of the male Yugoslav Communist students have living accommodations.



CHARLES UNIVERSITY CONTINUED



STUDENTS STUDY CRUCIFIX ON CHARLES BRIDGE

BUILDINGS

They are scattered throughout Prague

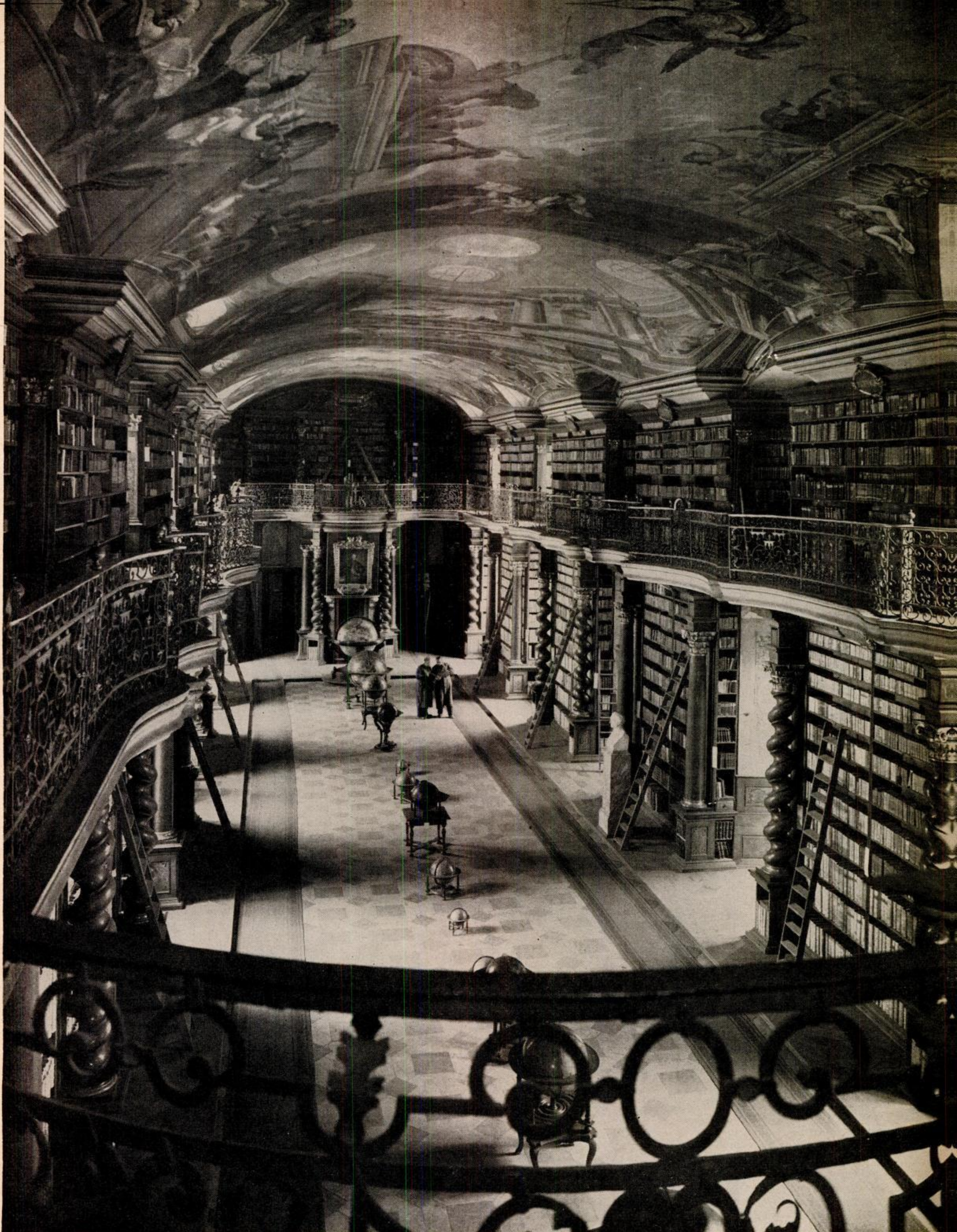
Unlike most U.S. universities, Charles has no campus or yard. Its buildings are scattered all over the city and reflect many styles of architecture and design. Most of the buildings now in use are of relatively modern construction, but students daily cross the Charles Bridge (*above*), which was built in 1357 and is famous for its 30 statues.

One of the real jewels of the university is the Clementinum (*upper left and opposite*), the former Jesuit college which now houses the public and university library of nearly two million volumes. Started in the 17th Century, the Clementinum was 150 years in the building. It is a great treasury of medieval books, illuminated manuscripts and rare documents.

At the opposite extreme are the modern hostels in which most of the students live. Owned by a student association rather than the university, they include the Franklin D. Roosevelt hostel (*below*) and the streamlined Marshal Tito Hall (*lower left*). There is also a hostel named for Czechoslovakia's national hero, Masaryk.



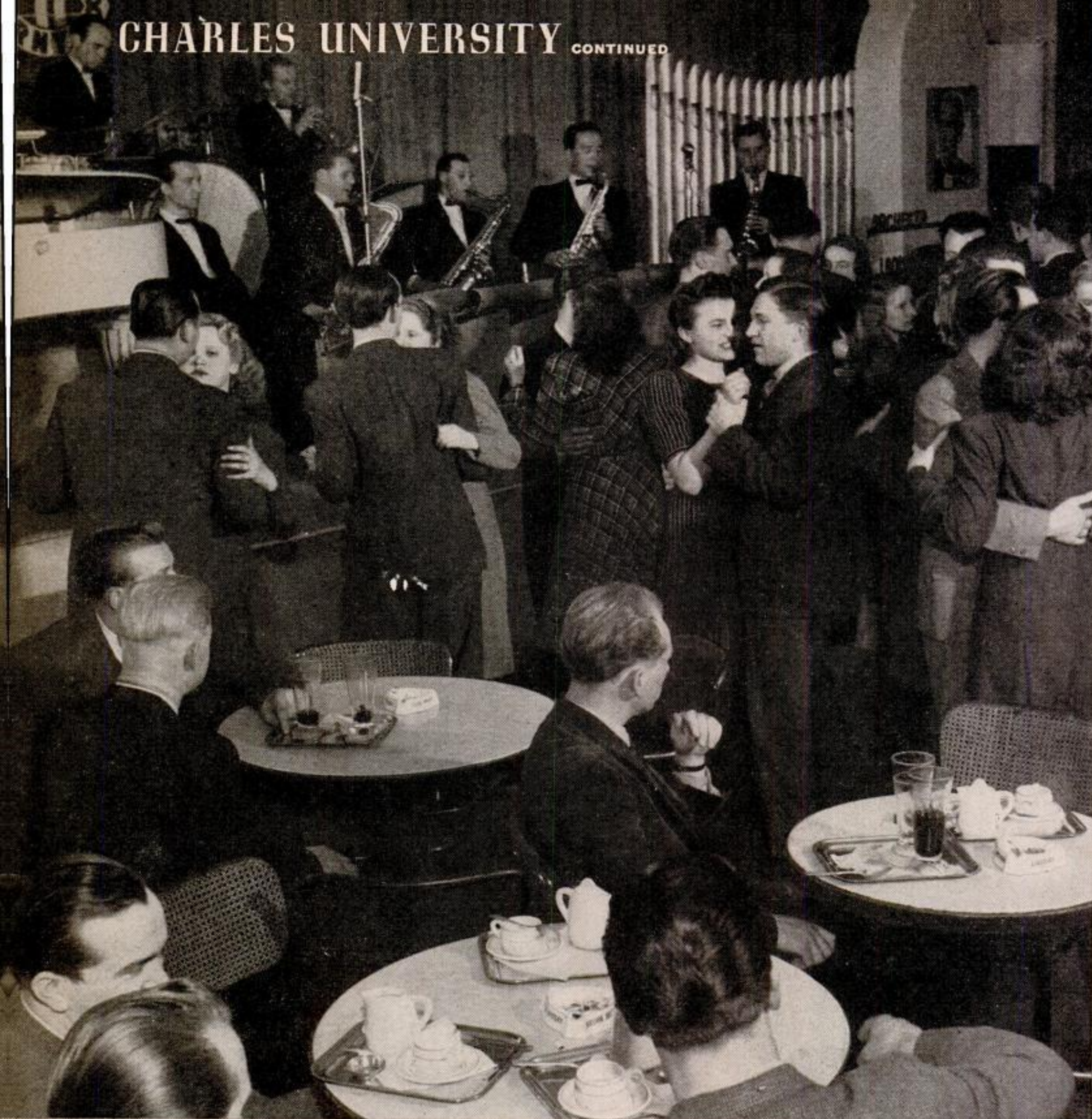
ROOSEVELT HOSTEL was renamed after war by Czech students who idealize late U.S. President.



THE BAROQUE ROOM of the Clementinum, the university's 300-year-old library building, is virtu-

ally unchanged since 1727. Ceiling paintings were done by a Jesuit to represent the ancient, the medi-

eval and the modern world. The many globes provide wide study of early conceptions of geography.



AT COFFEE HOUSE STUDENTS DRINK COFFEE AND LEMONADE AND DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF A SWING BAND



IN HOSTEL CELEBRATION GROUP OF STUDENTS DRAIN

STUDENTS

They relieve the grind
with wine and politics



SACRED PICTURES embellish the walls of seminary where theological students like Bohumil Stvan (*above*) live while attending the university. Stvan, 27, was a Gestapo prisoner and then a slave laborer for the Nazis.



AMERICAN GIRL at Charles is 24-year-old Martha Brodsky, who is seeking a doctor's degree. She has decorated her room in Budec hostel for women with pennant from University of Illinois, where she was graduated.



MARRIED COUPLE living at the Roosevelt hostel are the Vašeks. Jiří, 25, was impressed as a laborer. His 23-year-old Russian bride, Ljubov, escaped from the Nazis and became member of an international partisan band.



THEIR GLASSES IN A TOAST THAT LAUNCHES PARTY



A BULL SESSION IN HOSTEL IS A BABBLE OF STUDENTS OF ALL POLITICAL FAITHS EXPOUNDING THEIR IDEAS

the night through (*above, center*). More than anything else they love to talk, and their "bull sessions" (*above, right*) are provocative, intelligent and seldom about sex.

This does not mean that there is no student romance, but rather that Charles students take it in stride instead of making it a major four-year pursuit. There is no official university supervision of students' private lives, although most of the hostels

have established their own strict rules of conduct. A few house both girls and boys. In some of them married couples attempt to keep house in the tiny rooms.

This absence of formal supervision gives the university a deep moral and political maturity. It helps to provide a tolerant climate in which young men can study for the priesthood (*lower left*) side by side with youths who follow the Red Star (*lower right*).



VOLUNTEER MINERS from Charles student body gave up their weekends to aid Czechoslovakia in winter coal crisis. These youths waiting to go down in mine shaft are former Yugoslav partisans who kept part of uniforms.



MEDICAL STUDENT Jirí Kreibich fondles skeleton's leg while he studies for an anatomy examination in his room at the Masaryk hostel. Kreibich has one of the few rooms at university which are decorated with pin-up girls.



HAMMER AND SICKLE mural with portraits of Red Army soldier and a partisan girl decorates the wall of a room in the Marshal Tito hostel, where two Czech students are deep in a chess game between rounds of studies.



A "JOE COLLEGE" can be found in almost every university, even one like Charles. Twenty-two-year-old Karel Vachek, a student of natural science and a nat-

ural comedian, indulges in a long-hair duet with 24-year-old Jirina Würflova. Harvard pennant is part of collection started by students who admire American ways.

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Matt Greme

The Last Four Days of MUSSOLINI

He swore to fight on, but assumed a disguise to flee. He betrayed his mistress and put his trust in the man who had come to kill him

by LASZLO BUSH-FEKETE

THE car climbed slowly up the mountain road into Mezzegra, about 10 miles north of Como, and we came to a steep, narrow lane. No. 14 Via Ventiquattro Maggio was the Villa Belmonte; it was surrounded by a wall of natural stone topped by a high iron fence. The street was deserted. I stopped the car and we got out. Near the pillar on the left a black cross had been drawn in oil paint on the top edge of the wall. A yard away was another cross like it. Suddenly the front door of the house across the street squeaked, and from the doorway a gnome-like little man emerged. He came over to us and pointed to the cross nearer the gate. "That's where Claretta Petacci was standing—and Mussolini stood over there."

Slowly I walked over to the wall and stood in Mussolini's place. Directly opposite stretched Bellagio's sun-drenched lakeshore hotels. In front of them was the deep-blue harbor. Just then two cars drove up. The first was a jeep with four young men and two girls. The other was a large, black Lancia sedan. A well-dressed, middle-aged couple stepped out of it. The new visitors stared at the crosses. Finally one of the young men spat lustily at the wall. The girls burst out laughing.

"Let's go for a swim," one of them said. And with that they climbed into the jeep and left. The middle-aged lady looked after them sullenly. Then she took the white carnation from her dress and put it on the ledge over Mussolini's black cross. The man with her took the woman by the arm and angrily pushed her into the car. The Lancia started up the narrow street.

"Do you get a lot of people up here?" I asked the gnomelike postcard vendor.

"A lot of them," he answered. "Some of them spit. Some of them bring flowers."

"And of which are there more?" I asked.

"The ones that spit," he replied, grinning.

This was in the summer of 1947. I was return-

ing to my native Hungary for the first time in 11 years. Because two of my old plays were being produced at the time by traveling stock companies in Italy, I went down to Milan to confer with a friend of mine, a newspaperman who adapts my work for the Italian stage. A visit to Como led me to the spot where Mussolini died, and I found myself intrigued by the dramatic end of the dictator who had fancied himself as a latter-day Caesar. The next two weeks I spent in and around Como, reconstructing Mussolini's last four days with the help of my friend. Here is the story I pieced together.

APRIL 25, 1945

The last cabinet meeting of the neo-Fascist republic of Italy took place in Milan, in the dreary old palace of the provincial administration headquarters, or *Prefettura*, there. Mussolini presided. Marshal Graziani, commander in chief of the neo-Fascist army, spoke first: "As a consequence of the rapid advance of the Allied forces," he said, "the partisan uprising in Milan may be expected to break out any hour." Mussolini had been afraid of this for days. That very morning he had sent an emissary to Cardinal Schuster, Archbishop of Milan, asking his aid as an intermediary. In order to avoid bloodshed Cardinal Schuster had agreed to intervene. He had invited Mussolini to his palace at 5 o'clock in the afternoon to meet General Cadorna, the leader of the pro-Allied partisan forces.

Mussolini had protested noisily, "I refuse to confer with rebels. I see through their schemes. They want to keep me in Milan and arrest me. We won't play another game of July 25 [when he was first arrested in Rome]! We're going to fight to our last breath!"

After Graziani, Zerbini, minister of the interior, presented a letter from Pavolini, national secretary of the neo-Fascist party, who suggested

that the blackshirt "army" withdraw northward to Valtellina for a heroic last stand.

"Where are the Americans?" Mussolini asked.

"Still about 50 miles away," the minister answered.

That was bad news for Mussolini. He would have liked to fall into the hands of the Americans. He figured that the Americans would save him—from his own Italian people. "We'll retreat to Germany!" he shouted. "And we shall join the forces of the Reich."

He gave orders to withdraw another billion lire from the Banca d'Italia to cover the expenses of the retreat. One of the ministers asked him what his plans were for his family.

"I have no family," he said, thrusting his square jaw forward. "I live for history. I cannot be bothered with anything but my destiny."

At that moment one of his secretaries entered and whispered something in his ear. Mussolini jumped up instantly and rushed out of the room. Waiting for him downstairs was his son Vittorio, who had just returned from Switzerland.

"Well, what happened?" Mussolini asked hoarsely.

"Did you speak with *him*?" (The "him" was Mr. Donald Jones at the U.S. consulate in Lugano.) Vittorio nodded.

"In person?"

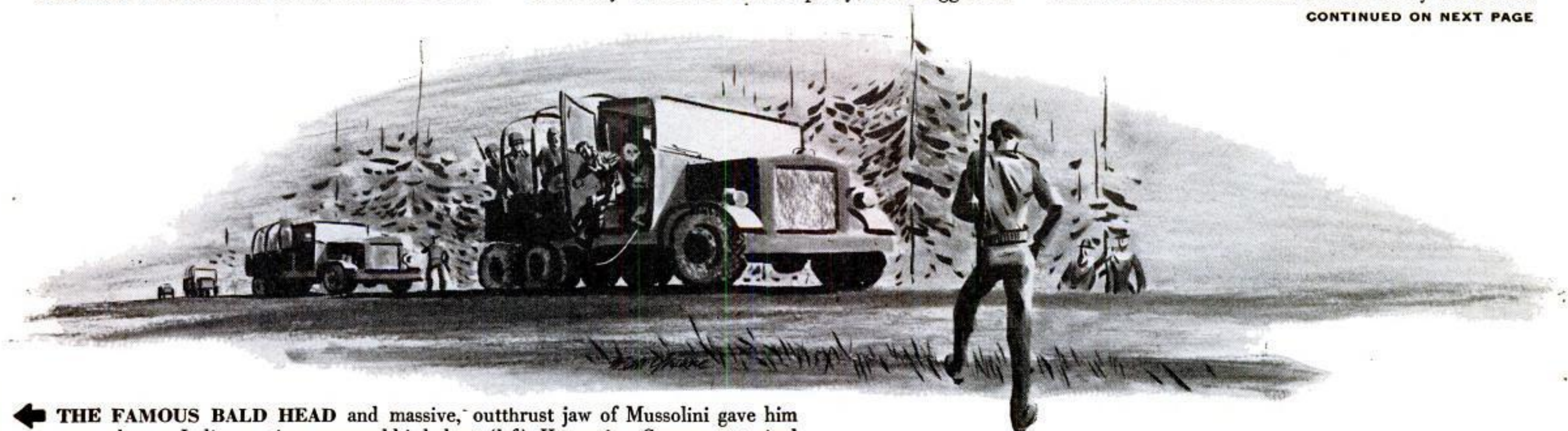
"Through the antique dealer, where I was hiding in Lugano."

"And?"

Vittorio's answer was simply a negative shake of the head. The American refused to guarantee Mussolini's life if he succeeded in escaping across the border and gave himself up at the U.S. consulate at Lugano.

Mussolini mumbled, thinking aloud, "I must try to reach Switzerland. The Swiss will not throw me back from their border! They will arrest

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



← THE FAMOUS BALD HEAD and massive, outthrust jaw of Mussolini gave him away when an Italian partisan removed his helmet (left). He was in a German motorized column (above) headed for Austria. He had disguised himself as a Luftwaffe corporal.

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MUSSOLINI CONTINUED

me and decide my fate later. I must gain time. That's the most important thing now: to gain time."

Vittorio's silence infuriated Mussolini. "I'm going to Lausanne!" shouted the Duce. "They won't kick me out—me, whom they unanimously elected honorary citizen of the town. *I'm going to prove, with Hitler's letters, that I saved Switzerland from invasion.*" His agitation increased. "Where's my portfolio?" And he rushed up the stairs to the conference room, where he had left his briefcase.

At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mussolini changed his mind and decided to confer with the "rebels" after all. Those present at the meeting in the Archbishop's palace were Cardinal Schuster, Mussolini, Zerbini, Graziani and two men representing the Committee of National Liberation. The two partisans gave Mussolini to understand that there was but one road open for him and for the remaining blackshirt "army": unconditional surrender to the Committee of National Liberation.

Mussolini asked for an hour to decide. After they left the palace he turned to Graziani. "I don't mind leaving Milan. It was always my enemy. Never my friend." Those were the first words that indicated to his staff that he was planning to flee.

As soon as they got back to the Milan *Prefettura*, Mussolini rushed upstairs and began to pack feverishly. In addition to the one billion lire, he took with him a great deal of foreign currency, diamonds, jewelry and 40 kilograms of gold. Shortly thereafter he came down to the courtyard with a steel helmet on his head and informed the troop commander that they were going to Como.

"It will be here even after I'm gone"

IT was already getting dark. As the column of 35 trucks and two cars sped along the *autostrade* toward Como, the clatter of machine guns and the thunder of bombs could be heard from the distance. The partisan uprising in Milan had begun. Mussolini looked through the rear window at the ribbon of the *autostrade* stretching behind him. "No one can ever deny I built that!" he growled. "It will be here even after I'm gone."

It was about 9 o'clock in the evening when, in a pouring rain, the column pulled in before the *Prefettura* in Como. Mussolini's arrival created a great turmoil. The prefect was away, but his wife ordered supper and wine to be brought over from a nearby restaurant, the Barchetta.

At 11 o'clock at night a report came that Pavolini, in his armored car, was on his way toward Como at the head of a regiment of 1,500 Blackshirts. Mussolini, who had been morosely silent until now, instantly stood up, struck a heroic pose and delivered a 30-minute harangue, vowing that he would fight in the mountains until his dying breath. (According to some of the eyewitnesses, the speech tired him to such an extent that afterward he moved off into a corner and gave himself a shot of morphine.)

At midnight Mussolini went over to the Villa Mantero to sleep. His wife, Donna Rachele, and her two youngest children, Romano and Anna Maria, had been living there for weeks. Romano showed his father his diary, which he kept in a school notebook. The first sentence in the diary (it was later found in the Villa Mantero, where the boy left it) is as follows: "To be the son of a famous man has its advantages, but sometimes it causes you a lot of trouble."

APRIL 26

Graziani saw Mussolini for the last time in the courtyard of the Como *Prefettura* at 5 o'clock in the morning. The Duce climbed into his car, tired and groaning.

"Where is Your Excellency going?" the marshal asked.

"To Menaggio," Mussolini replied. "I'm meeting Pavolini there." He asked Graziani if he had had any direct word from the Führer. The marshal shook his head.

"Between the two of us," said Mussolini, "the one who dies the more beautiful death will be the greater man in the eyes of history." He was acting even then, concealing from his own commander in chief his plan to flee to Switzerland.

Mussolini arrived at Menaggio at 8 in the morning and was driven to the Villa Castelli, the residence of the town's chief Blackshirt, Emilio Castelli. There was no word from Pavolini, so the Duce retired.

At 9 o'clock a huge Hispano, the morning breeze playing gaily with the Spanish flag on its radiator, arrived in Menaggio. Mussolini's officers immediately recognized Claretta Petacci, the Duce's mistress, sitting in the car with her brother Marcello. Marcello had a fake Spanish diplomatic passport.

One of the officers at once announced Claretta's arrival to the Duce. Mussolini was not pleased. "So she didn't fly to Spain after all?" he asked, irritated. "I sent her my private plane so she could escape."

Mussolini then inquired about Pavolini and his 1,500 men. When

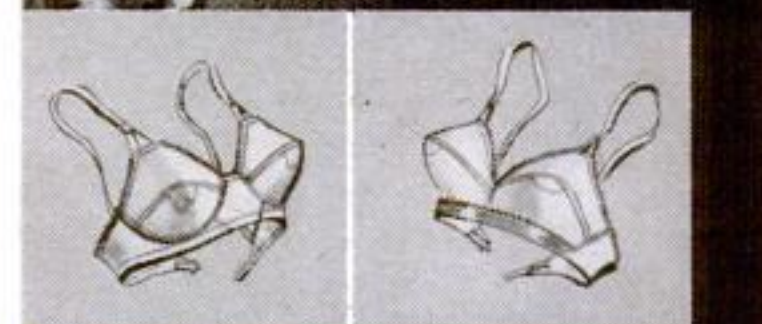
CONTINUED ON PAGE 97



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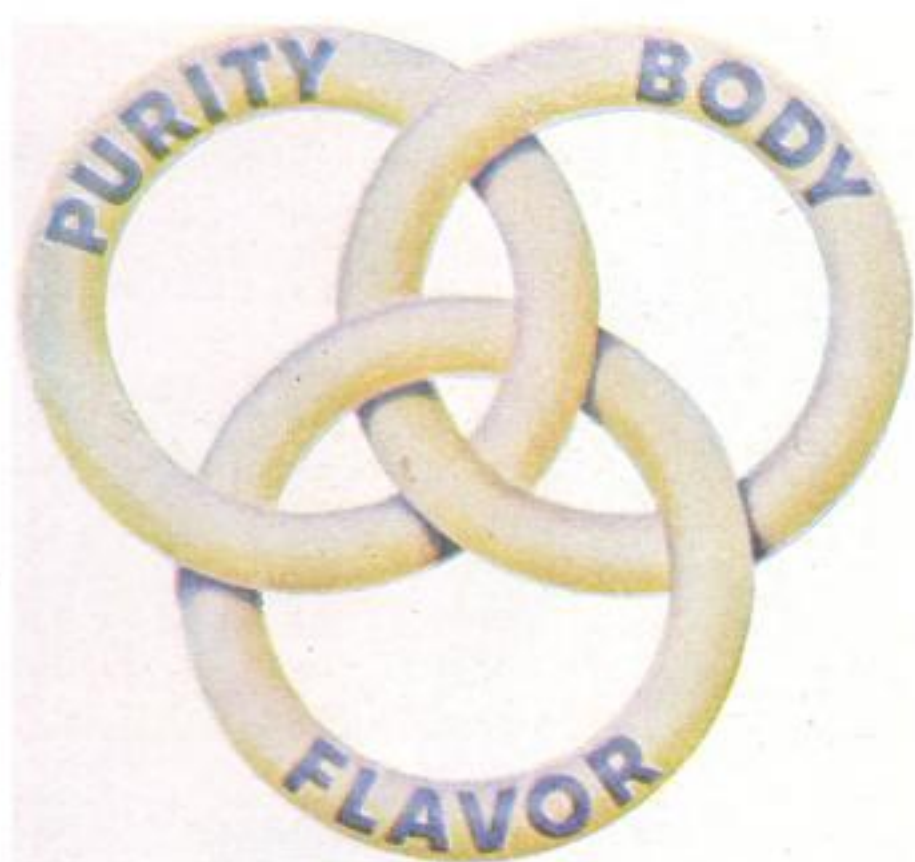
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MUSSOLINI CONTINUED

he heard that there was no news from them, he sent word down to Claretta to get into one of his cars and ordered that car and two others to be driven to the rear entrance of the villa. He put his most trusted henchmen in the first car, Claretta in the second. The third car was for himself. When he came down the back stairs of the villa he did not even greet Claretta. Without looking at her he climbed into his Alfa-Romeo and gave the order to start.

They drove along the road toward Switzerland. At Grandola, Mussolini ordered Emilio Castelli and several of his officers to drive ahead toward the Swiss border to reconnoiter. The Duce, his retinue and Claretta remained behind in Grandola. Outside the village the patrol car was stopped by partisans. Castelli was instantly recognized and arrested, but one of the officers managed to escape and walked back to Grandola.

During all that time Mussolini sat in his car smoking cigarets. He ignored Claretta. When he learned that the path of escape to Switzerland had been cut by the partisans, the Duce immediately returned to Menaggio. He sent word to Claretta that she was to rejoin her brother, and drove to the Villa Castelli.

At last Pavolini arrived in Menaggio. Once more the hope of escape flashed before Mussolini. "Did you come in an armored car?" he asked eagerly. Pavolini nodded.

"How many men do you have?" When Pavolini hesitated, Mussolini continued excitedly, "Fifteen hundred? A thousand?"

"Twelve," said the national secretary of the neo-Fascist party quietly. "The rats are leaving the sinking ship."

In the afternoon word came that a German panzer division was approaching. Actually it was no more than a motorized company of 160 men in 30 trucks. But even this seemed like a great army to Mussolini now. The Germans were retreating toward Austria. Mussolini asked to speak to their commander, who eventually—though unenthusiastically—agreed to have Mussolini's entourage, which by this time had shrunk to 15 cars, join them on the following morning. After this Mussolini withdrew and spent the night at the Villa Castelli.

APRIL 27

The Germans, with Mussolini's small column of cars, left Menaggio after 5 in the morning and started toward Musso. A scout on a motor bike armed with a machine gun rode ahead of the column. Behind him rumbled Pavolini's armored car, then the 30 German trucks and finally the cars of the Italians.

When they reached the outskirts of the village they were stopped by a partisan road block. Guerrillas opened fire on the column from the houses above the road. The Nazis replied with machine guns, and Pavolini's armored car joined in the shooting. The Nazi colonel, however, had not much martial spirit left. Soon he sent peace emissaries to the partisan commander, a certain "Pedro" (whose real name happened to be Count Pierluigi Bellini della Stella). By one o'clock in the afternoon an agreement was reached. The Germans, unarmed, could proceed to the Austrian border; the Italian Fascists, however, were to be left in Pedro's hands.

The lengthy negotiations were extremely trying to Mussolini's nerves. He cowered in his car at the end of the column. When Pavolini brought him news of the agreement they decided that Mussolini would change into a German uniform. He left his Alfa-Romeo and got into the armored car. There he put on the overcoat of a German air-force corporal, shoved a German steel helmet on his head and stuck a pair of sunglasses on his nose. Before he was quite finished changing Pavolini came into the armored car with Claretta. Somewhere he had managed to get a pair of American overalls, which he gave to her.

Mussolini modestly turned his back while Claretta undressed down to her black silk panties and brassiere, but Pavolini watched her don the overalls. She finished by rolling her hair into a bun, covering it with a machinist's cap.

Mussolini remained in the armored car for the time being, while



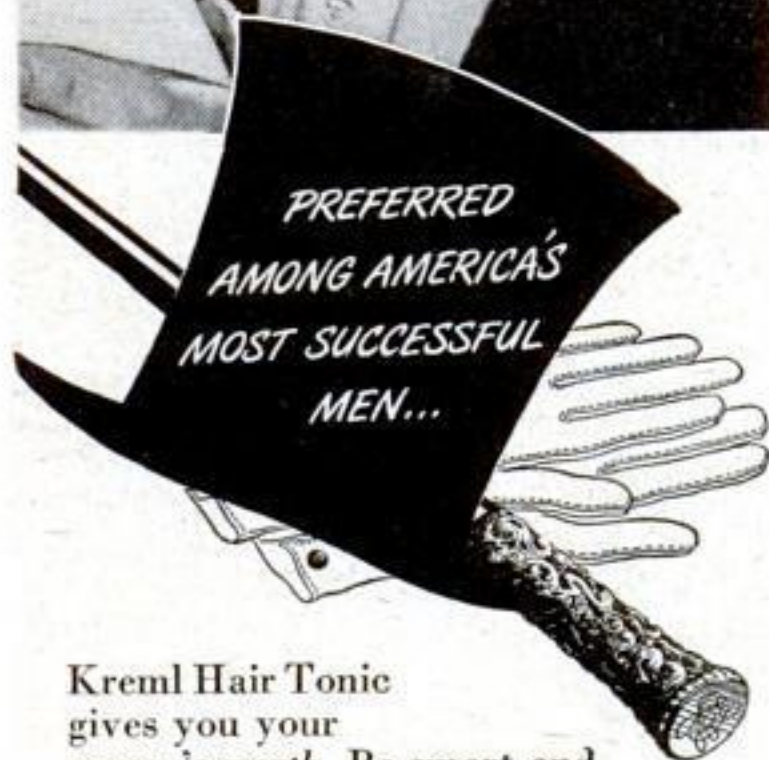
FLEEING FROM MILAN through Como, Duce hoped to cross Swiss line. Finding the way blocked he headed for Austria. He was caught at Musso, taken to Dongo, then to Germasino, then to Mezzegra (x), where he was killed.

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MUSSOLINI CONTINUED

Claretta got into the car of Colonel Casalnuovo, one of Mussolini's personal secretaries. She could not bring herself to part with her wardrobe, so the two-wheeled trailer with its tarpaulin-covered trunks full of dresses, underwear and furs was attached to the colonel's car. Claretta sat up front beside the colonel, who was at the wheel. In her overalled lap she held an alligator bag containing her jewels and 30,000 Swiss francs.

Meanwhile the partisans had discovered that the armored car was Italian. While Pavolini kept them engaged in a debate Mussolini slipped out the back door of the car. Not one of the guerrillas recognized him, although they stood scarcely 10 steps away. The Duce walked past a few German trucks and finally heaved himself into one. He was carrying a Tommy gun and a large briefcase in his hands.

Not for a moment did Claretta take her eyes off Mussolini. Seeing that he had disappeared inside a German truck, she ran over to the truck and tried to climb into it. The soldiers brutally shoved her back onto the road.

"... A big fish in the net"

PAVOLINI finally tired of arguing with the partisans and decided to make a break. He ordered his driver to turn the armored car around, but it crashed through a stone fence on the lakeshore side of the road and stalled. Wild firing broke out. A hand grenade exploded on the hood of the car. Then a woman's hand appeared in the window, waving a white handkerchief; it was the hand of Pavolini's secretary. The Fascists—with the exception of Pavolini and one other—surrendered. These two leaped from the rear door and rushed down the bank toward the lake. The partisans fired at them with their buckshot-loaded rifles as they leaped from rock to rock, and Pavolini was hit. Bleeding from wounds on his face, hands and arms, he slid into the lake and began to swim. The partisans had to go out in a rowboat to capture him.

Finally the column began to move. Claretta was standing there in her overalls, holding her alligator bag full of jewels, helpless and miserable, when her brother's car with the Spanish flag reached the spot. Marcello took her into the Hispano and obscenely berated her for the masquerade. She was ordered to change back into a "lady" at once, for—he assured her—"under the protection of the Spanish flag" no harm would come to her.

During all this Pedro had dragged the trembling Fascist bigwigs out of their cars and was marching them into a nearby town, called Dongo. The German trucks were also ordered to Dongo for inspection, and the column arrived at the small town at 2:15 in the afternoon.

The first man to jump on the truck where Mussolini was hiding happened to be a partisan named Negri, a former sailor. Another partisan, Francesco di Paoli, kept an eye on the truck from the road. Negri asked whether there were any Italians in the car. "No," came the answer. A fat German corporal was asleep in the cab of the truck. He wore a steel helmet on his head, a pair of sunglasses on his nose; the collar of his overcoat was turned up and covered him to the ears. And he was snoring. Snoring noisily, insistently and without letup. Negri motioned toward the sleeper.

"Tedesco... Briaco..." ("German... Drunk...") one of the Germans explained in halting Italian. Negri turned the corporal's collar down, took the helmet off the bald head and looked into the face. He was aghast, realizing that the still loudly snoring "German" was Mussolini. There was no doubt about it. Negri had seen the Duce in person several times during fleet inspections. The ex-sailor maintained his presence of mind. He grinned, put the helmet back on the bald head and jumped off the truck. He motioned for Di Paoli to come over.

"Be careful. There's a big fish in the net," he whispered. They located one of Pedro's lieutenants called "Bill," who immediately called three more armed partisans: Battista Piralli, a drayman; Vincenzo Mottarella, an engineer, and Carlo Ortelli, a grocer. The six of them went back to the truck. Mottarella jumped on the running board and shook the still snoring German corporal.

"Tedesco o italiano?" ("German or Italian?") he asked.

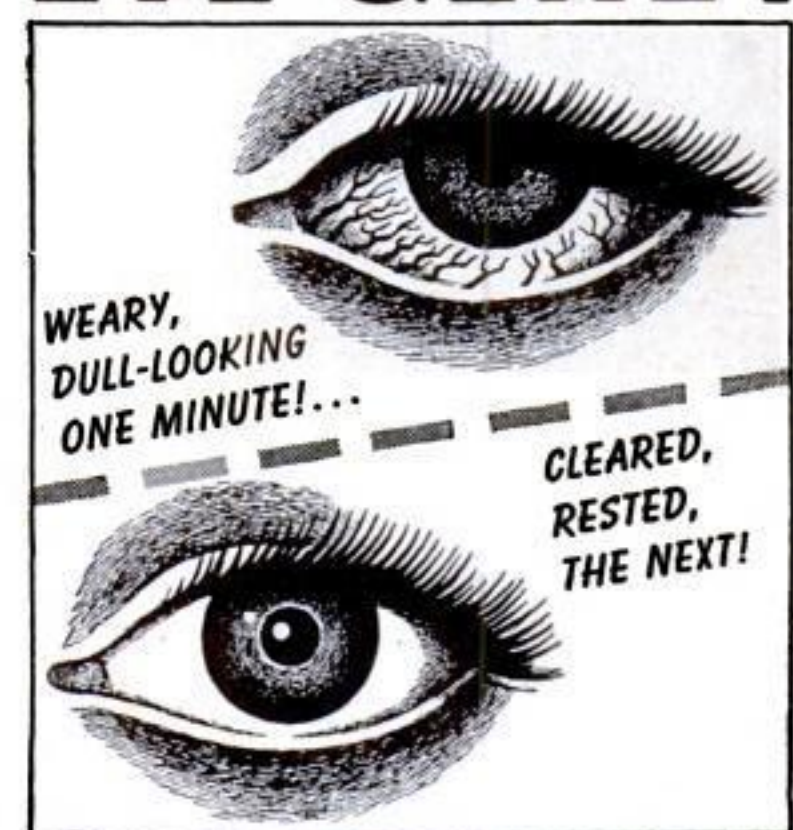
Mussolini did not answer. He sat with his head bowed, clutching the gun between his knees, his chin resting on the gun barrel. At long last he spoke: "Italiano."

By this time the truck was surrounded by a sizable crowd. And the Duce's name began to appear on their lips: "Mussolini... Mussolini..."

The time had come for Mussolini to pay for his boundless vanity, for the photographs, the drawings, the placards, the paintings, the statues of himself with which he had inundated Italy for more than two decades. His "stubborn, square chin," his "prominent cheekbones" gave him away instantly.

Bill took Mussolini's gun. "Do you have any other weapons?" he

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ON THE "AUTOSTRADA" Mussolini set out for his last journey. Looking back at the superhighway, he growled, "No one can ever deny I built that."

MUSSOLINI CONTINUED

asked. The Duce opened his coat, revealing an automatic. Bill took that from him too. Under the coat Mussolini wore a black shirt, riding breeches and boots.

They ordered him down, and Mussolini started to obey but hesitated to make the jump from the cab of the truck. Two men grabbed him and lifted him down. A half-dozen armed partisans marching behind him, he was led to the City Hall. A noisy crowd followed. "Don't worry," Bill reassured Mussolini as they walked along, "no one will harm a hair on your head here." Then Bill's face broke into a smile as he looked at the famous bald head of his captive.

When they got to the City Hall there was a table laid for the partisans' supper in a room of the first floor. They offered Mussolini food in a tin cup. He refused it. "I would like a glass of water," he said. Someone brought it to him and he drank it all, thirstily.

In the hours that followed Mussolini sat hunched and motionless on a chair in the meeting room of the City Hall. He did not know that two doors away, in a smaller office, a woman was kept under guard. The prisoner, lying on a sack of straw on the floor, was Claretta Petacci. When she was taken from the Spanish "diplomatic" car, neither Claretta nor Marcello revealed her identity.

"My dear boy, that's the way life is"

ON learning that Mussolini was a prisoner there, people kept coming in and out of the City Hall. Two armed partisans stood at either side of the Duce's chair, but he was not guarded with particular care during these dramatic hours. At 6 o'clock in the evening Pedro decided to take Mussolini from Dongo to a safer place. He chose the headquarters of the border patrol at Germasino, a little mountain town.

Mussolini was taken to Germasino in a closed car, guarded by Pedro and a customs guard. "So you've let them capture you for the second time," the guard said with contempt.

Mussolini made a tired gesture. "My dear boy," he said in a fatherly tone, "that's the way life is. One minute your head is up among the stars, the next minute it's down in the dust."

When Pedro handed his prisoner over to the commander of the Germasino border patrol, Mussolini suddenly turned to him: "Could I ask you a favor?"

"That depends on what it is," Pedro replied.

"Give my regards to a lady who was in our column and who's probably worried about me."

"Who is she?"

"I'd rather not say."

"Then how do you expect me to give her your message?"

Mussolini thought for a while before speaking. "E la Signorina Petacci." As he pronounced the name the Duce, with a theatrical sigh, turned his head away. Perhaps he was ashamed that he had given his mistress away. Why did he do it? Wasn't he afraid that he would thereby cut Claretta's road to escape? Or did he do it deliberately for this reason? So his mistress could not belong to anyone else? Or did he want them to be together? Was his motive love or selfishness?

Pedro got into a car at once and sped back to Dongo, a 15-minute drive over the winding roads.

After Pedro left, Mussolini asked for something to eat. They served

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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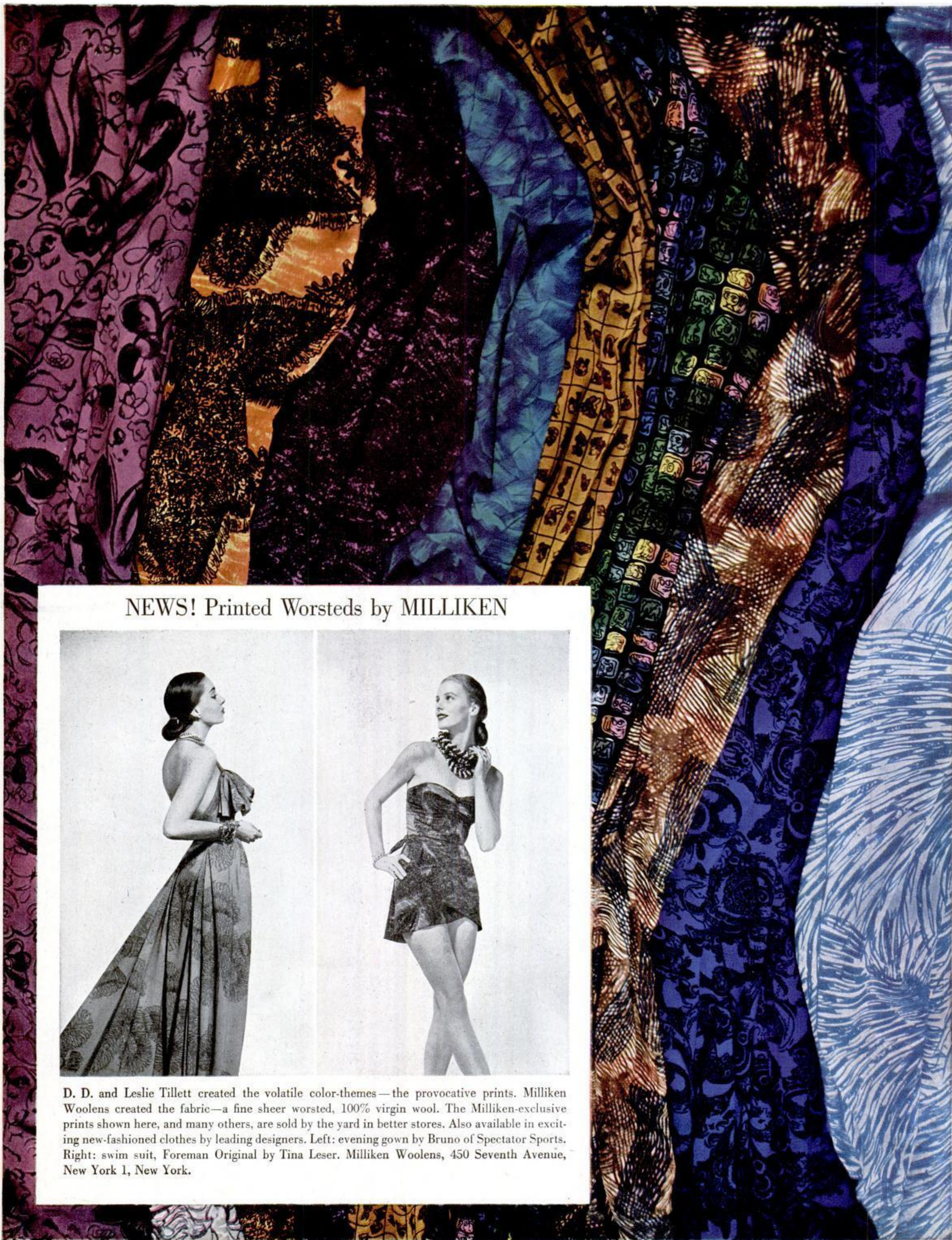
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BY CANDLELIGHT Mussolini's mistress (right) was escorted to the out-house behind peasant dwelling where she and the Duce spent their last night.

MUSSOLINI CONTINUED

him roast mutton, scrambled eggs and red wine. He ate and drank with relish and talked at great length with his guards about the Russians and the Americans, denouncing the former and praising the latter. He still had not given up hope that the Americans would manage, by some means, to come to his help.

"Mussolini sends his regards"

AT about 11 o'clock he became nervous. He asked for and was given a cup of tea. When he finished it he was taken upstairs to a cell. The wooden slab was removed from the cell and replaced by a regular army cot. He went to bed. When the clock in the village tower struck midnight, one of his guards looked through the peephole. Mussolini was tossing sleeplessly on the cot.

APRIL 28

It was the middle of the night when Pedro located Claretta Petacci in the City Hall in Dongo. The girl was stretched out on the floor, fully dressed.

"Mussolini sends his regards—" Pedro began. Claretta sat up on the mattress and stared at the young man in khaki.

"You must be mistaken," she said calmly. "I don't know Mussolini."

"You can stop acting," Pedro said quietly. "Mussolini spoke to me about you. He sent me here."

The blood rushed into Claretta's face. She stood up but still held herself in check. It was Pedro who broke the silence again.

"So you don't know Mussolini?" he asked.

"I do know Mussolini," she said then. "I met him when I joined the German column at Menaggio. We spoke a few words. That was all."

Pedro looked her in the eyes. "You're Claretta Petacci," he said flatly. "Mussolini himself told me who you were."

At this Claretta finally gave up. "Oh... where is he? What did they do to him? Did they hurt him?"

"No one harmed him. He's safe. At any rate for the time being."

"Thank heaven!" The words burst from Claretta with such evident joy that Pedro asked, "Do you love him that much?"

"I love him very much," she whispered.

"I see," Pedro said. "In the eyes of a lover, pockmarks are dimples."

Claretta looked at her visitor searchingly. "Who are you?"

"My name is Pedro," he answered.

"Friend?"

"Enemy."

She turned her face. "I see. You all hate me. You all think I went to him for money, for power. A lot of power I had! Have you ever seen me beside him in a public place?" She lowered her voice. "I met him many years ago. It happened. It couldn't be helped. Since then I've belonged to him. . . . I never cared about politics. . . . I don't have the faintest idea what politics are!"

Pedro sneered. "Certainly. You've never mixed in politics, you've done nothing wrong, so I should let you go. After all, there's really no reason for keeping an innocent woman in jail."

"You're going to do what I ask," Claretta said quietly.

"I wouldn't count on it, signorina."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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"I'm not asking you to let me go. I want you to lock me up. With him!"

"With Mussolini?"

Claretta nodded. "Yes. And I want you to treat me just as you treat him. If you kill him, kill me too. Without him, my life doesn't mean anything anyhow." She began to cry.

Pedro was prepared for anything except this. Confused, he said he would have to think it over and hurried out of the room.

It was decided then to move Mussolini again, and Pedro drove back to Germasino to pick him up. At 3 o'clock in the morning he stepped into Mussolini's cell and woke him. "We're going to take you to another place," Pedro said.

"I knew it in advance," said Mussolini.

Pedro burst out laughing. "You always knew everything in advance. All your life you've been a confirmed prophet. That's why you've ended up here." Then he picked up Mussolini's briefcase. The Duce reached out for it.

"If you're going to take this portfolio," he said, "an inventory should be taken of all its contents. Those are documents of historical significance."

Pedro dumped the contents of the briefcase on the cot. A stack of gold coins rolled out with the papers. The documents were in individual envelopes, each identified in Mussolini's handwriting: "Hitler," "Churchill," "Chamberlain," "Umberto di Savoia," "Edda." A snapshot fell out of one of the compartments. It was a group photograph of some young flying officers. Among them was Bruno, Mussolini's son, who had been killed in action. The Duce asked to keep the picture. Pedro nodded. Mussolini looked at it for a time, then put it in his pocket.

Pedro drove Mussolini back to Dongo. After some 10 minutes of silence in the car, he began to speak. "You will have a companion during your imprisonment." Mussolini looked up. "Claretta Petacci," the captain explained.

Mussolini kept quiet. The news did not appear to have any effect on him.

"My chin is too popular in Italy"

BACK in Dongo a small group of partisans was waiting for them at the City Hall. One of them proceeded to bandage Mussolini's head so thoroughly that the Duce was completely unrecognizable.

"If the crowds recognized you along the way," Pedro said to Mussolini, "they would lynch you."

"Or perhaps," the Duce shot back at him, "they would rescue me."

Pedro did not consider this worthy of reply. He went on coldly, "If anything should happen, you're to pretend to be a wounded partisan. Gianna [one of the partisan women] will act as your nurse." And with that he went out to fetch Claretta.

The meeting between Mussolini and Claretta was simple. She greeted him first. "Buona sera, Eccellenza."

"Oh, you're here, too, madame?" the Duce turned to her.

"It's Signorina Petacci's wish to share your fate," Pedro interjected.

"Why are you bandaged?" Claretta asked.

"Nothing. It's just that my chin is too popular in Italy," said the Duce, essaying a smile.

It was pouring rain when they started out for Brunate. Mussolini was wrapped in a military blanket. Claretta was wearing a stone-marten coat and carrying her alligator bag. Gianna, the "nurse," sat beside Mussolini. She held a pistol in her hand, its safety catch off. Her orders from Pedro were to shoot to kill in case anyone made an attempt to rescue the Duce. When they arrived at Moltrasio in the middle of the night, they saw Como before them, brilliantly lighted, celebrating the arrival of the Americans. Pedro stopped the cars and discussed the situation with his comrades. Under no circumstances were the partisans willing to give up Mussolini, not even to the Americans. Captain Neri, one of the partisan officers in the group, suggested they turn toward the small village of Mezzegra. There, at the house of Giacomo di Maria, Captain Neri had often found refuge in the dark months before the liberation.

The rain was beating down hard as the two cars made slow headway up the narrow mountain road. They stopped in front of a two-storied house and Neri called out, "Lia . . . Lia . . ."

In a little while a window opened and a woman appeared in it. Lia di Maria opened the door to let them in. Her husband and her two sons came in from the barn, and Neri told them he had brought two prisoners whom he wanted to keep there until morning. "A German couple," Pedro added quickly.

Lia put some faggots on the hearth, started a fire and made "coffee," which was, of course, roast malt. When Mussolini tasted it he turned away in disgust.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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"It's the Germans we have to thank for this coffee, too," Lia said darkly.

"Is he hurt bad?" asked the peasant, nodding toward the bandaged Mussolini.

"Pretty bad," said Pedro. The family had no idea that it was Mussolini who was sitting in front of their fire. Pedro asked Lia to prepare a bedroom upstairs and give the couple fresh linen. After leaving two men behind to guard the prisoners, he and the others left.

The bedroom upstairs opened off a hallway. There was no knob on the door and it could only be closed by means of a chain—from the outside. It was in this room in the house of the Di Marias that Mussolini spent his last 11 hours.

Before the "German couple" retired, Claretta took Lia aside and asked her where she could find the toilet. Lia was somewhat embarrassed. "We have only an outhouse," she said.

Claretta went down into the yard with Lia and one of the guards, who carried his rifle in his hand. In the homes of Italian peasants the outhouse is scarcely the cleanest of places and this one was no exception. Perhaps at this moment Claretta remembered her villa Camil-luccia on the Monte Mario in Rome and the luxurious bathrooms Mussolini had installed for her there. Here it was pitch dark. Finally Claretta opened the door a crack and timidly asked Lia for the candle which had lighted their way from the house and for "a little water."

Lia brought a basin of water, soap and a towel from the house and Claretta washed in the outhouse. Then the guard took her back upstairs. When the bedroom door was closed after her, the guards hooked the chain back in place and sat down on the floor in the hall, guns clutched between their knees. Soon the guards dozed off, but they were awakened almost at once by the sound of chains rattling. They entered the room immediately and found Mussolini standing beside one of the windows, fumbling with the safety chain on the wooden shutters. Claretta was already in bed and had pulled the sheet over her head. When one of the guards warned Mussolini against attempting to escape, she uncovered her face and said, "We just wanted to ask for another pillow. He's used to sleeping on two pillows."

After another pillow was brought by Lia the guards returned to the hall and replaced the chain on the bedroom door.

"Can you forgive me?"

THE light in the room went out shortly. Mussolini and Claretta whispered for a while in the dark. Occasional disconnected phrases reached the guards' ears through the crack of the door. "Tutto e inutile" (It's no use)... "Puoi perdonarmi?" (Can you forgive me?)... And again and again, like a recurrent refrain: "Tutto e inutile..."

The two lovers slept until 11 o'clock in the morning.

At that time Pedro was at the City Hall in Dongo, talking with Colonel Valerio, a partisan officer who had just arrived from Milan and said he had orders to take the prisoner Mussolini there.

Pedro knew the colonel by sight. He knew that his real name was Walter Audisio, that he was an anti-Fascist of long standing, one of the local organizers of the Communist party and, since 1945, aide to Luigi Longo, the commander of the Communist partisan forces in northern Italy. Pedro was not a Communist, and at first he received Valerio without much confidence. Later they were joined by Captain Neri, who had known Colonel Valerio long and intimately and who completely dispelled Pedro's suspicions. Thereupon Colonel Valerio ordered Pedro to Germasino to fetch the Fascist bigwigs who were still there. Then, taking Neri and two other men with him, Valerio sped off in the direction of Mezzegra.

The Duce had dressed and asked his guards for breakfast. They called Giacomo di Maria and for the first time the old peasant saw the Duce without his bandages. Feverishly he rushed down to tell his wife of his discovery. Lia ran up the stairs. Flustered, she apologized to her guests, for she was only prepared to give them a modest meal. Claretta asked for polenta (corn meal) and a glass of milk. Mussolini ordered sausage, bread and water. There was no table in the room. Di Maria covered a chest with a white tablecloth and on that they were served breakfast.

Time passed slowly. The guards started a conversation with their prisoners. Claretta was closemouthed, but Mussolini talked freely and with relish. He was chiefly interested in the Americans. When his guards assured him that the Americans were in Como he worked himself into quite a cheerful state of mind. "I'm going to prove with Hitler's letters that I always remained a friend of the United States," he insisted. He kept cursing the Germans, wildly and furiously. "It was entirely by accident that I got mixed up with those Germans," he said. "We wanted to go to Switzerland and the Germans, instead of fighting, simply gave themselves up."

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Colonel Valerio arrived in the village.

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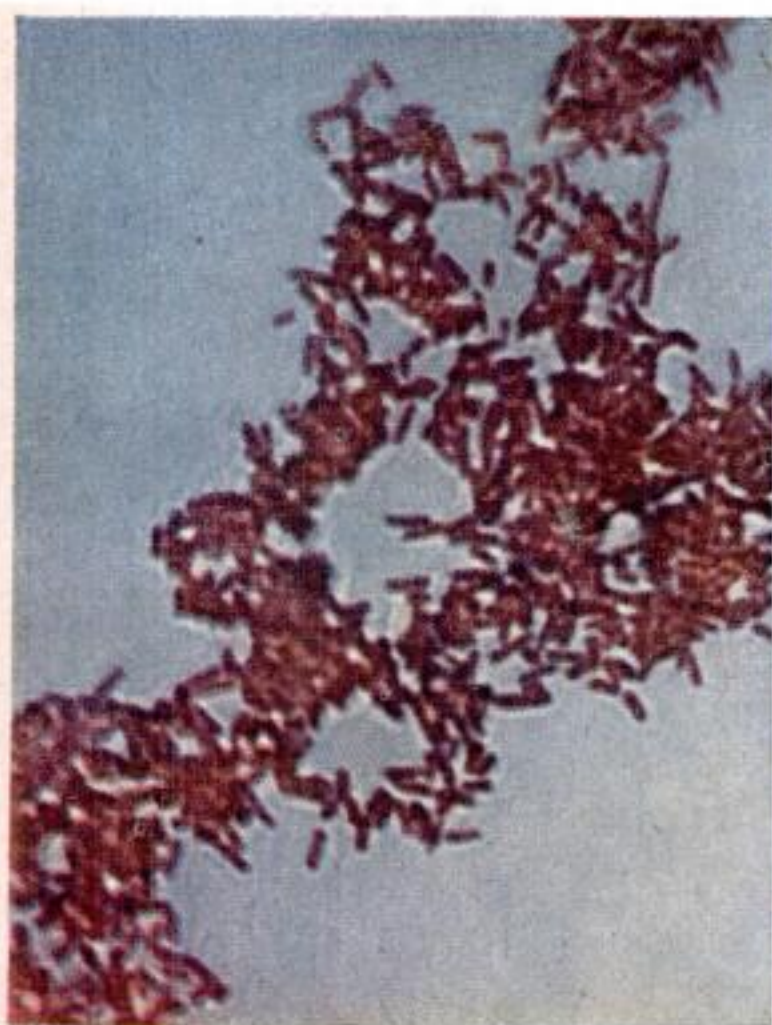
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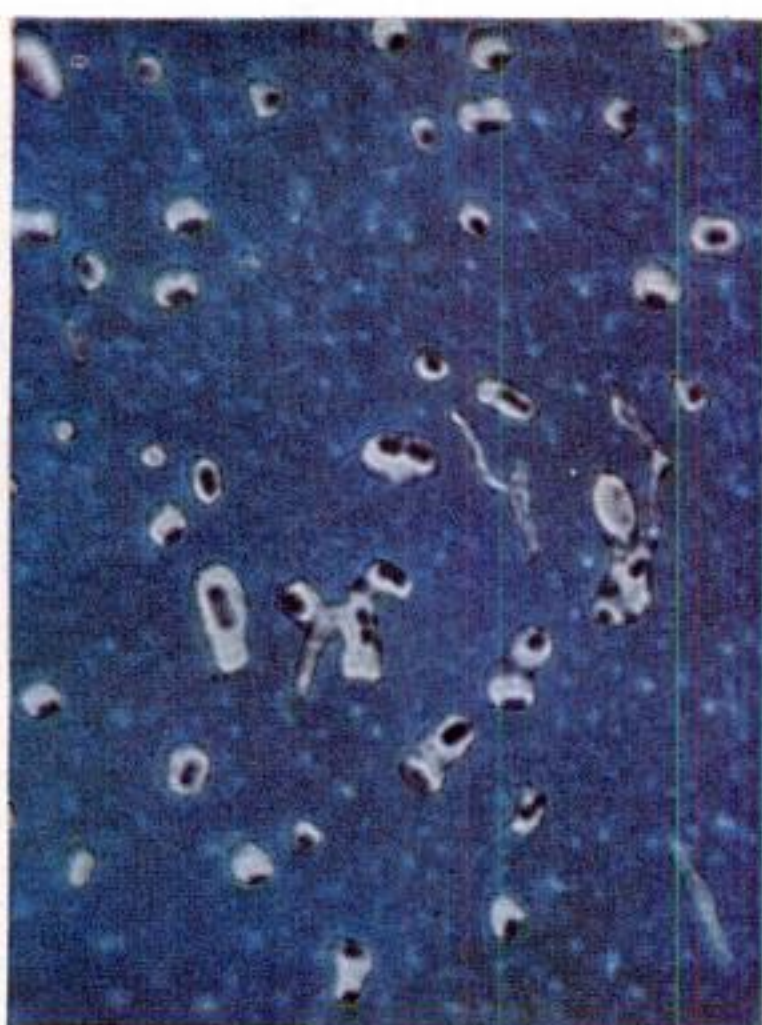
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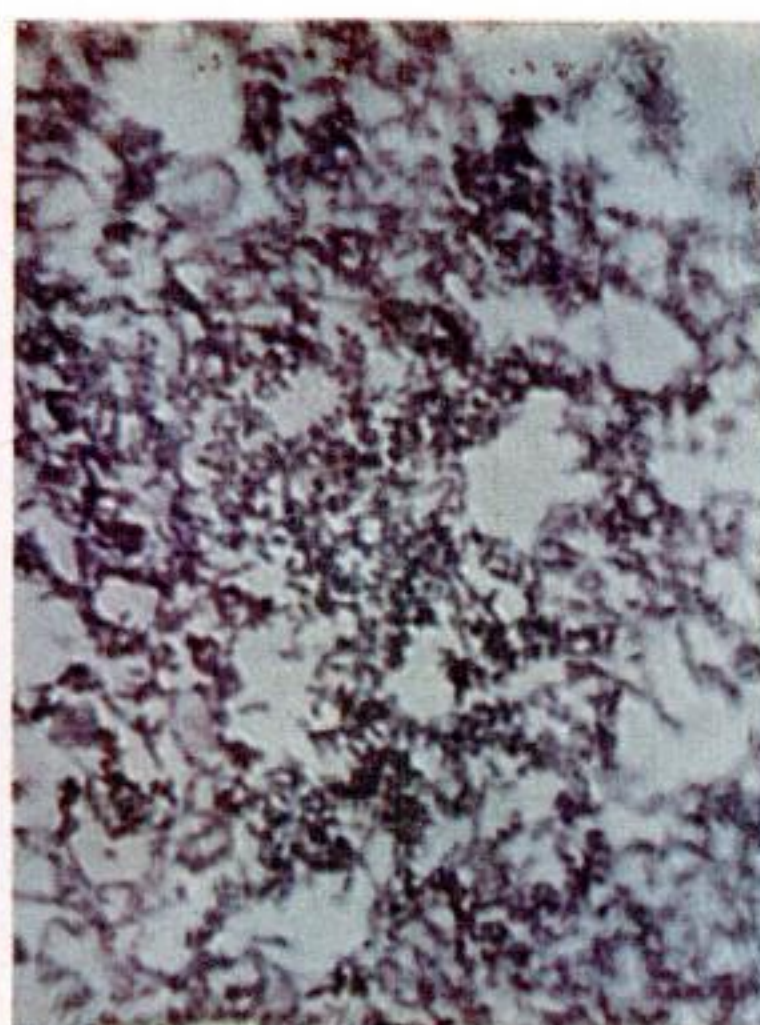
**powerful new drug ally
in the war on infection**



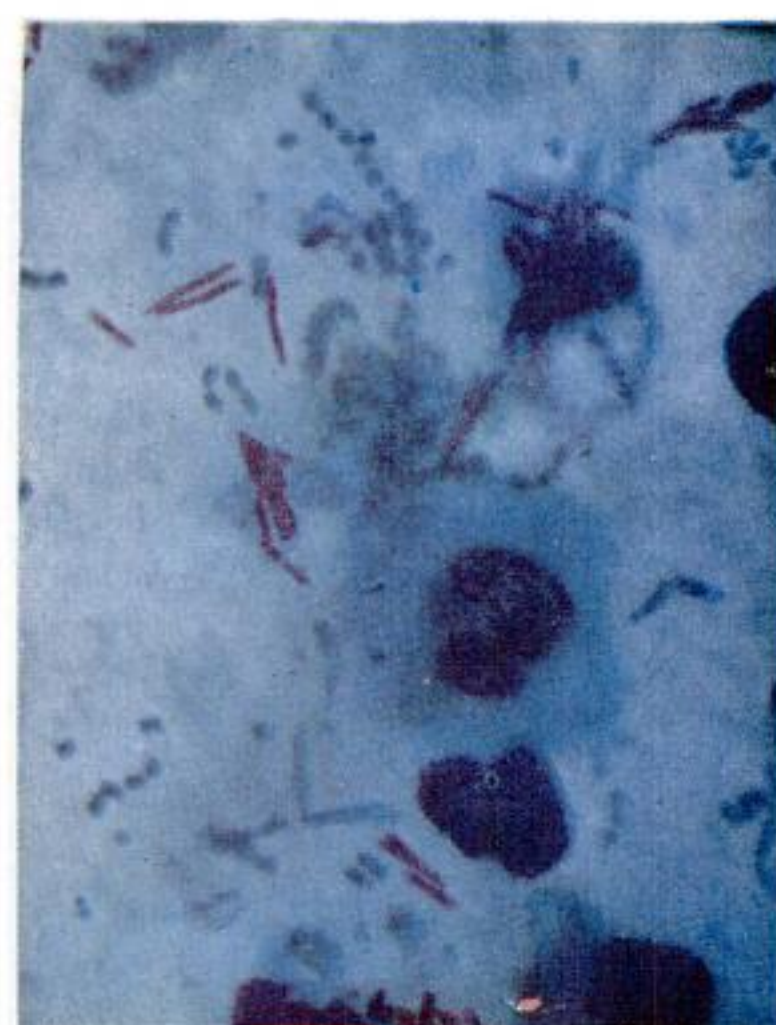
Bacillus of E. Coli (urinary tract infection)



Bacillus of Klebs Pneumonia



Gram-negative bacillus of Influenza



Sputum showing bacillus of Pulmonary Tuberculosis

THERE is still much medical controversy about streptomycin's usefulness. Like penicillin, this new wonder drug is developed from a mold. Also like penicillin, it does not actually kill the germs against which it is effective. It prevents them from multiplying, and gives the body a chance to fight infection on equal terms.

When first developed, streptomycin was publicized as a cure-all for many diseases, tuberculosis in particular. Though this drug is a potent medical

ally—though it has proved life-saving in grave infections for which there had been no previous drug cure—there are limitations to its usefulness.

It is invaluable in cases of tularemia, the once fatal rabbit fever. It is dramatically effective in certain influenzal and urinary tract infections. It is unquestionably helpful in the treatment of some types of tuberculosis—particularly in the early stages—but it is not, in its present form, the long-hoped-for specific to wipe out that scourge.

Research has shown streptomycin to be helpful in many infections where penicillin is not efficient. Certain types of peritonitis, pneumonia, liver abscesses, heart valve and pulmonary infections respond to it. It is of only questionable value in the treatment of typhoid—and ineffective against malaria, cancer and virus infections.

Meanwhile, chemists and doctors spur the research and testing which will prove the true value and scope of streptomycin's powers—and which will

bring new drugs to stand beside this one in the endless battle to control and conquer man's ancient enemy, disease.

Always remember, your doctor is the guardian of your health. He is equipped to diagnose your ailments, and to prescribe streptomycin—and a host of other drugs—to help you. Behind him are chemists and laboratories endlessly searching for greater drug efficiency.

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MUSSOLINI CONTINUED

Captain Neri led the group to the Di Maria house, and Valerio went up to Mussolini alone. Claretta was lying on the bed, fully clothed. She did not even look up when Valerio came in. Valerio sent the two guards out of the room and turned to the Duce. "I've come to rescue you," he said.

"How did you manage to come this far?" Mussolini asked with ill-concealed mistrust.

"Disguised as a partisan, with false papers. My car's parked at the edge of the village. I'm going to take you to a place where your followers are waiting for you."

It was typical of Mussolini's gullibility that he believed Valerio's story. He *wanted* to believe it. "I knew that my Italian people would not desert me," he boasted.

Now Claretta rose from the bed.

"Get your things together. We must hurry," Valerio urged them.

Mussolini promptly got into his coat. Claretta picked up her purse and started looking for her fur coat. By this time Mussolini was at the door. Valerio held the Duce back by the arm. "Ladies first," he said. Mussolini stepped back to let Claretta pass. In the doorway Mussolini turned to Valerio. "Are you certain everything is all right?" he asked.

"Don't worry," came the reply. "I've taken care of all eventualities."

They reached the car and climbed in. The colonel took the wheel and drove down the hill. At the Via Ventiquattro Maggio he suddenly stepped on the brake. "We'd better get out and continue on foot," he said, "there are some people in the street." Mussolini and Claretta obeyed. Presently the trio reached No. 14. A few steps from the gate two partisans were waiting for them. Valerio pointed to the two soldiers and said to Mussolini, "Careful . . . partisans . . . keep close to the wall."

Claretta and Mussolini, side by side, squeezed tightly against the wall which surrounded the Villa Belmonte.

At that moment Valerio stepped back three paces and began to speak.

"I hereby carry out the verdict of the tribunal of the people of Italy." And he pointed his Tommy gun at Mussolini. Claretta threw herself in front of Mussolini.

"No! No! He mustn't die!" she screamed.

"Get away from there or you'll die with him," Valerio shouted. Then he pulled the trigger, but the gun misfired. Thereupon he drew his revolver and took aim. The second weapon also misfired. Mussolini and Claretta stared at him numbly. The Duce clutched the edge of the stone wall. Valerio rushed over to one of the partisans, grabbed the Sten gun from his hands and turned back to the wall. Mussolini and Claretta watched all this, motionless.

The Sten gun worked. Five bullets struck Mussolini. He collapsed without uttering a sound. Claretta stood over him, still staring rigidly at Valerio. Four more bullets rattled from the gun. The Duce's mistress dropped to the ground. Mussolini had slumped down to a sitting position at the foot of the wall and, in falling, Claretta's body nudged him so that his head fell upon her breast. Mussolini was still alive. Valerio stepped up to him and shot him twice, at point-blank range. A thin trickle of blood appeared at the corner of Mussolini's mouth and then dripped down on his coat.

At that moment it began to rain. The approaching sound of running feet could be heard. The men whom Pedro had left at the house to guard Mussolini rushed down from the Di Maria house. Valerio stationed them at the gate to guard the bodies. Then he started off in his car toward Milan to report that the verdict had been carried out.



WAITING FOR THE END, Mussolini and Claretta huddled together against a stone wall, facing a Sten gun in the hands of their partisan executioner.

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A ROW OF WELL-CUT DECOLLETAGES DECORATES THE PARTY. FROM LEFT THEY BELONG TO JUNE KIRBY, BETTE LANE, MONIQUE VAN VOOREN AND GRACE CORWIN

Life Goes to a Party

Helped by 150 Manhattan cafe society girls, an ex-boyfriend of Lana Turner's gets back into circulation

One of New York society reporters' favorite items is a young socialite named John Alden Talbot Jr., Yale man, yacht owner and direct descendant of the nonspeaking John Alden of Pilgrim history. Unlike his bashful ancestor, Talbot speaks for himself frequently, much to the delight of the columnists who have enjoyed reporting his brief romance with

movie queen Lana Turner. Recently, however, with his wife away seeking a divorce and with Miss Turner switching escorts in favor of tin-plate heir Bob Topping (LIFE, Dec. 29), Talbot grew lonely. To overcome this situation, unbearable for any New York man-about-town, his friends threw him a party to which they invited 150 actresses, society girls, night-

club singers and models. Solaced by so much prettiness, Talbot soon threw off his despondency and was easily persuaded that he was back in circulation. Appropriate to the occasion, he wore a special tie figured with wolves (*opposite page*), later dated a singer named Gigi Durston. At last report the new romance had been blazing steadily for two days.



WEARING HIS WOLF TIE, THE GUEST OF HONOR, JOHN ALDEN TALBOT JR., IS SURROUNDED BY SMARTLY GOWNED SHOWGIRLS, MODELS, DEBUTANTES AND ACTRESSES



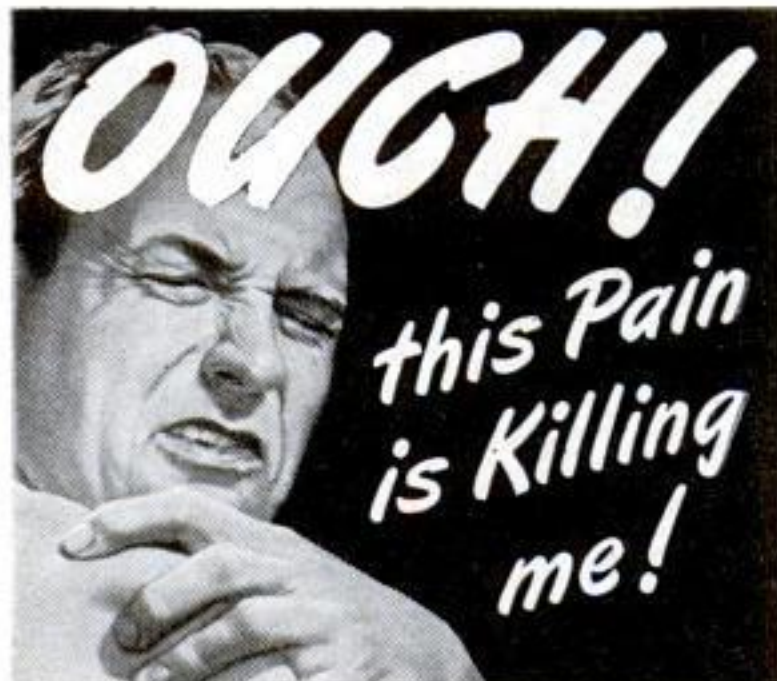
MAKING THE ROUNDS, John Talbot converses with Rosemary Williamson. She is a confession-story writer.



THINGS LOOK BRIGHTER for Talbot as he studies Vicki Dugan, 17, who has just started a modeling career.



AN OLD FLAME, Actress Joan Caulfield, stops by. She is now resting between *The Sainted Sisters* and *Dear Wife*.



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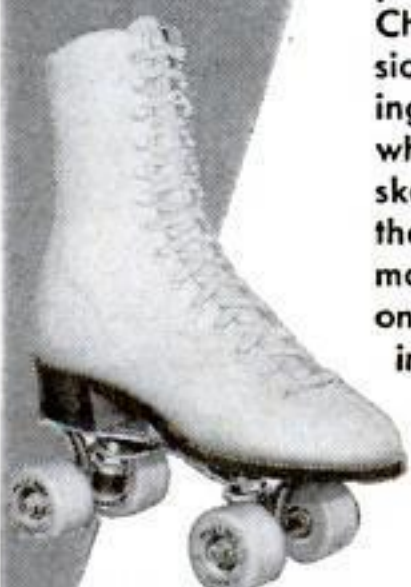
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GALLANT HOST, Perry Frank, at whose mother's home the cocktail party was given, helps Virginia Wilson, a clothiers' model, put on her snow boots.

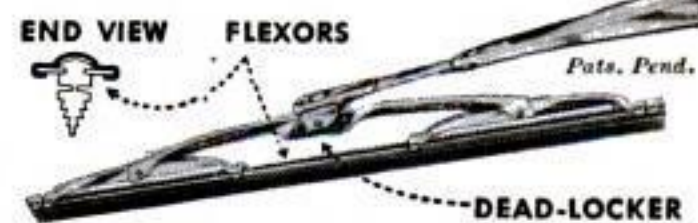


THE NEW LOOK, aft, is improvised by Tricia Hurst who hikes up her skirt to reveal a petticoat. She writes a magazine column called "Trivia by Tricia."



AFTER THE PARTY, Talbot and two friends, Perry Frank and Barnard Straus, take a breather before going on to the Stork Club and another party.

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